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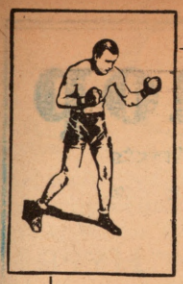

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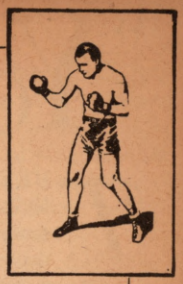

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In Our Next Issue

Close to a sell-out!

That's what our famous Louis-Schmeling fight number did.

And now comes the Louis-Ettore fight. You'll enjoy this issue with its heaps of photographs and the review of the Philadelphia bout. Don't miss it. Another Knockout. Watch for it in the next issue.

And still they come. First Bob Edgren. Then Hype Igoe and following him the great Jim Tully. And now we hand you another big feature in Frank Scully.

You who are book lovers need no introduction to the splendid author whose "Fun in Bed," aroused international comment. Frank Scully, who started his writing career under the Editor of The Ring Magazine, contributes a story on Jim Tully's Career that is a humdinger.

"From Road Kid to the Bruiser, the story behind the story of Shane Rory, Jim Tully's Champion, who beat even fear."

That's what you'll get from Frank Scully in the next issue.

These features in additon to timely news of the roped square by Hype Igoe, Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel, Eddie Borden and George T. Pardy combined with News of the Wrestling World will make the December Ring the talk of the fight world.

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"YOUTH NEVER SAYS DIE"

Joe Louis, Confidence Regained, His Defeat at the Hands of Max Schmeling Forgotten, Certain to Join the Ranks of Ring Immortals Who "Come Back"

By HYPE IGOE

THEY do come back sometimes! Indeed they do!

Few ringmen ever regain their title once the crown slips through their fingers, but there have been instances when one-time champions have come back to regain lost crowns. Regaining lost prestige, fame and, of course, the fortune which goes with it, seems well within the grasp of Brown Joe Louis. The terrific upset suffered at the hands of Max Schmeling just at a time when critics were branding Joe as the "greatest who ever lived," was a heartbreaking experience—must have been—for Joe.

But he came back! Nine out of ten ring followers think he will reverse that licking if ever Schmeling meets him again. I don't share that belief. If Schmeling doesn't put off a second encounter too long, I think he'll repeat the knockout, only in quicker time, simply because he has got the style to defeat Joe, the style plus the punch, which, of course, is the German's ace in the hole.

Without that tremendous right-hand wallop, he wouldn't have gone five rounds with Joe. It takes more than boxing and cleverness to defeat Louis, who is sure he can turn the tables on Max. He says he was "numb" and fought without knowing he was in the ring from the second round on.

There isn't any doubt about Joe being stunned early in the fight. Schmeling declared to me that he did the trick in the first round. He landed one dandy to the jaw with his right just before the bell and I am inclined to agree with Max that victory began its march in that chukker.

* * *

NOBODY can estimate the amount of damage a single blow can do. It may not appear to be a particularly hard punch, yet it may be vicious enough to render a fighter mentally helpless through a dozen rounds in a fight. Time and again I've had topnotch fighters tell me that they didn't know that they had been in a fight until they got back into the dressing room. Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, had such an experience as an amateur.

Sometimes they didn't even know that they had won. Their mind is a blank.

It has been charged that we writers were largely responsible for Joe's defeat by Schmeling. That we had puffed him up until he thought that nothing that stalked the earth could beat him. You can hardly blame Joe for thinking along those lines because it became so common to have formidable opponents come to the ring cringing and trembling with fear that there isn't any doubt that Louis began to believe in that super-human business as being a cast-iron fact.

He is only a kid, and he accepted the prognosticating and glowing tributes of men much older, wiser and more experienced than himself as being gospel truth. How could you blame him?

Fellows who really didn't know what they were talking about were writing that "Joe Louis is the greatest heavyweight of all time."

Now, wasn't that taking in a lot of territory which Joe never had traversed? The younger writers were dismissing such nobodies as Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Corbett, Langford, Walcott, Choynski, McCoy, Maher, Sharkey, Dempsey, Johnson, McVey, O'Brien and Burns as if they had been bums of the barge and hayloft era!

Was it any wonder that Joe Louis believed himself unbeatable? Is it any wonder that he bossed his camp around instead of being bossed himself? Is it any wonder that he walked out and played golf when Jack Blackburn insisted that he should relax and rest?

Is it any wonder that he looked upon the morning road work and the afternoon grind as just so much tomfoolery? Why wear himself out when all he had to do was to walk in, turn the "dead pan" on Max Schmeling and it would be over?

* * *

THAT was a beautiful buildup to a frightful fall! How can you blame a big kid just out of the amateurs for thinking that the world never saw his equal? Writers seemed to forget that Joe was charged with wanting to "chuck" it, in a fight with Adolph Wiater in his seventh professional fight in Chicago. He didn't stop Wiater, who went ten rounds. He didn't stop Patsy Perroni, who went ten. He didn't stop Natie Brown, who went ten rounds after being down for the count in the first round.

They stopped Joe's bout with Hans Birkie in the last minute of a ten-round bout when Birkie could have gone on. All this they forgot in setting Joe up on that golden spire, which grew to be higher than Pike's Peak. Small wonder that Joe, too, forgot all these slight shortcomings.

He had every reason to believe himself "the greatest" after a while because, when real opposition came along, King Levinsky melted with fear in the dressing room and sat down on the lower rope in the ring and ordered the referee to stop the fight.

Carnera disobeyed orders and backed away from Louis until he was finally nailed.

Max Baer admitted that he was so frightened when he entered the ring that he didn't know whether to "faint, cry, laugh or run back to the dressing room." He was too stiff with fear to do anything.

* * *

IN camp, where I spent five weeks with Baer, he told me this a few days before the fight:

"How can this kid whip me? How can he hope to take a man who has knocked out Schaaf, Schmeling, Carnera and Levinsky? Do you know what the first thing I'm going to do in that ring will be? Everybody thinks that I'm going to run out there and let fly with a right-hander for the jaw. The public will be expecting it and so will Louis. He'll be watching for that, but I'm going to cross him up.

"When the bell rings, I'm going to put on the greatest bit of psychology that the ring ever saw. I'll walk right up to Louis and I'll grab him around the waist, lift him high in the air and then, as I slam him back on his feet, I'm going to hiss:

"'See here, black boy, I'm boss in this ring tonight. I don't want you to forget that!'"

* * *

THAT was a beautiful plot! That would have been a beautiful play on psychology! That was so much like the harum-scarum Baer of previous fights!

It seemed like a cinch that he'd go through with it. He had sworn me to secrecy about it. I promised not to print his intended coup in the columns of the New York *Evening Journal.*

I was so positive that he would live up to his threat to bully Louis that I picked him to knock out the Bomber in TWELVE rounds! I'm not ashamed of that guess. Baer had the stuff with which to do it. Odd that I should have harped on the round in which Schmeling turned the trick. I picked Baer against the kidding of younger chroniclers who vowed they knew "Baer was whistling past a graveyard."

Why should anyone have doubted Baer's courage? It never had been questioned. He had knocked out Schaaf for four hours. Levinsky lay unconscious for one hour. Carnera had been floored

eleven times before they stopped it. Schmeling had hit Baer with a right-hander in the first round that the Californian told me was the hardest punch he ever got.

Why, then, doubt that Baer would be afraid of a puncher who had rarely kept his men on the floor when stopping them? Later on, when forecasting the annihilation of Schmeling, they spoke of old Paulino Uzcudun, who got up and was ON HIS FEET after receiving "the hardest right-hand knockout ever delivered in a ring"! So the young critics wrote. So wrote a lot of the older ones, yet Paulino was up on his pins when they stopped it!

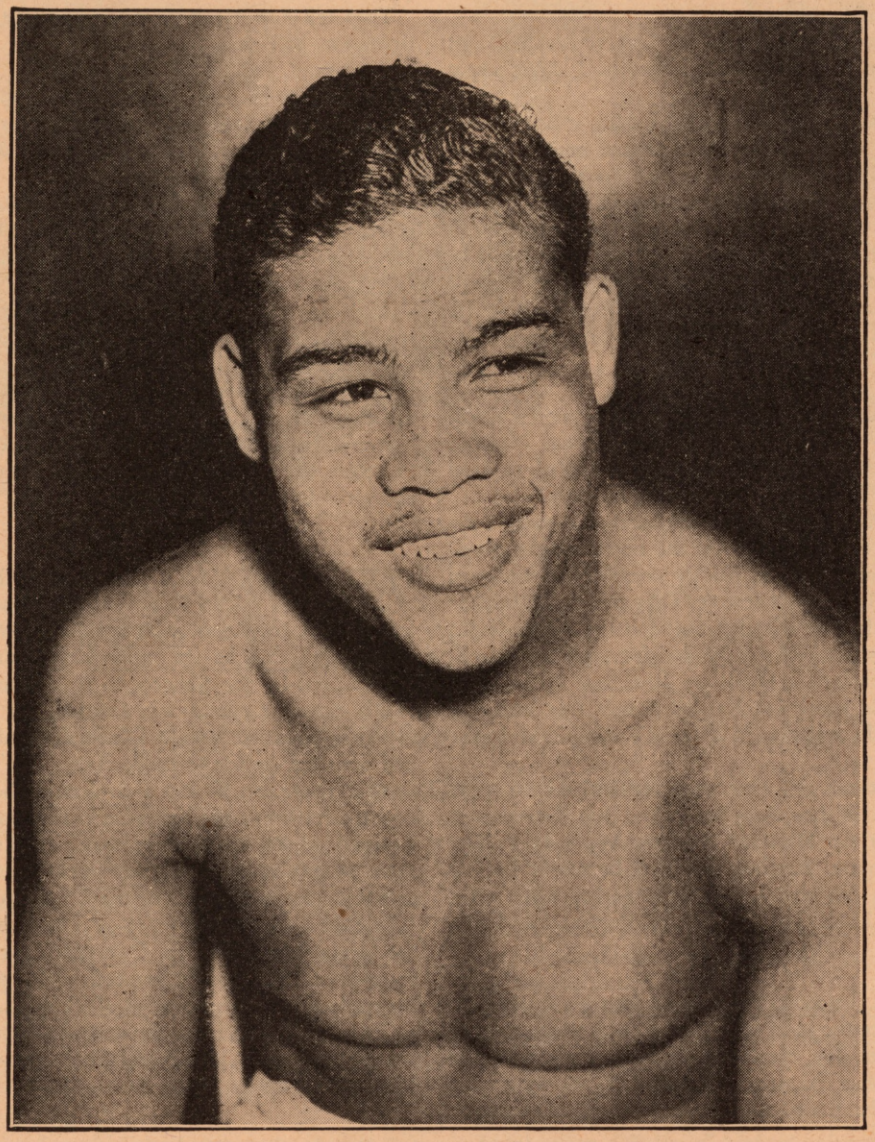
It didn't seem to make any difference whether they were on their feet or not when Joe was declared winner. They seemed to forget that Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Choynski, Peter Maher, Kid McCoy or Dempsey would have considered themselves failures as hitters had so many of their victims finished standing up!

* * *

BAER, with his swashing-buckling style and his great righ-hand punch, had the first royal chance to explode the "greatest fighter of all time." What happened? Stiffened with fear, he slowly left his corner and assumed a sheepish, cringing fighting pose. Once he took this stance, he became petrified. He froze and couldn't move! He didn't throw ONE healthy right-hander at the man he was going to pick up and slam down as he announced, "Black boy, I'm boss in here tonight."

It was such feeble opposition as this, from one victim after another that warped everyone's mind about Joe Louis' greatness, including his own. That he would look forward to a slap-over in the Schmeling fight was only natural. No wonder Joe broke training time after time. No wonder he looked bad in training, but even then nobody paid any attention to it. Good, bad, or indifferent, what difference would it make? Schmeling, knocked out by Baer, would be a poor old man, a has been in young Joe's powerful arms. Only a question of how long. Only a matter of how fast Joe cared to move. He could do it in three or four punches or three or four rounds. Just a matter of making up the only mind in the ring—his own!

Nobody dreamed that foxy Schmeling was keen enough to have seen through Louis, smart enough to have picked him to pieces in his own mind, determined enough to go in there, unafraid, mind you, to go through with a studied plan to get inside or around Joe Louis' left leads with his own straight right-hand punch.



The "comeback" smile of the Brown Bomber.

MAX planned two things, and he never wavered. If Joe led at him with a straight left jab, he was going to either take the jab in the face or slip it if possible, at the same time crossing his own right over Joe's extended left arm to plant a right to the Negro's jaw. If Joe hooked and came a little wide because of the hook, Max was to step inside and shoot straight for the jaw without having to cross over the left arm.

It worked like a Swiss watch. Mechanically, devilishly, SUCCESSFULLY.

The Bomber proved to be a dud that night. He came tumbling down from the lofty pinnacle which had been built under him with a crash which shocked the entire sports world. A TEN to ONE shot! Unbelievable, utterly unbelievable.

Joe cried in the dressing room that night. I've seen greater fighters in tears when upsets not quite so big had come. Some never recovered. Some came again, splendidly, bravely.

What, then, of Joe Louis? He had YOUTH left on his side. After all, he was only turned twenty-two. A baby as fighters go. YOUTH! Yes, he still had that. He even mentioned it as he wiped away the tears.

It was a long time before he realized what had happened. Some wise old handlers said that they should have kept Joe out of the ring for one whole year to forget and outlive that great tragedy of his life.

But they didn't. They brought him back against Jack Sharkey in six weeks' time! There were those who thought that foxy Jack would outsmart Joe as Schmeling had done. They forgot that Jack didn't have a right-hand punch. Certainly no such right-hand sock as Schmeling carried.

Louis came back to training with a will. He said he had forgotten all about the Schmeling thing and seemed comforted in the thought that he had remembered so little of what transpired inside the ropes after the second round.

Bringing him back against Sharkey wasn't bringing him back against Schmeling by a long shot. I think that if they had paired him with Schmeling, the result would have been like the first, only in quicker time.

* * *

WHAT must have been Joe's thoughts as he started on this comeback? He had felt the warm, sweet kiss of Success on his brow. When Defeat's cold, bitter lips met his, he didn't throw up his hands and say: "That will be all, boys. I've got mine. I've

got a beautiful young wife. I've built a home for myself and one for my people, who never had anything in the first place. I'm through. If an old guy like Schmeling can whip me, knock me out, then I'm not going to town—I'm not going anywhere. So long and good luck!"

Ah, but YOUTH doesn't bow out like that. Youth will endure a far more cruel jack-knifing before it surrenders. Louis never has surrendered. He admits that he fought stupidly against Schmeling. He admits that he did just the things Max wanted him to do. With that never-say-die flare of YOUTH, Joe Louis says he will yet be the heavyweight champion of the world. I don't see how he can miss.

He said one thing to me while training for his comeback against Sharkey. It had thought back of it, and I'll repeat it here:

"The defeat by Schmeling made me realize one thing. You can't always be a front runner in success. Powerful hands will come along to shove you back.

"I was sailing along too fine and dandy. I never dreamed that defeat could come my way. I had never met it. I didn't know what it was like.

"Do you know it has acted like a tonic? I think it has made a better fighter out of me. I know now that one must look for defeat. If you want to avoid it, you must give this training every single thing you've got. I know I didn't before.

"Maybe they petted me too much, made me think I was a tall young pine tree in a cornfield. I hated to lose, but now that I've lost and I feel so good in going back in that ring to make myself and the world forget about it, I'm rather glad it came—if it had to. I learned a great lesson. You can bet I'll remember it. It won't happen again."

* * *

YOUTH talks like that, thank God. What is more, Youth lives up to its promise to forget and carry on. What of other great upsets before Joe Louis ever was heard of or even born? What of other heartbreaks among fighting men?

The glamorous Stanley Ketchel, dashing, handsome—one of the hardest hitters of all ring history—was the middleweight champion of the world. Proud, sure, he quickly accepted the challenge of Billy Papke, the Illinois Thunderbolt. They met in Milwaukee in June of 1908, shortly after Ketchel had won the middleweight title from Joe Thomas. Ketchel got the decision after ten rounds. This bout, curiously enough, created two ideas, one in the mind of Papke that he could knock out Ketchel if ever they met in a long fight for the title and one in Ketchel's mind that Papke never could lick him.

Papke pressed his cause and they were matched for the title, a twenty-round affair in Los Angeles. Papke, not disheartened over the talk of what the Michigan Assassin would do to him, worked like a dray horse. Ketchel, sure that he would live up to the moniker which this writer gave him, worked much after the fashion of Joe Louis for Schmeling. Preparation for a pushover.

* * *

THE night before the fight, Ketchel got into his fast motor car and drove like the wind to a roadhouse fifty miles away. He ordered champagne for everybody. Nobody knew who the handsome spendthrift was. He was blazing when he started back—to where, not even he knew. On the way back, he smacked another car.

Roaring his identity to the constable who was hauling him off to the jug, Ketchel couldn't make the law believe him. Some fresh lout trying to impersonate a really great man, thought the John-law. Night passed, and in the morning Ketchel was missing at camp. The car he loved to drive was gone, too. His handlers feared the worst. They knew Ketchel. The promoter was tearing his hair out. Great sale, great fight, great everything—but the great Ketchel.

By noon the next day, the sorry looking Ketchel had convinced the stubborn, corn-cob-pipe-smoking country gendarme that he really held captive the missing gladiator. By now the whole countryside was on the hunt for the missing Assassin.

A telephone call went into the office of the club. Feverishly the promoter heard the drawling voice of the constable saying:

"We ketched a feller here last night for speedin' and smashing mudguards on other people's property, who says his name is Ketchel, the fighter. If you think it's the feller, come on down and look him over. We'll turn him loose, if he be the man you're lookin' fur."

* * *

ALL speed records were broken getting to that rural hoosegow. Greater records were made getting Ketchel back to his training camp in order to have him in shape for the night's fight.

The bell rang, and Ketchel, still in a champagne daze, still believing that Papke was a pushover, walked to the center. Papke didn't ponder. He let fly with a right-hander that landed right between Ketchel's eyes. The champion went down. Up and down until it became a shambles. He was up and holding on for dear life at the bell. Round after round he took a fearful beating.

They tell how Ketchel, in the eleventh, both eyes now closed tight, was half shoved toward the center of the ring so that he could "hear" Papke's feet. He couldn't see anything. A cruel battering and he went down. He got up and Jim Jeffries, not wanting a brave, helpless man to suffer further, champion or no champion, stopped it, and Billy Papke became the world's middleweight king.

Again two strange ideas were born in that fight between deadly rivals. Papke thought now that he could whip Ketchel every night in the week. Ketchel, proud still, though in tears, said that he only wanted another chance.

With amazing confidence, Papke met him in a return bout two months later, and this time the great fighter who would not be discouraged, trained faithfully. No champagne orgies this time. He knocked Papke out in eleven rounds, one less than it had taken the Thunderbolt to down the Assassin! That was one time that a great fighter, a true champion, lived down the heartbreak of defeat and came back to join those few immortals who have recovered lost titles in the ring.

* * *

BENNY LEONARD can preach the sermon, "YOUTH NEVER SAYS DIE." How well he can tell it, and young fellows like Joe Louis, with a single upset in a brilliant career, should heed this. In the first year of his career, Leonard was knocked out by Joe Shugrue in four rounds. In the second year of his career, Leonard was knocked out by Frankie Flemming in five rounds. He fought Flemming again within a few weeks and went ten rounds to no decision.

As a youngster, he lost a no-decision bout to Johnny Kilbane, then the featherweight champion of the world. Several years later, Leonard, as the lightweight champion, knocked out Kilbane in three rounds when the featherweight champion tried to win his second crown by challenging the 135-pound champion.

In 1916 Leonard was twice outpointed by Freddie Welsh, then the lightweight champion. One year later, in a third and more determined try, Leonard stopped Welsh and became one of the best lightweight champions of all time.

That was YOUTH on the upgrade march. That was YOUTH not giving way to DEFEAT. That is what Joe Louis is almost sure to accomplish.

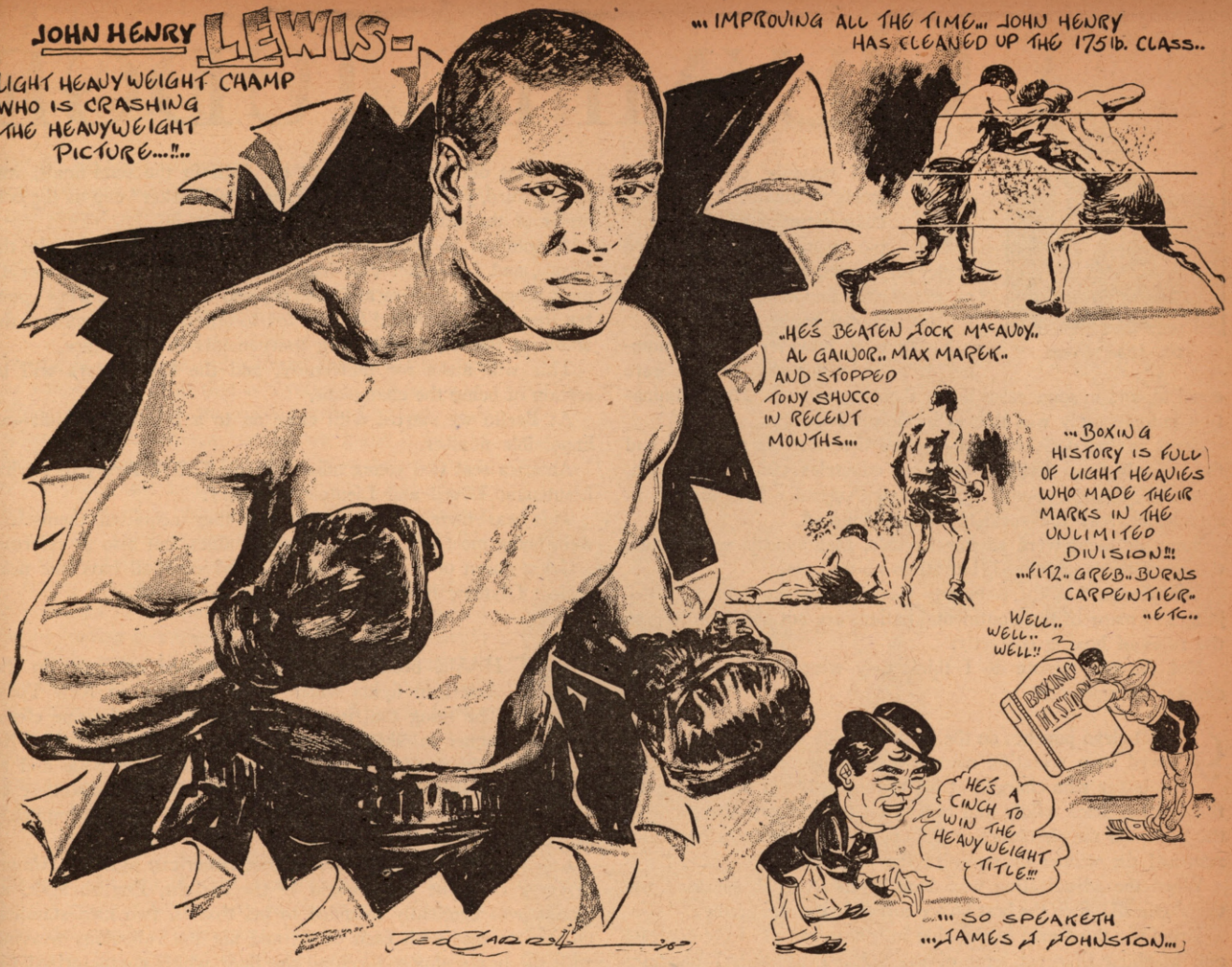
* * *

MAX BAER had his setback on the way up to the title. Old Paulino Uzcudun beat him in a twenty-round fight in Reno in 1931. Baer, as a challenger, seemed lost. Carnera was knocked out, and Baer was the heavyweight champion in 1934! That's the way the old scales of fate and fortune go teetering up and down.

Max Schmeling won the title when he was the winner on a foul in the fight with Jack Sharkey. He gave Jack another chance and Sharkey outpointed him in a fight that was colorless. Schmeling tried again and was knocked out by Baer, who clinched his right to fight Carnera for the title, then and there.

Winning the title from Carnera, Baer looked like one of the "greatest of all time." Losing to Braddock and Louis, he looked the worst. But he'll be in

(Continued on page 44)



ANOTHER LEWIS IN SPOTLIGHT

John Henry, a Fighting Champion, Looms Up as a Menace to Heavyweight Contenders

By TED CARROLL

FROM all appearances, the well depleted ranks of the heavyweight title contenders will soon receive a welcome addition—that is from the standpoint of the fans and promoters—in the person of the present light heavyweight ruler, John Henry Lewis. Worthwhile challengers for the ring's highest honors are always at a premium and the presence of so capable a boxer as the 175 pound king on the champion's doorstep, can not help but create more interest in the division.

John Henry has mopped up the light heavyweight class in this country. He has turned back determined bids by Jock MacAvoy, Al Gainor, and Tony Shucco—the leading challengers—and has demonstrated convincing superiority over all the men in his division with the possible exception of the ageless Harlem Harlequin, Maxie Rosenbloom. Lewis has also been quite successful in engagements with bigger men. His most notable triumph was scored recently in Chicago when he handled the fast coming Max Marek, who was being groomed as an opponent for Joe Louis, with surprising ease.

The pages of boxing history are crammed with the exploits of light heavyweights who campaigned with great success in the heavyweight class. Two legitimate light-heavies succeeded in gaining the heavyweight crown, and one of them, the immortal Fitz, was one of the greatest of all heavyweight titleholders. Tommy Burns was the other, the Canuck weighed only 170 pounds when big Jack Johnson relieved him of his laurels in Rushcutter's Bay, Australia.

Georges Carpentier reigned supreme among European heavyweights for years although he weighed only 168 pounds. Harry Greb, a middleweight, beat most of the heavyweights of the Dempsey era, and repeatedly challenged the mighty Manassa Mauler, himself.

In his prime, Old Sam Langford weighed only 170 pounds, but still outclassed most of the heavyweights of his day. Jack Delaney, Kid Norfolk, Battling Levinsky and Mike M'Tigue were other light-heavies who checked many a big fellow's march to the top.

The famous giant killer, Jack Dillon, sent many a "White Hope" back to other means of gaining fame and fortune. Therefore, Lewis' contemplated invasion of the heavyweight realm is not without ample precedent.

Lewis, at the present writing, scales 175 pounds, but is still growing. He is at least ten pounds heavier than either Fitz or Tommy Burns, the ex-heavyweight champions, were when they hit the top. For the past six months he has been one of the busiest boxers in the business. He thrives on *(Continued on page 45)*

St. John Dean

Olympic Judge

THE recently concluded world's amateur boxing championships at the Olympic games have produced some very worthy champions, a few of whom will undoubtedly do well in the professional ranks.

There were however quite a number dropped by the wayside who were equal to, and in some cases better than the winners. Their elimination unfortunately was due to inefficient judging.

Some of the decisions can only be described as amazing, and the officials from English speaking countries such as America, England, Canada, South Africa and Australia just gasped in astonishment as the verdicts were announced.

Some of them were so unbelievable, that appeals were made, the score cards examined, but all to no purpose.

The reason for these fiascos was due to the fact that the judges of many of the Continental nations are not able to interpret the rules of boxing correctly.

Not for one minute do I think they were dishonest; it was simply incompetence.

GOOD clean punches on the front and side of the face and body scored in a scientific manner were apparently ignored, and the boxer who charged at his opponent, like a bull at a gate, flinging his arms wildly and hitting on the kidneys, the small of the back and the shoulders or his opponent's arms, was generally returned the winner by many of the judges.

When the adjudicating was done by the English speaking nations' officials, then the best boxer correctly got the verdict.

I was the third man in the ring in a score or so of the contests and in about fifty per cent of the fights I handled, I mentally made the winner, but when I collected the score cards from the judges, I was staggered to see the other man had been named.

So flagrant was one case in which a South African boxer, T. Hamilton Brown, lightweight, was concerned, that one of the judges of the bout represented to the Committee of the International Amateur Boxing Federation that a mistake must have been made.

The cards were examined, and it was found that the other judges had given the verdict to the wrong man, having made a mistake in the colors.

Representations were made to have the wrong righted, but it was ruled out on a technicality, that the appeal had not been made within 15 minutes and an English £1 lodged with the appeal, and which should have been in writing.

Oscar Söderland (Sweden), the president of the Federation, was in favor of doing the right thing, but he was overruled by the Executive Committee.

Here was a case where justice was sacrificed for a technicality.

It was generally thought that the German authorities were responsible for the appointment of the judges. This was not so. It was the Executive Committee of the International Federation. Their hands were also tied, as every nation demanded to have their officials used, otherwise they regarded it as an affront and a smack at the prestige of their country. The Deutscher Amateur Box-verbond, who organized the tournament in a most efficient manner, were unjustly blamed for the many fiascos which took place.

* * *

SO furious was Roy Davis, the manager of the American boxing team, that he threatened to pull out his men from the tournament if something was not done. He was supported in his complaint by England, Ireland, Canada, South Africa and Australia, and as a result, a score or so of the judges were dropped. But most of the damage had already been done.

One incident which can only be described as farcical, was the case of the American flyweight, L. Laurie.

He was deemed to have lost his fight in the semi-finals, was placed third, yet he was awarded the "Val Barker" cup as the best boxer of the whole tournament.

A solution is being sought to obviate such mistakes in the future, and I consider that from twelve to twenty of the world's most competent judges and referees—no matter from what country they belong—should be selected to adjudicate and control the whole of the Olympic boxing tournaments in the future.

This will make for uniformity, and the best boxers will be certain of being the champions.

At Berlin we started with close on to a hundred officials—an impossible number.

America sent two young officers of the U.S.A. Army to Berlin, Lieutenant Lovell and Lieutenant Emery.

This was their first Olympic, and they acquitted themselves well, being most efficient not only as judges, but also as referees.

Get a dozen or so of their calibre and we shall have the near perfect Olympic boxing at Tokio, Japan, in 1940.

* * *

I HAVE been asked what impressed me most in the American fights which I viewed while in New York. The thing that impressed me most was the fine clean, sporting manner in which the men went through their bouts. No matter how hard the exchanges, none shirked the issue and at no time was there any attempt to take an unfair advantage or to get by the rules. They obeyed the referees commands implicitly and immediately.

I also was impressed by the style of American fighting. Almost in every case, the boys fought in the upright, English style, as boxing was originally intended to be, that is, two men standing up face to face with each other, and not the ridiculous weaving with the heads almost touching the floor which characterized the American style of boxing some twenty years ago.

In so far as I could see, there is no difference whatsoever between the American style of fighting and what we see at home. In South Africa we boast of one great little fighter in Laurie Stevens, British Empire Lightweight Champion, who, I feel confident, were he seen in action in America, would gain the popular approval, because the Americans would see in Laurie exactly what they watch when their own stars appear in the ring. Laurie is of the non-stop fighting school, the kind that I notice, particularly appeals to the American sportsmen, and I'm only sorry that though Stevens at this writing is in America with me, he is not going to be seen in ring combat because he journeyed here with his charming young wife for a pleasure trip only, to enjoy the sights from New York to Hollywood.

* * *

FOR the benefit of the American readers of THE RING, may I add that Stevens has not been defeated since he won his Olympic title in 1932 at Los Angeles. That's a record we in South Africa feel very proud of, and I doubt if there is another ranking fighter in the world who has an unblemished record such as this. He has not even a draw against him, and that I think should answer all of the American critics who have asked, how come that Laurie Stevens is a challenger for the lightweight world honors.

Among the boxers whom the American boxing public know who have been defeated by Stevens, are Wesley Ramey (twice), Kid Berg, Eddie Brink (twice), Aldo Spoldi and others. Boxing with Stevens is still a sport, as immediately after his fights he returns to his work as a mechanic in the Chrysler works at Johannsburg.

An instance of his sporting outlook was evidenced by an incident which took place in his second fight with Ramey. The referee stopped the fight in the seventh round and awarded it to Stevens on a foul. The foul was an unintentional one and Stevens appealed to the official to permit the fight to go on, which

POPS OFF

"System at Berlin Boxing Carnival Ridiculous", Says St. John Dean Expert From South Africa

he did. Ramey's manager, Harry Gordon, gasped in astonishment at Stevens' action, a most unusual one except among true sports.

* * *

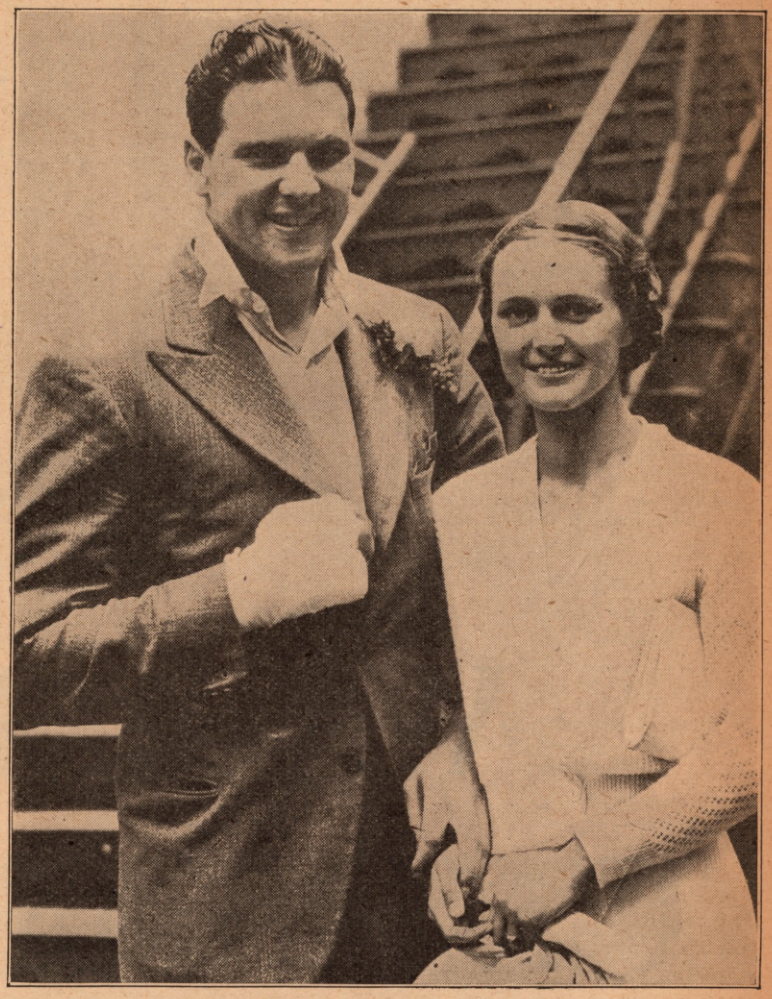
I PRESUME that you in America are anxious to know how the fight game is in our country. As in all other countries where boxing is carried on, we suffered our depression just as you did here. But that is a thing of the past now. Since we went off the gold standard, things have taken a boom and now our boxing game is just as lively and drawing as good as it did in the best days, a few years ago. In fact, I should say we are doing better. Out of a population of 250,000—including women and children—we had an attendance of 14,000 for the Kid Berg-Stevens fight in January last.

In my travels around the world, I have had an opportunity to see and to study the boxing situation in the leading countries and let me say for the benefit of RING readers, that boxing is on the upgrade throughout the world and I predict that 1937 will find the sport at high pitch again. Though I was very much impressed with what is going on in America, even at the small clubs, judging by the interest in all classes of boxing and the attendances, I cannot say the same for London.

In the great centre of world boxing of the past, I was amazed at the apathy of the promoters and the lack of talent. To me, London above all, should be the greatest boxing city in the world because it was the cradle of the sport, but such is far from the case. Just think of it! A British Empire and a British heavyweight championship match going to a small place like Leicester! Perhaps you can appreciate that when I say that it would be the same if you took the Louis-Braddock fight to Carolina.

* * *

NATURALLY, being a representative of the Transvaal National Sporting Club, I attended the recent Foord-Petersen fight and of course, like all good South Africans, I was tickled pink to see Foord carry off the Empire honors. By doing so, he broke a record, for never before had a Dominion lad won the British and Empire heavyweight championship. You in America may not feel that Foord is a worthy fighter, but I think differently. For your benefit, may I give you a short resume of this champion's career.



Ben Foord new British and Dominion Heavyweight Champion and his bride. Foord stopped Jack Petersen.

Ben Foord, who is a husky, young, real heavyweight who scales over 200 pounds and stands 6 feet 2 inches, is the best heavyweight who has been developed in the British Empire in the last thirty years. He is only 23 years old, but candidly, knowing him as I do, the fight with Petersen was the first for which he took himself seriously. He is of a happy-go-lucky nature, and you just couldn't get him to train as your topnotchers do in America. But now that he has come through with two titles, which I know he cherishes, I'm certain that henceforth, he'll stop being the playboy and get down to hard tacks.

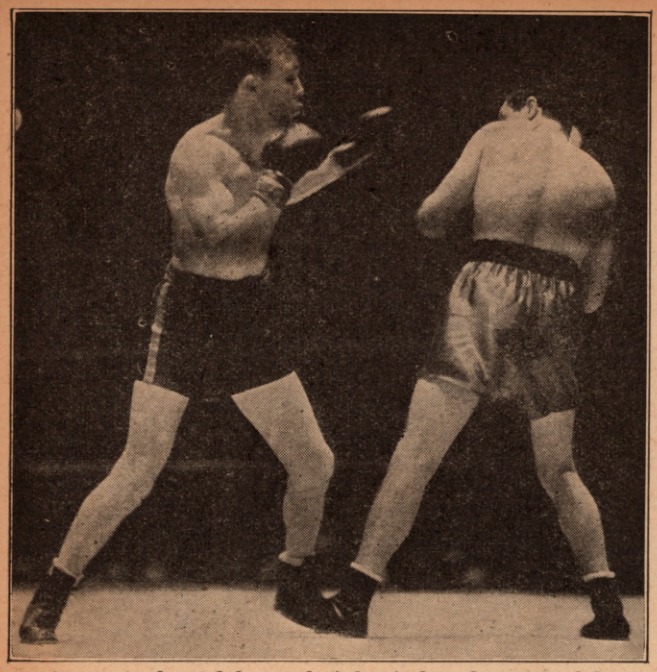
Ben Foord started his career in Durban where he was a life saver on the beach. A seaman's parson who ran boxing shows for the benefit of the seamen who came to shore, the Rev. Miles Cadman, would invite local boys to box with the tars. Foord, when nineteen, started knocking over all sorts and types of seamen from various countries just as a pastime, and showed himself to be a natural fighter. He was only an amateur, as were all others, for no fee was given the boys, and he sure did get a kick out of his fighting.

It was during this period that his present manager and friend, Louis Walsh, found him, took a liking to him and induced me to put Foord on in a heavyweight amateur competition in Johannesburg. This was Foord's first appearance on the Rand, and he made a big impression with the Johannesburg fight public. That really was the start of his career.

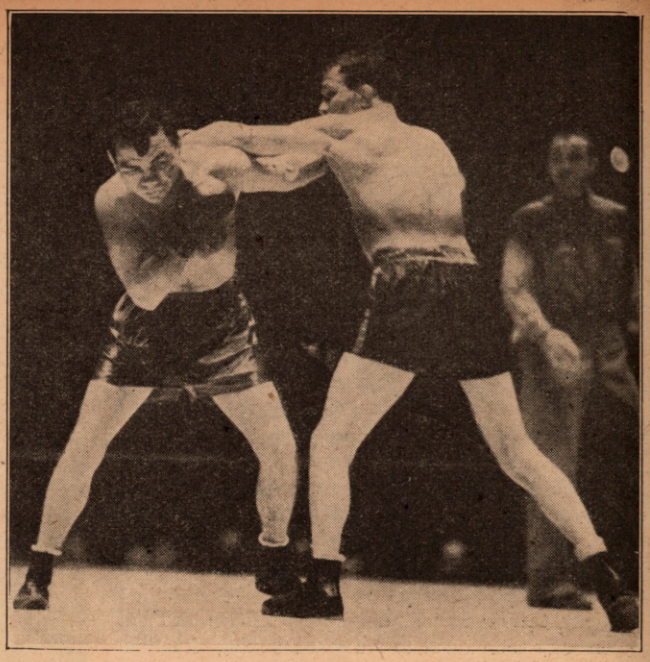
He went along very successfully and when Stribling came to South Africa with Clyde Chastain, Foord was urged to turn professional and he showed his calibre by scoring a win over his experienced American opponent, Chastain. My club sponsored him in all his fights and paid for his training in order to enable him to get properly developed. He won the South African heavyweight title by beating Bill Storm of Cape Town and then headed for other parts.

He went to London, where he was an in-and-outer, and the Londoners thought little of him, but now that he has beaten Larry Gains, Tommy Loughran and Petersen, they have changed their minds and rate him a good battler, so much so that Trevor Wignall, London's best sporting writer, is trying to get Louis to go over to London to meet Foord in a charity show. He can punch with his full weight, is like a cat on his feet, has a ton of pluck, and can take it, but I doubt he is ready for the best in America.

I take this means to thank the genial Editor of THE RING for his kindness and courtesy to both Stevens and myself. I hope some day to renew the pleasant friendships I formed in America through Nat Fleischer. I go back to South Africa with memories of a most pleasant vacation and shall ever remember my visits to the genial host, Jack Dempsey, whose tavern is an eye-opener.

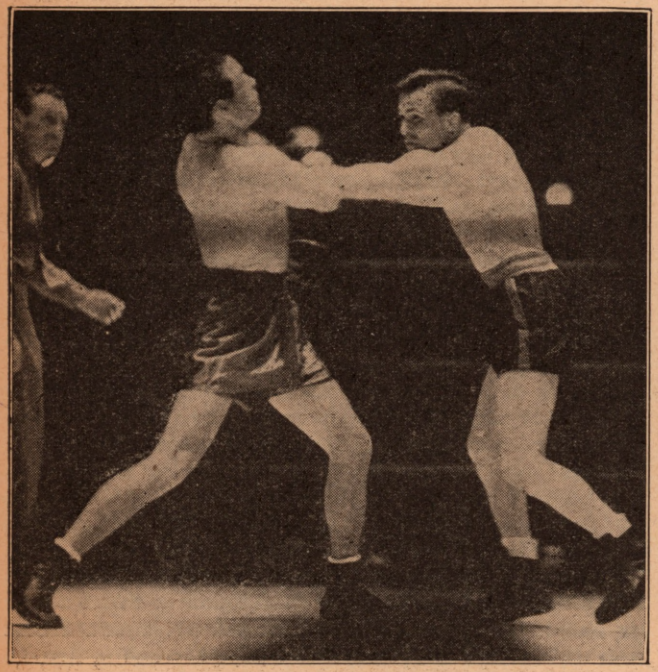


A scene in the eighth round of the Ambers-Canzoneri fight. Note how Ambers fearlessly approaches Tony and is ready for the attack.



A snappy left rocks Tony. Ambers, unlike his first battle with the champion, doesn't give Tony a chance to use his haymaker.

When Title Changed Hands

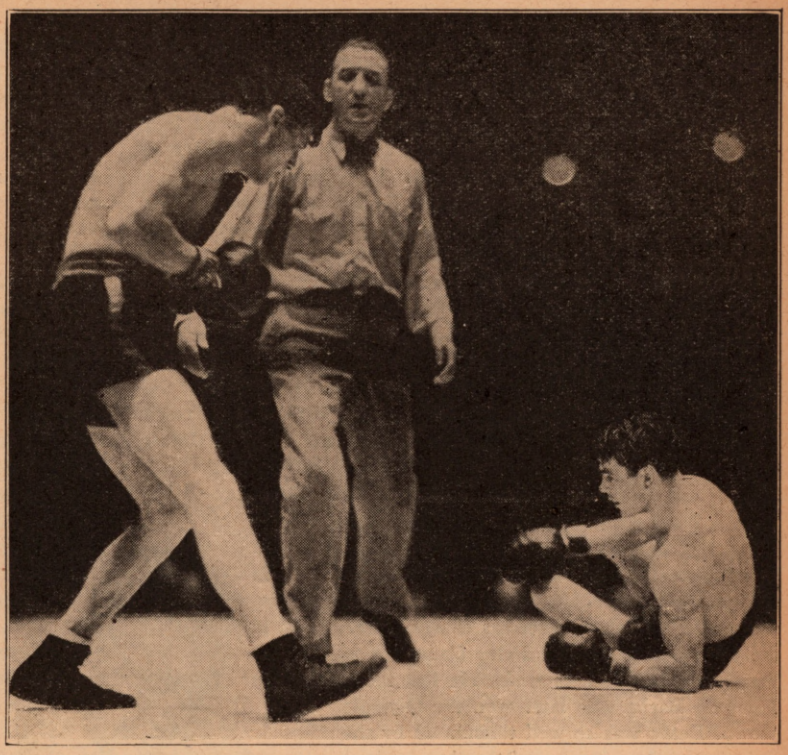


And here is some more action in which Ambers does the scoring. Herkimer Lou made Tony miss often. He outboxed Canzoneri and fought a heady battle to win the decision.

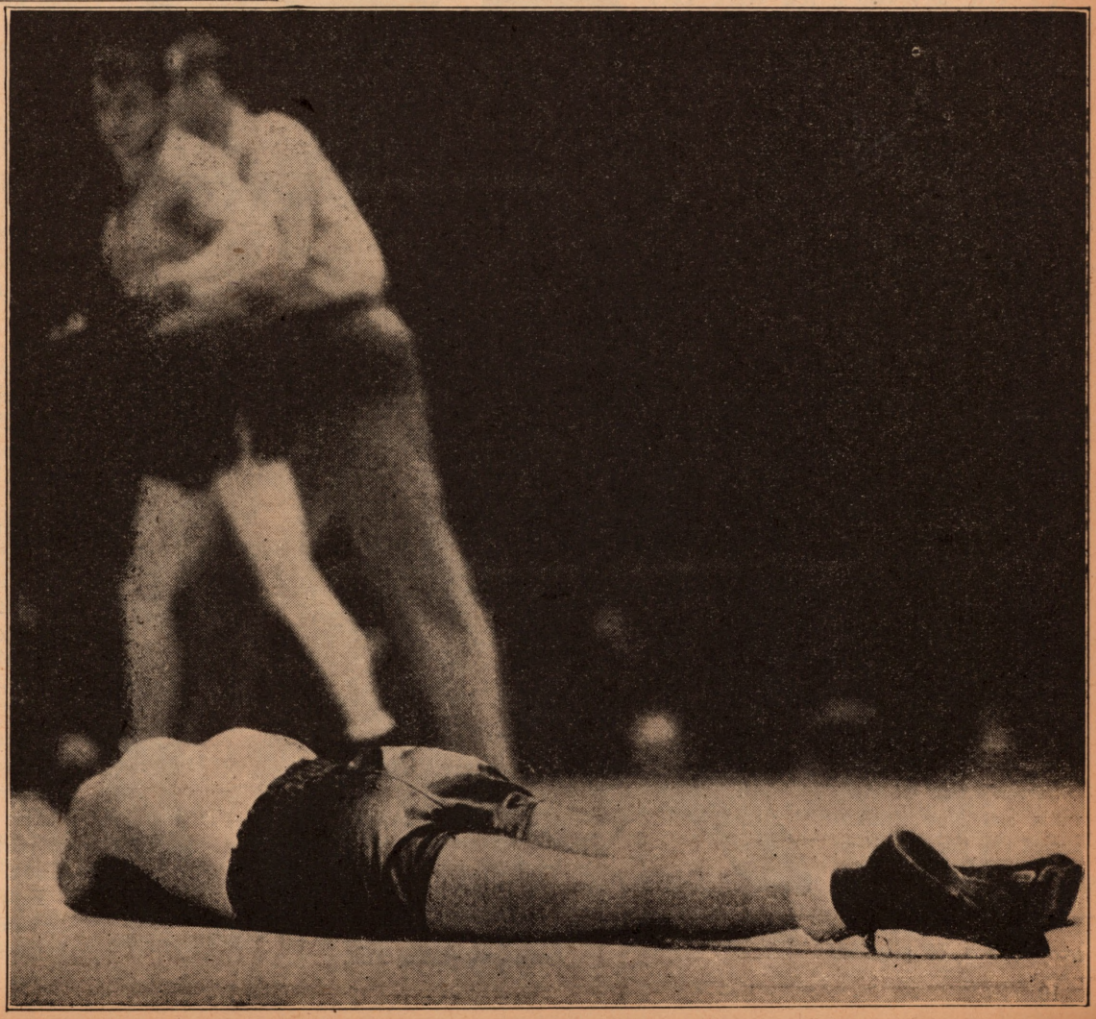
The end of a perfect day for Ambers, who is seen jumping all over the ring as Harry Balogh, the announcer, holds up his hand in token of victory. A new lightweight king was crowned.

FOUL CLAIM IGNORED

Dave Crowley writhing in agony after Belloise shot a short right to the stomach. Dave yelled "foul," but it was a fair blow and Crowley was counted out in the ninth round.



And here we see Belloise rushing for the "kill" after Referee Donovan had counted Crowley out. Dave let fly a punch towards Mike and shouted, "Why don't you fight fair?" and those words were responsible for Mike's rush.



Here is Dave flat on his face following a terrific right which caught him on the chin in the eighth round. Referee Donovan is escorting Belloise to his corner before starting the count, which reached four when the bell rang.

The SOUTHERN

ONE can well imagine Petey Sarron puckering up his lips and whistling a popular tune. In fact, one can well imagine Petey shoving off on his newspaper route at peace and in harmony with the world, convinced that at nine years of age his best years are ahead of him and that assisting in the support of a large family is no particular hardship.

Everybody seemed to like the little Syrian waif. Even at this early age when he was selling papers, he showed some of the traits of a champion. Petey never knew what fear meant and as for holding his own, he did that even when he was a kid.

Petey's brother Steve was a fighter of no mean ability. Steve was a fine amateur who won the championship belt for his division and his greatest booster was brother Petey. Possibly unknown to Steve, Pete decided to try his hand at boxing and he enlisted the services of Dave Evans, athletic director of a boys' club to teach him the finer points of the game. It didn't take long for Petey to master the science of boxing, just as he had in basketball, football and baseball. It also didn't take long for Petey to become a fistic sensation in the amateur ranks.

Fighting first as a flyweight, he cleaned up in the Birmingham Golden Gloves tournament and also in the Southern A.A.U. championship. Then Evans, elated over the showing of his charge, entered him in the Olympic tryouts and Petey blazed his way to the Semi-finals in the 1924 trials. He lost the decision to Fidel La Barba who later won the Olympic crown. Petey was so well thought of by the American Olympic Committee that he was selected as an alternate for the games and overseas, Sarron continued to distinguish himself.

* * *

NOW let's skip a few years. Let's bring Petey back to Birmingham where he proceeded to run wild with the professionals of his division. Almost from the start of his career he whipped the cream of the South and commanded the attention of the experts.

Gradually Sarron outgrew the flyweights and blossomed into a full fledged bantamweight, after which he turned featherweight in short order.

As a featherweight, young Sarron had rich financial bait dangled before him for an Australian invasion. Petey not only accepted but in his tour of that country set a new high, both from a financial and competitive standpoint.

Invariably pleasing the cash customers, Sarron set a record for attendance when he paired off with Tommy Donovan for the Australian featherweight title, over 32,000 paid admissions being recorded for this meeting.

Sarron's tour of Australia and New Zealand served one purpose, if no other, that of making Petey Sarron independent financially. Unlike the general run of pugilists who squander their purses, Sarron invested a generous percentage of the receipts he netted overseas to the best possible advantage, and as a consequence is well off today.

The turning point in Petey Sarron's career dates back to 1930 when his present manager, the enterprising Jimmy Erwin, brought a none too confident, discouraged lad out of retirement and eventually piloted him to the world's featherweight title.

* * *

ERWIN, probably the ranking No. 1 hustler of the boxing business, was featuring a heavyweight, Les Kennedy, and a middleweight, Cowboy Owen Phelps, in Alexandria, Va., boxing promotions when Frankie Mann, grand old man of Washington's fistiana in boxing's bootleg days, was informed of Sarron's prowess.

Mann was told, and correctly, that Sarron had retired from the boxing game with a pair of bad hands and broken jaw, but if convinced he had a chance to win the title and reap a financial harvest in the bargain, the Syrian might be persuaded to do a comeback.

"Bring him in," Mann told Erwin. "If he's half as good as you say he is, we will all make money."

Sarron clicked in short order here.

First he took Alexandria by storm when he knocked out Frankie DeAngelo, an exceptionaly popular local boy, and then proceeded to flatten classy Benny Schwartz, one of the better boxers.

Then and there Petey Sarron was made locally, regaining his confidence and fighting the type of fight that has caused him since to be ranked among the world's foremost crowd pleasers.

The instigation of a rivalry that eventually was to lead to the world featherweight championship Sarron now boasts, was negotiated by the ringwise and ever faithful Erwin at old Portner Arena, Alexandria, in 1932.

Sarron, in that bout, officially was voted the loser in a non-title contest but was so impressive in defeat that he generally was credited with no worse than a draw.

Enthused by Sarron's showing against the great Miller, who always fights his best against Sarron, Skipper Erwin proceeded to match his man with the champion in another non-title fracas in Cincinnati.

You can well imagine Petey Sarron's embarrassment and determination to go back into retirement when Miller proceeded to cuff him from pillar to post and win an easy decision.

However, Erwin again intervened and furnished the momentum that kept Sarron

Petey Sarron world featherweight title holder and his manager, Jimmy Erwin, seconding him.

WINDMILL

By JOE HOLMAN

Petey Sarron, World Featherweight Champion, Another Star Who Rose From the Ranks of the Simon Pures

in the boxing business. "Don't you mind, Pete," Jimmy consoled, "it took a champion to lick you."

Immediately after this bout, Sarron took a new lease on life and proceeded to belt out a rapid succession of victories. Benny Bass, Frankie Covelli, Bucky Burton, Frankie Wallace, Al Foreman, and hosts of others were tumbled consecutively by the surprising Syrian prior to last spring when the wide-awake Erwin sold Promoter Bill Claudis, of the Corable Coliseum, Miami, on a championship fight.

That proved the wildest title bout in history. Freddie Miller claimed several fouls in the early going and on one occasion was permitted a rest period of five minutes. Any ordinary manager would have been discouraged under these circumstances, but not Jimmy Erwin.

Stoutly supported by one of the country's more able boxing writers, Bill McCormick of the Washington *Post*, Erwin immediately proceeded to contact Major Harvey L. Miller, secretary of the District of Columbia Boxing Commission, and through McCormick, succeeded to book Miller and Sarron for the title on the Metropolitan Police Boys' Club show last May.

Freddy was guaranteed a flat ten thousand dollars by the amazing Heinie Miller, spark plug of the fight game locally, and the fight drew thirty-two thousand dollars.

* * *

THE setting surrounding Sarron's championship will not soon be forgotten. An inspired Sarron, awaiting calmly this test of tests, squared off grimly before the largest crowd that ever witnessed a fight in the capital. A jittery, whole souled manager who had made this shot possible was standing silently by, hoping that his man would rise to championship heights.

Round by round Sarron improved. He got up steam in the ninth round and drove through to a furious finish that left no doubt as to the decision, which brought to him the world featherweight title.

If I seemed to choke up a bit after the decision was given, it wasn't the weather. Nor was it the fact that a kid I like, Petey Sarron, was the new world's champion. Rather it was that one of the most conscientious boxing managers, Jimmy Erwin, had clicked, and was shedding real tears as a great little champion smilingly acknowledged his ovation.

You see, I saw this same manager one night angrily whisk aside onlookers after this same Sarron had been cruelly fouled by Benny Bass at Griffith Stadium.

"But Jimmy, we haven't had an examination," one of the local inspectors suggested. "We don't even know that the foul is permitted."

"To hell with that," Erwin snapped back, "this is my kid. And he's hurt!"

The little Syrian battler is rightfully entitled to all the honors that go with the world's championship. He has proved himself a real title-holder by engaging in seven fights within the past nine weeks. Sarron intends to follow in the footsteps of the great little champion whom he defeated for the world's featherweight crown, Freddie Miller. Miller was one of the busiest title-holders that ever held the laurels, defending the diadem seventeen times during his reign. Sarron won the title last May and already he has engaged in one championship match at Dallas, Texas, and six non-title mills.

The featherweight champion has a "windmill" style that electrifies the fans. He comes in with both hands swinging from all angles. He can hit from any position. He is a tireless worker in the squared circle. He is credited with being the strongest man in the ring at his weight.

His style of fighting resembles the great middleweight champion, Harry Greb. Sarron has been dubbed a second Harry Greb. While being credited with being one of the busiest little fellows within the squared circle at the present time, he is also credited with being one of the smartest ring generals in the business of "leather pushing."

Sarron and his manager plan a complete tour of the United States, taking on all comers, then a trip to Europe and South Africa, and upon his return from abroad, he hopes to obtain a match with Lou Ambers for the lightweight title. Sarron is confident that if he is ever given a chance to meet Ambers, he will annex another title.

* * *

WHEN questioned as to whom he considered his foremost challenger, Petey stated, "Well, I haven't seen exactly all of the boys in my division, but from what I have seen, I consider Miller the best featherweight of the bunch."

There can hardly be any question of a doubt as to the Miller and Sarron bout, staged in Washington, being the greatest featherweight match for championship honors held in recent years in the East in the smaller divisions.

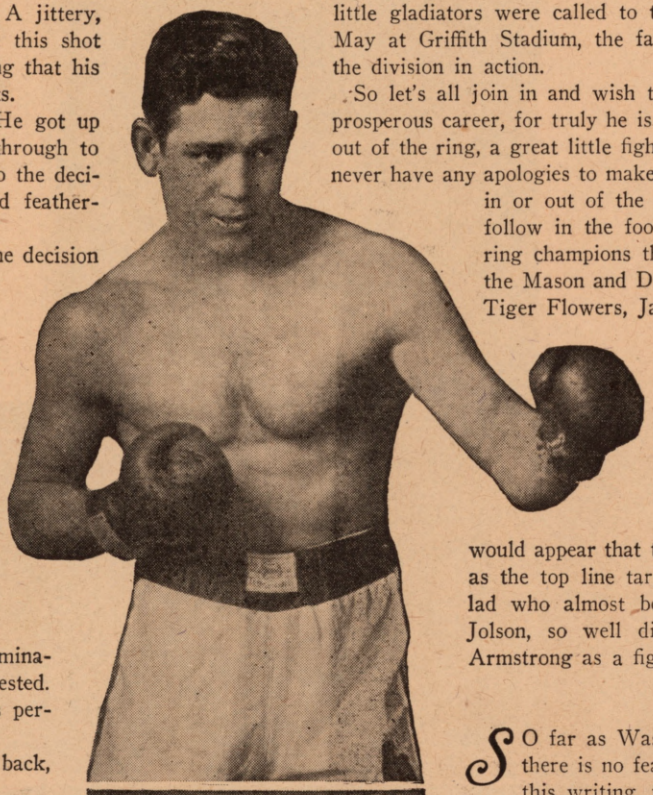
The Syrian had taken on all comers and remained undefeated, while Miller eliminated all of his opposition. So when these two little gladiators were called to the center of the ring last May at Griffith Stadium, the fans saw the two leaders of the division in action.

So let's all join in and wish the new champion a happy, prosperous career, for truly he is a great little fellow in and out of the ring, a great little fighter, and the prize ring will never have any apologies to make for Petey Sarron's actions in or out of the squared circle. So may he follow in the footsteps of those other great ring champions that have come from below the Mason and Dixon line—Tony Canzoneri, Tiger Flowers, Jack Johnson and Pete Herman.

Perhaps Petey has not yet seen Mike Belloise and Henry Armstrong in action. Judging by reports from the sections in which these two capable featherweights are operating it would appear that they have supplanted Miller as the top line targets. Henry is the colored lad who almost became the property of Al Jolson, so well did the comedian think of Armstrong as a fighter.

* * *

SO far as Washingtonians are concerned, there is no featherweight in the world at this writing, the equal of Petey Sarron. However, there can be no doubt that a Sarron-Belloise or a Sarron-Armstrong contest would be tremendously big shots in this neck of the woods.



Buck Everett, another member of the Sarron stable who holds the heavyweight championship of the District of Columbia and is handled by Erwin.

The Ring's Album of Famous Fighters

No. 19

Petey Sarron, World featherweight champion, won title from Freddie Miller in Washington Ball Park, May 11, 1936—15 rounds, decision. Born in Birmingham, Alabama, 1908, Nationality, Syrian-American. Managed by Jimmie Erwin. Held Featherweight championship of the South several years. Started boxing career 1929. Engaged up to time of title bout in 129 fights, and lost only eight. Defeated three times by Freddie Miller, lost once to Lew Feldman, once to Frank Covelli, once to Eddie Burl, and once to Bucky Burton. Never put down except the night he was fouled by Bennie Bass. Is a boring-in, two-fisted, aggressive fighter, who lacks cleverness but keeps punching all the time.

Coast Heavy Shows Promise

By GENE VINASSA

PACIFIC Coast boxing fans, who have followed the sensational rise of Bob Nestell during the past year, may some day say "we saw him when he was fighting his way to the top of the heavyweight heap."

Nestell stole the show on the Baby Arizmendi-Henry Armstrong featherweight card at Wrigley Field last August when he appeared in the ten round semi-final with Frankie Hammer of Oakland, Calif., who was good enough to beat "Killer" Coates twice. It was Nestell's first ten round fight.

Nestell had a slight shade going into the tenth frame. He was watching for openings all the time and took the first one that came his way in the final round. Nestell's right hand traveled only about a foot. He didn't have to draw it back in order to strike. The force of the punch stiffened Hammer as cold as a pawnbroker's heart. Referee Charley Randolph and Gus Wilson, manager of Nestell, worked on the Oaklander for five minutes before he could be revived.

It was Nestell's fifth pro battle. He had knocked out Jack Haywood, Danny Alberts, Dizzy Dugan and decisioned Jack Darcy, a tough trial horse, who had fought Lee Ramage a few weeks before.

* * *

GUS WILSON, famous as a fight trainer, admits that he does not attempt to school Nestell.

"There is just one thing I tell Bob," smiles the affable Wilson. "I tell the kid always to remember that if he is knocked to the canvas, he should not attempt to get up until the count of nine. The important thing is to be fit to go on when he returns to his feet."

Nestell is 21 years of age and weighs around the 190-pound mark. He won the Los Angeles *Examiner* Golden Gloves amateur heavyweight title of the Coast during 1935, sweeping through the cream of the amateur crop of the far West.

"What turned you to the boxing game?" I asked young Nestell.

"My dad wanted me to be a fighter," he replied. "It was his ambition for me," the boy declared. "I am not crazy about the boxing game, except as it is a means to an end. I can use the money, you know."

"He's wrong when he says he dislikes boxing," says Manager Wilson. "He may think he dislikes fighting, but his natural reactions in the heat of battle proves he loves the going."

As an amateur, Nestell had 29 fights and won 24 of them by knockouts and four by decisions. His only defeat was a technical loss to Floyd Finley, when he suffered a bad cut over an eye after twice having his foe on the deckeroo.

Nestell packs a terrific sock as his record reveals, but prefers boxing to slugging. Clever and intelligent, he enjoys feinting for an opening or drawing his opponent off balance. To him, boxing is a scientific game like chess, in which the penalty for a bad play or a false move is a bop on the beezer instead of the loss of a king.

Bob Nestell, a colorful heavyweight from the Coast.

* * *

BEING as fine a boxer as he is a good puncher, Nestell really finds his job easier when he's matched against a slugger, and yet when he flattened Hammer on Joe Waterman's outdoor show, he asked Wilson to get Phil Brubaker for him in his next fight. Eight stitches were required to sew up a wound in his head, received when Hammer butted him, so his bout with Brubaker will not take place until mid November, for Wilson plans to give his protege a six weeks rest.

"Brubaker is smart," Nestell says, "but his only effective punch is a right to the body. I think I can beat him."

Waterman will stage the match in the Los Angeles Olympic for the Coast heavyweight title and will draw $18,000 with the "natural."

* * *

WILSON, an international figure who has managed fighters in Europe, South America and all sections of the country and who trained Georges Carpentier for his battle with Jack Dempsey in Jersey, sincerely believes that his boy, Bob, will some day fight for the world's heavyweight crown. Mrs. Bob Nestell, a bride of seven months, thinks so, too, and so does Mr. Nestell, Bob's pa.

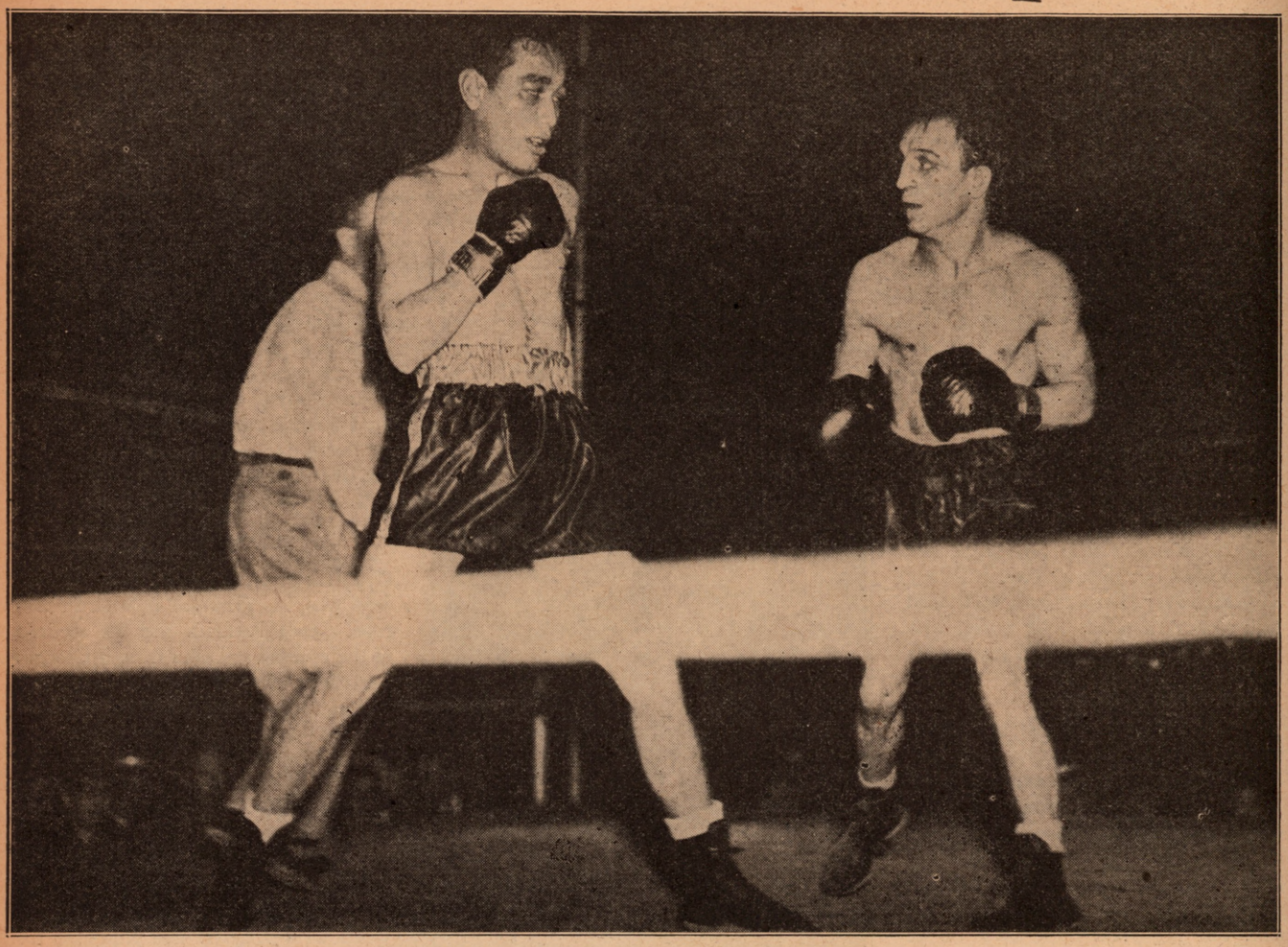
Jack Singer, Sid Ziff, Gene Coughlin, Bill Potts, Bob Hebert, Bob Cronin, Braven Dyer and Bob Ray, Los Angeles sports writers, assert that Nestell is the best looking young heavyweight around Southern California in years.

Incidentally, one of Nestell's biggest boosters on the Coast is Willie Orner, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., now owner of the Main street gymnasium in Los Angeles. He won a hat full of greenbacks when Nestell put the K.O. crusher on Hammer. Bob trains at Orner's muscle parlor in downtown Los Angeles.

"I saw Nestell win the Golden Gloves," declares Orner, "and I knew that he had enough stuff to beat all the heavyweights around Los Angeles. The kid has so much natural ability that I don't see how he can miss hitting the top."

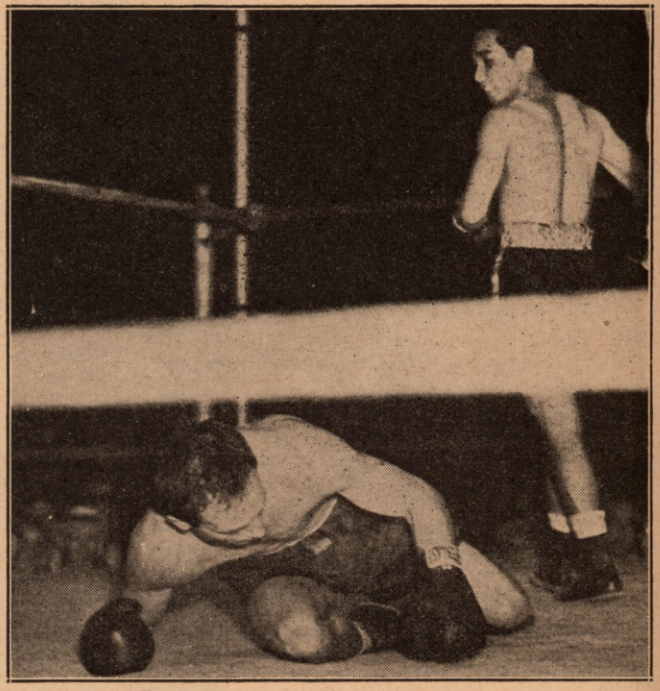
Practically the entire fistic assemblage around Los Angeles and Hollywood are stuck on the possibilities of this diamond in the rough. Al Lang, one of the foremost trainers on the Coast, is enthusiastic about his prospects, as well as Eddie Mead, Suey Welch, George Parnassas, Joe Waterman, Tom Gallery, Jerry Pelton, Tony Palazolo, Johnny Keyes, Babe McCoy, Bill Miller, and not forgetting the indefatigable Greenston brothers, Mushy and Claude. Mushy can spot a good prospect miles away.

As Escobar Triumphed



The game stand of Tony Marino, who, despite repeated knock downs, faced his deadly foe, Sixto Escobar, until the referee called a halt in the thirteenth round at Dyckman Oval. Sixto is on the left.

Marino tries to overcome Escobar's stabs and hits by bobbing and weaving, but to no avail. Here he just gets out of the way of a left.

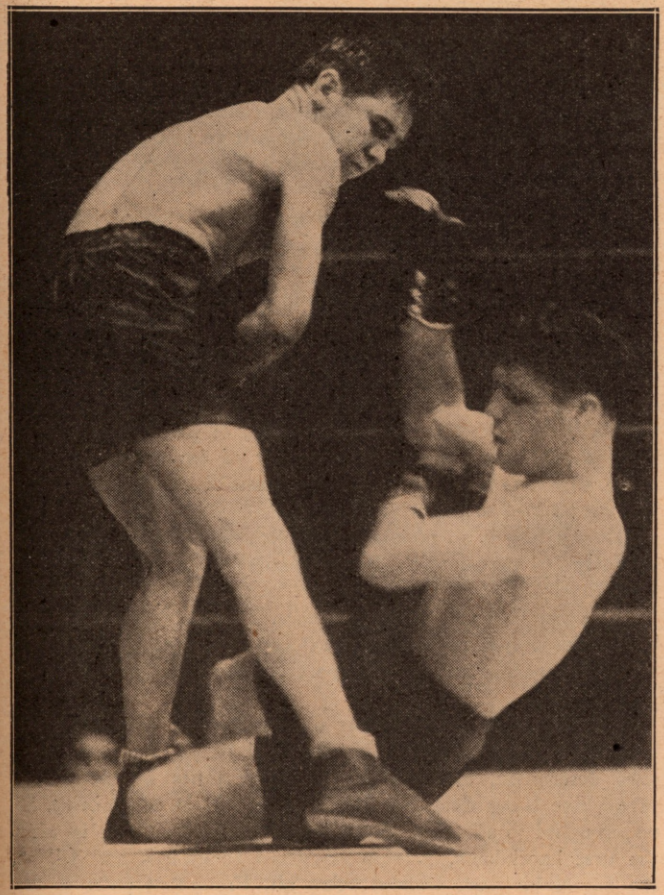


The last knockdown. Marino, deposed bantam king, elects to get to his feet again, although no one would have accused him of quitting had he decided to take the full count.

Right on Top of the News

Harry Balsamo, New York's latest welter sensation, scores K.O. over Lou Halper in 4th round. Balsamo followed that with a K.O. over Al Rossi in second. Harry looks like a sure champion.

Here is a picture that tells the story of the Brink-Montanez fight at Dyckman Oval. It was a thriller with Pedro winning. Note the mouse over Montanez's left eye, and his right is closed, yet he carried on to triumph.



Gustav Eder, Germany's welter king, blasted his way to a ninth round K.O. over Jimmy Leto of Hartford at Ebbets Field. Eder is a great fighter.

Two giants in action. Ray Impellitiere of New York (left), carries off the honors when Tobby Irwin, referee, awarded him a 10 round decision over Andrew Lenglet in San Francisco.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Fine Talent Assured for Indoor Season
Ambers and Escobar Crowned Champions
Schmeling's Attack on Louis Unwarranted

ALTHOUGH the outdoor season closed minus a world heavyweight championship bout, it was a lucrative one for promoters throughout the country. With several world championships staged in the east, sectional title bouts taking place in other parts of the country and a number of top-notch fights carded, the sport came back with a bang.

True the big money of pre-depression days was absent. But when a million and a half dollars are taken in, according to my survey, we can rest assured that the interest in boxing is not lagging. Of course, again we must point to the drawing power of Joe Louis, because it was his fights with Schmeling and Sharkey that enabled the gross for the season to reach its high mark and his fight with Ettore in Philadelphia adds another $75,000 to the amount.

Promoters are busy rounding up their cards for the indoor campaign. If the crop of fine talent developed during the summer is a criterion, we should have plenty of action and good money contests for our indoor shows.

The outdoor bouts that created most interest were the Louis-Schmeling; Louis-Sharkey; Steele-Risko; Gainor-John Henry Lewis; Escobar-Marino; Arizmendi-Armstrong; Ross-Furr; Carnera-Haynes, and Petersen-Foord mill in England.

Although the Canzoneri-Ambers affair was an indoor match, it should be listed with the outdoor fights because it was transferred from the Garden Bowl at the last minute.

* * *

DURING the summer months the American middleweight championship changed hands from Babe Risko to Freddie Steele. In the new title holder, the promoters have a boy around whom many lucrative bouts can be arranged because he is a colorful battler with a stinging wallop.

Petey Sarron, crowned new world featherweight king when he won the decision from Freddie Miller in fifteen rounds, is a two-fisted, aggressive scrapper who can keep up the interest in the class that Miller had maintained during his reign as title holder.

Sarron's mentor hopes to hold Petey on top until at least the next outdoor season by keeping the boy busy with over-the-weight matches until the time is ripe for him to defend his laurels against a good, drawing challenger. But I think his best bet is to accept a bout with Mike Belloise in New York. Such a contest would be good for as much as Canzoneri and Ambers drew provided a high class under-card were arranged such as was scheduled for the Canzoneri show.

When Belloise stopped Dave Crowley of England with a smashing right to the pit of the stomach, a punch which Dave and his mentors insisted was foul yet was as clean a punch as I've ever seen, he did not win the world crown as the New York Commission declares he did.

Belloise simply held on to his New York State championship, the only title he owns. To settle the matter of supremacy Belloise should go after Sarron, the legitimate, internationally recognized world crown wearer and unless he wins the title from Petey, Mike will never have his name down in the record book as the holder of a world championship.

JOHN HENRY LEWIS'S victory over Al Gainor before a record Pittsburgh gathering, proved that the Negro light-heavyweight king is a fighter of no mean ability. He ranks high in his division and should come back from his European trip with several additional scalps to his belt. The division is so shorn of good talent, that we cannot blame John Henry for going after the top boys in the heavier division.

Of the rest of the boys who stared in the outdoor season, Escobar, Armstrong, Eder, Montanez and Balsamo, should be of big help to the promoters for the indoor season. Cards centered around them are certain to draw.

In short, I foresee the best indoor season in this country since 1931 if the promoters get hep to themselves and do justice to the sport and to the fight fans by arranging the kind of cards which they can get from the excellent material on hand at this writing.

* * *

WHEN Sixto Escobar stopped brave Tony Marino at the end of the thirteenth round of their fight at Dyckman Oval recently, the Porto Rican lad became the undisputed world bantamweight champion.

Although THE RING has been criticized for refusing to acknowledge Sixto the world champion when he beat Salica, I'm certain that sticklers for facts, will agree that our aim in refusing to acknowledge as world title holders Commission-made champions, in the long run is of far greater help to boxing than would be the case were we to accept every Tom, Dick and Harry designated by a boxing board.

There could be no doubt that when Marino stopped Sangchili of Spain, he won the world championship and now that Escobar has knocked out Sangchili's conqueror, he takes his place in line of succession with an unblemished record. Isn't there more honor in such an accomplishment? I'm sure that Escobar and followers will agree with me.

The popularity of Escobar, a fighter of top-notch ability, was evidenced when the championship was won. Dyckman Oval became a Bedlam. Escobar's followers, many of whom cannot speak a word of English, went into a frenzy of excitement. A war-dance, with hats tossed in the air and chants of Escobar! Escobar! Escobar! added to the wild celebration.

When a boy is so popular, promoters should take immediate advantage of the situation, Boxing needs its Escobars, and with Lew Brix, his manager, the promoters should find no difficulty in arranging fall and winter matches. I salute Escobar as one of the finest type of fighters developed in recent years, an asset to his people and to the sport in which he has made his mark.

Before dismissing the Escobar victory, a word about the game little lad whom he deposed. Marino's exhibition of courage beggars description. He was floored seven times in the second round, five being clean cut knockdowns, and in one mix-up, he was roughed to all fours yet he refused to quit. Getting up after the first knockdown, Marino staggered backwards and fell on the flat of his back without being hit. From that point to the end, it was a heart-breaking exhibition of gameness that was displayed by the vanquished title holder.

Escobar's powerful right mowed Marino down for counts

of eight, five, eight and six and as he kept bouncing up and down. the crowd didn't give him a chance to last more than another session or two, yet he kept going through almost all of the thirteenth round. He made a plucky, uphill battle to regain lost ground by outpunching Escobar in the fourth and sixth frames and also in the eleventh, but without avail. A brave little lad lost the world crown and a classy, hard hitting Porto Rican, annexed the title. Let's hope that he'll defend it with the same vim that he displayed in winning his laurels.

In the interests of boxing I hope that Mike Belloise and Petey Sarron will be brought together so that before the next outdoor season is upon us, we will have the division of championships eliminated and a legitimate title holder acclaimed and acknowledged through the world in each division.

* * *

THE Canzoneri-Ambers fight, while not so exciting as the Escobar-Marino affair, was a championship mill in which public interest was far keener than the former. 18,026 persons, who paid $73,287.68, attested to the popularity of Tony.

Without taking any credit from Ambers, the new lightweight king, those who attended the mill were much disappointed with Canzoneri's lack of fighting form. Tony was far from the champion whose display against McLarnin gained the praise that was showered upon him. He not only fought a dull battle but missed so many punches that he looked at times like a novice instead of one of the greatest lightweights.

There can be no doubt that the easy chair, the carpet slippers have taken their toll, for Canzoneri was only a shade of the great fighter he used to be. Ambers went out to win that fight and win he did, but according to my figures, not by the wide margin which boxing judges and referee gave him.

Lew Ambers, new lightweight champion, displaying his crown.

I saw the contest as a very close one, with only one round separating victor from vanquished when the final bell sounded, and that, despite the rounds that were taken from Tony by the referee for hitting low. Canzoneri's defeat is just another lesson for the boxers—matrimony and idleness spell defeat. It is an old axiom but true as the day is long, that marriage and boxing don't mix.

* * *

AMBERS in victory was not the fighting Ambers who made such a courageous stand against Tony in their first battle. Lew went into the second fray with one objective—he wanted to win the title and no matter how he did it, he was out to attain his goal. That he did and is deserving of the congratulations of his well wishers. That he found Canzoneri an easier target than he had anticipated, is Tony's own fault. All credit to the new champion.

Many of the early rounds were so close that only a hair line separated the pair. In fact, up to the thirteenth session, my score card showed the affair an even one and it looked like a draw decision would be the final verdict. Canzoneri's wildness was responsible for the loss of many rounds. Ambers peppered Tony with many straight lefts as Canzoneri's deliveries went wild and in close, Lew roughed it and made things very uncomfortable for the champion.

At times when Ambers disregarded the instructions of his handlers to circle to the right and stab Tony, and elected to mix it, instead, he found Canzoneri his master. But that was so infrequent that Tony didn't have a chance to pile up points. As a whole, Canzoneri fought a dull, listless fight. He was outboxed most of the way though he hit harder than his rival. Tony got hit with a snake-like left with frequency and missed blows by a mile.

The judges and referee voted unanimously for Ambers as did most of the large gathering. There could be no doubt about the victor but as I have already remarked, not by the wide margin which the officials made it. Here is the way they voted:

Judge Kelly—Ambers nine; Canzoneri, five and one even.
Judge Lynch—Ambers ten; Canzoneri, three and two even.
Referee Donovan—Ambers twelve, Canzoneri two and one even.

Canzoneri gambled all on his haymaker ability, but he apparently underestimated Ambers. Lew wasn't in there to get flattened. He entered the ring with one purpose in mind and he reached his goal. He roughed Tony until the champ could scarcely move about. He peppered him with a straight, tantalizing left that puffed Tony's cheek—and brought a gash under the eye. He made Canzoneri's teeth rattle with sizzling uppercuts when the boys were in close.

* * *

CANZONERI wasn't exactly idle while this was going on. He ripped Lew's right eye with a slashing left hook. Tony kept his right cocked and tried constantly to smack Lew with it, but Ambers was an elusive, shifty target who bobbed out of the path of many wallops, any of which, had they landed, might have spelled victory for Tony. And for almost every miss, Lew popped one square into Tony's face or landed flush on his flat nose—very tantalizing, indeed.

When Tony tried to lure Ambers into walking in to him while Canzoneri was standing still, a trick Tony had employed so successfully in their first meeting, he found Lew wise to the tactics and he wouldn't be tricked.

As the fight progressed, Tony tired. He punched, but his blows lacked the necessary sting. He tried to throw off the punches of his on-rushing opponent, but there was no checking Lew. Ambers was in and out, swinging, jabbing and landing while evading Tony's attempts to counter. It was that finish of Ambers that in my opinion, clinched the bout for him.

Herkimer Lew, who is only twenty-two years old, had the fire and aggressiveness of youth with him and he should improve as he goes along. He has a tougher road to travel at this stage than did Tony when he won the title. There are more good fighting lads in the lightweight class than has been the case in several years and if Lew can retain his title against the field if he elects to be a fighting champion, he'll take his place with the better champions of the past. It is all up to Ambers—he has it in his power to make a fortune out of his victory if he will consent to be a fighting title holder.

* * *

AMBER'S rise to the lightweight championship climaxed a four year climb. The Herkimer Hurricane began his pro career in 1932 after having worked as a sparring mate for Canzoneri and having competed in bootleg amateur shows in upper New York State.

He was born in Herkimer, N. Y. on November 8, 1913 of Italian parents. The family name is D'Ambrossio but the new

lightweight king made it Ambers when he elected to take up fighting as his profession. When he arrived in New York, he found it difficult to obtain bouts because of his unorthodox style. He was called the human jumping jack. He obtained a bout as a substitute for Tony Scarpati and he won so clearly that the promoters began to take notice of this newcomer.

He kept climbing but making little money and finally he forced himself into the spotlight as a challenger for the lightweight championship when Barney Ross gave up his lightweight title to enter the welter class. Canzoneri and Ambers were named the leading contenders and in May of last year, they fought it out for the vacated crown with Tony emerging the victor by a big margin. The veteran Tony outpointed and outfought his young rival, but Herkimer Lew was not discouraged.

He decided he would fight his way back and he did. He beat all opposition and today he is the king of the universe in his division.

* * *

DAVE CROWLEY who fought Mike Belloise in the Garden on the Canzoneri-Ambers card, gave a fine exhibition for one so severely hurt as he was when Mike's right sank into his stomach. It was unfair for Crowley to claim a foul when as a matter of record, the punch was as fairly landed as any possibly could be.

I was in a position to see the blow. It was a short right that crashed into the pit and just took the wind out of the Britisher. As is often the case when such a punch connects, the receiver thinks he was fouled because the blow causes semi-paralysis.

Regardless of the biased report that was sent abroad by a news agency, Dave Crowley was not fouled. He was knocked out by a clean punch and his acting, though not put on for effect, was brought on by the condition into which he was rendered by Belloise's delivery. Mike Belloise eliminated whatever chance there was for Europe to lay claim to a world title that rightfully belongs to Petey Sarron, by stopping Crowley. The bout ended in 2.51 of the ninth round of a cockle-of-the-heart mill, a stiff battle in which both boys exhibited plenty.

When the K.O. punch landed, Crowley curled up with a hideous grimace on his face. The claim was belittled by both Referee Donovan, who ordered a count, and Belloise, who went snickering to a neutral corner. As Donovan completed the count, Belloise rushed to Crowley's aid, only to be met with a wild swing as Dave shouted, "why don't you fight fair?" But this should be forgiven because of the condition of the fallen boxer. Belloise now is rated the second best featherweight in the world, only Sarron holding the edge over him.

* * *

I WAS very much surprised by the article which recently appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post," in which Max Schmeling accuses Joe Louis of having deliberately fouled him in an effort to turn the tide.

I had an interview with Max just before he left for Germany, an interview that was published under his name in The Ring, and in that story, Max told me just the opposite of what Paul Galico intimates he was told by the German. In fact when it was suggested for the Schmeling story that the Louis punches were delivered with the purpose of maiming Max, Schmeling bitterly protested:

"Oh, no," he commanded. "That won't do. I cannot permit anyone to belittle me by saying that I thought Louis fouled me purposely."

And with that, he ordered that part of the interview eliminated. Hence I cannot believe that Schmeling was correctly quoted in "The Saturday Evening Post."

Joe Louis is not a foul fighter and never has been. When he tossed those low punches at Schmeling, they were the heaves of a helpless man who didn't realize what he was doing. Those who saw that fight, know such to be the case. Joe just wasn't himself at the time or he never would have landed a low blow.

The sooner we forget that kind of poppycot, the better for the sport. It just doesn't belong and I'm surprised that Schmeling permitted Galico to say it.

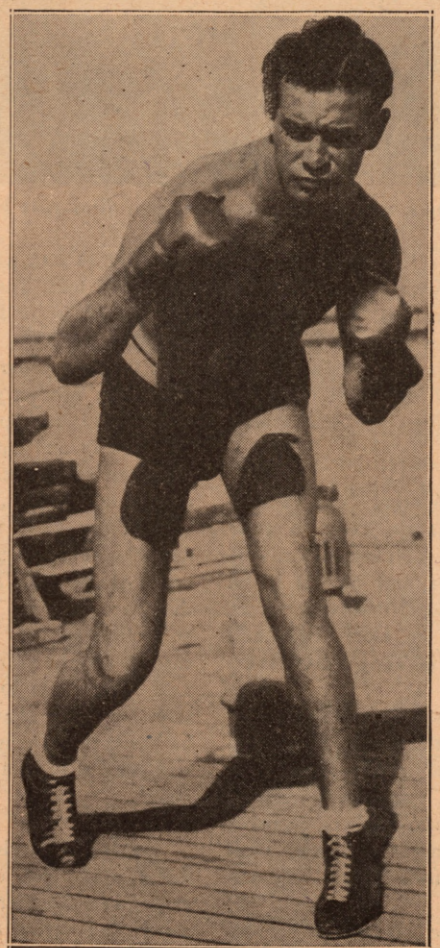
* * *

THE summer months have seen the development of two lads who threaten to take a big part in the indoor engagements this year. Their names are Gustave Eder of Germany and Harry Balsamo of New York, both welterweights who stand out ace high. Both are potential champions and from present indications, we'll be seeing them in championship matches in a few more months.

* * *

THE recent death of "Long Count" Dave Barry, famous boxing referee, adds one more name to the long list of fistic celebrities who have passed into the Great Beyond this year. Dave died in a Chicago hospital following a long illness. He had a nervous breakdown which was complicated by a liver ailment.

Many stories have appeared since Barry's death concerning his career, but none will keep his name in the fistic spotlight as will that of his long count in the Dempsey-Tunney battle in Chicago. It was that count that ruined the career of Dave, whose gymnasium was shunned and whose popularity practically came to an end with the decision that probably robbed Dempsey of the honor of becoming the first heavyweight champion to regain his title.



Eduardo Primo, heavyweight champion of Argentina, who will be seen in New York soon.

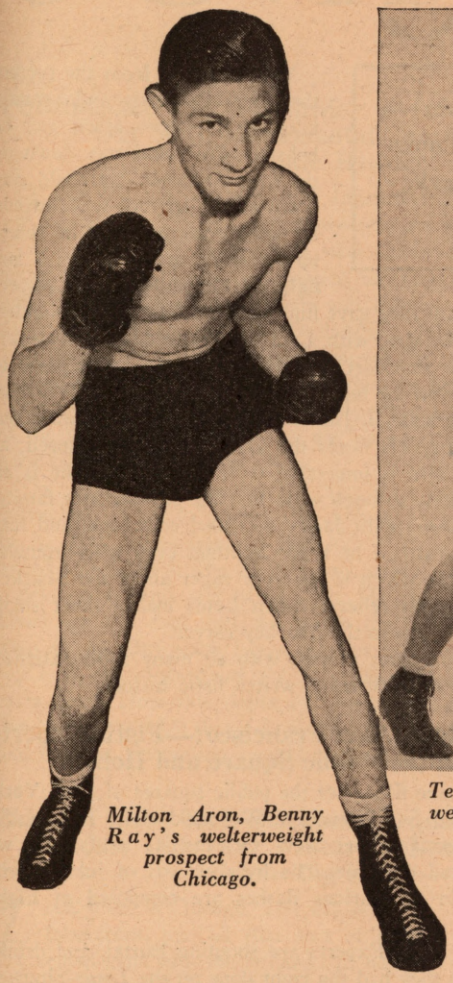
Yet, as I wrote in my book, "Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana," the revised edition of which will be on sale next month, Dempsey himself was responsible for that count. It was Dempsey's violations of the Chicago rules and his failure to abide by a pre-fight decision to go to a neutral corner in the event of a knockdown, that was the cause of the Long Count taking its place in ring history.

The men had been instructed in advance what was expected of them. They and their mentors had agreed to the arrangements, yet when Dempsey floored Tunney and had him on the verge of a knockout, Jack emphatically refused to entertain the decision of the referee to go to a neutral corner and thus penalized himself.

I say probably because I do not agree with those who insist that Gene was in so helpless a state that he could not have gotten to his feet before the fatal ten were counted. True Tunney was in a bad state for four seconds as the photos show, but he seemed to have all his senses with him thereafter. And the manner in which he back-pedalled about the ring after he arose, is ample evidence that he was far from being helpless.

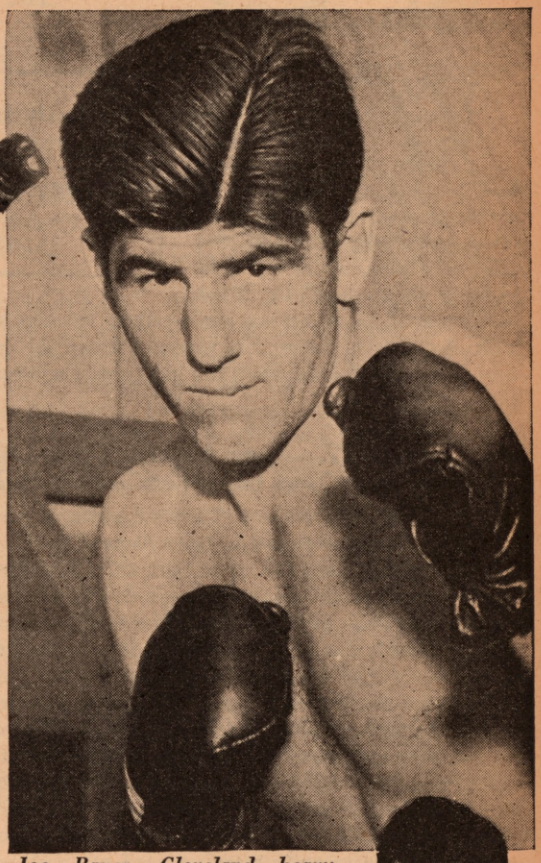
That fight, like many others in which Dempsey was a principal, ended in a manner characteristic of Dempsey battles. It left in its wake more food for discussion than followed the Willard bout in which fight fans have been divided as to the number of rounds in which the slaughter ended; the *(Continued on page 42)*

Prospects from Various Sections

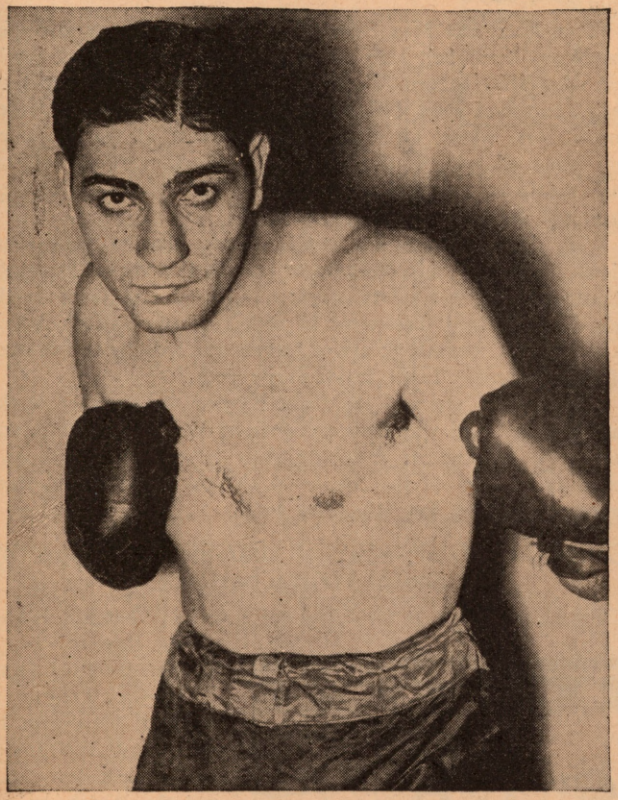


Milton Aron, Benny Ray's welterweight prospect from Chicago.

Terry Mitchell, rugged heavyweight, a trial horse for the leaders.

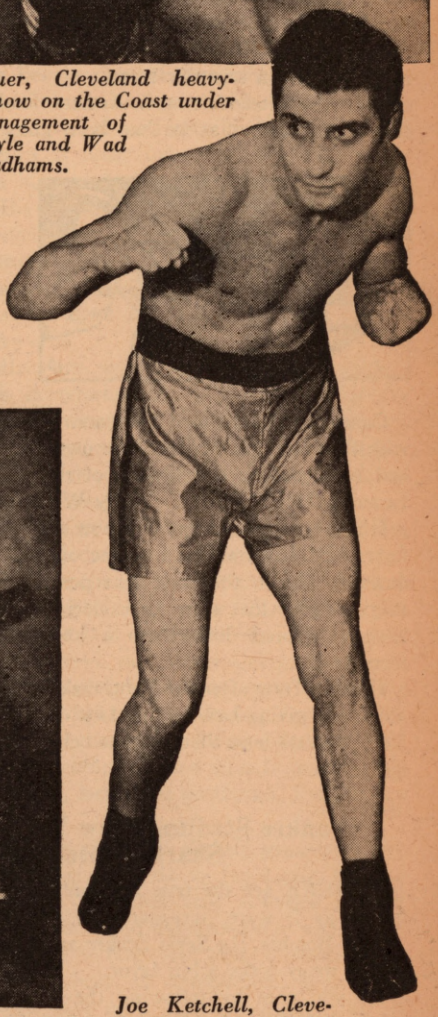


Joe Bauer, Cleveland heavyweight, now on the Coast under the management of Jack Doyle and Wad Wadhams.

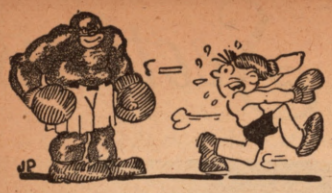


Babe Amos, classy Syracuse middleweight aspirant.

Wesley Farrell, crack colored lightweight from New Orleans.



Joe Ketchell, Cleveland's corking light-heavyweight prospect.



The RING'S

Lew Ambers takes title from Canzoneri—Some films of the aftermath of the Louis-Schmeling fracas and the Louis-Sharkey classic.

HERE we are again, assembled in front of the screen, ready to glimpse the world of fisticuffs through the rosy glasses which the true ring amateur always wears when he looks at things pugilistic. Much has happened since last we got together, and the air is loaded with plans for the future. So, without further ado, let us traipse into the roster of films which are before us, beginning, to wit, as follows, with:—

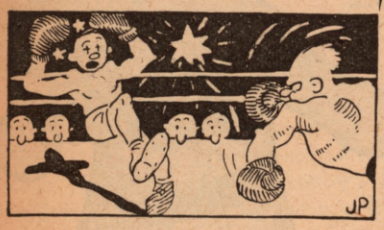
New York, N. Y.:—Lew Ambers Takes Lightweight Title from Tony Canzoneri in Fifteen Heats

THE big Garden. On a Thursday night. Some 20,000 fans present, perhaps most of them hoping to see the durable, popular Antonio keep the lightweight title. Perhaps many came in the hope that they would see the Herkimer Hurricane win the championship. In every crowd there is a certain percentage who come with the hope that there will be a change. They hate static, they dislike things to continue as they are.

Well, let the film roll along. One round after another, Canzoneri battling with all of his old skill, not all of his old fire, with all of his old aggressiveness, not with all of his former endurance.

One round for Tony, one round for Lew, one round for Tony, one for Lew. Not a very spectacular fight. Skilful Tony making Ambers fight a Canzoneri fight. Artful Tony forcing Ambers to try to fight a scientific scrap.

Then the fifteenth round. Ambers finally tumbles to the fact that if he finishes as he had been going, the decision and the championship will rest with Canzoneri. So the Herkimer Hurricane becomes the Hurricane again. Ambers tears in and swings those arms of his like flails. He fights as he had not fought since he developed a prominent spot.



Canzoneri cannot hold the pace. Ambers wins the round, and with that round he becomes the owner of the regal mantle which had enveloped such stalwarts of the ring as Joe Gans, Benny Leonard, Willie Ritchie, Freddy Welsh and Jack McAuliffe.

It is a hot fight, as you will note from the film. It is an Ambers fight. And much as most of the onlookers hate to see Tony go down to defeat, they feel that perhaps it is for the best. And they are glad that since Canzoneri had to be beaten, he did not have to subject himself to a knockout punch or a physical trouncing.

Here is Tony after the fight, making no excuses, no offering of alibis, and giving Lew all that Lew deserves. A grand little fighter, Tony, and we hope that he quits before his skill and his endurance quits him.

Yankee Stadium, New York:—Louis Belts Sharkey Into Oblivion

HERE are the true and authentic pictures of the famous, as it were, scrapperoo in which Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, the Sepia Socker and Tan Thumper from Detroit, did so many folks a big favor.

As you note by following the progress of this monumental screen classic, Louis takes care of Jack Sharkey, former champion, in three heats, which is the limit of Sharkey's endurance.

You will note from the picture that Sharkey really and actually takes it. He goes down and he bobs up. He could stay down on the first knockout. He could stay down and holler foul, which would be nothing unusual. But he comes up for more, and thus in his last fight, Jack grabs more respect from some folks than they gave him when he was the title-holder.

By going into the ring with Louis, Sharkey does a favor to: 1, Louis. Joe needs that sort of fight with that type of name to start him back toward the top. 2, Mike Jacobs, who needs a fight to keep from going stale. 3, Jim Buckley, Sharkey's old manager, who according to reports needs the kale. 4, Sharkey himself, as Jack collects, and also is impressed with the fact that he is an old guy and absolutely through with the ring. 5, Sharkey's family, who are not impressed with Jack's so called comeback, and fear for the old guy's health if he keeps fighting, even with stumblebums. 6, The Public, which is not very eager about the Sharkey comeback and is much relieved when Louis makes short shrift of Jack and writes Finis to the Sharkey career.

With so many purposes served, with so many folks satisfied, the Louis triumph over Sharkey writes fistic history.

New York, Chicago, San Francisco:—Fistic Experts Gather in the Public Square and Holler

HERE we have flashes of the public squares of New York, Chicago and San Francisco. We could show Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland and New Orleans, as well, only we haven't the film and the time. The little crowds of jubilant villagers you note in the various flashes are composed of Fight Experts.

The reason the Fight Experts are shouting banzai, and drinking wassail is that they had the right dope on the Louis-Sharkey fight.

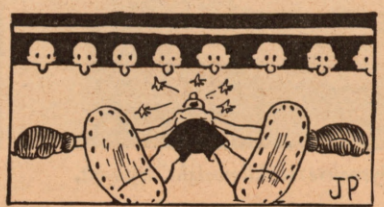
When Louis met Max Schmeling, the Fight Experts said that the Negro would belt Max into kingdom come. You must recollect what DID happen. The Fight Experts wailed and gnashed their teeth, and even if they went into a dime joint for coffee and sinkers, which, after the financial stress of the encounter was about all some of the boys could afford, or could hold on their stomachs, they had to stand a lot of guff from the counter man, and the guy who sweeps up.

Well, Time marched on, and the Louis-Sharkey fight came along. There was only one man to pick in that scrap. Strangely enough, the Fight Experts picked him. They said Louis would win. Some hedged themselves in with cute reservations, which is the ancient journalistic art of leaving the loop hole. But most of them hollered, "Louis, inside four rounds."

And so you know why the Fight Experts are gathered in the public square, and why they are shouting and gesticulating, and some few cognoscenti thumbing their noses—what is known anciently as Cocking the Snook—at the guys who kidded them unmercifully after the Schmeling todo.

London, England:—British champion is stopped by South African battler.

Big news, indeed, is this! Just think of it! What has British boxing come to when a highly advertised fighter like Jack Peterson is shorn of his crown by Ben Foord! Well it was done nevertheless, folks, and the Welshmen are bemoaning their fate.



GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Philadelphia, Pa.:—Saturday Evening Post Comes Out With Monumental Contribution To Fistic History

HERE is a dandy film of Independence Square, in Philadelphia. The strange crowd you see there are the direct descendants of the lads who gathered in the same spot many, many years ago, and waited for Hancock, Adams, Sherman, Jefferson, Button Gwinett and the rest to sign that little paper which we know as the Declaration of Independence.

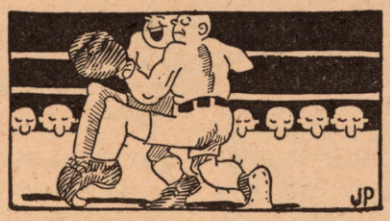
In the film now on the screen, you see the lads in Independence Square reading a gazette or magazine, or periodical. It is none other than the old *Saturday Evening Post*. Let us get a closeup of the article over which they are so excited. For, indeed, this gang is in a dither and a furore.

The article which is making them gape and gasp is by Max Schmeling. It has to do with the Schmeling triumph over Louis. In it, Max says—Louis fouled him. He says it again. Louis fouled him. That is why he let Louis have it.

Schmeling hems and haws a bit. He says he does not blame Louis for the foul, but insinuates that Blackburn told Louis what to do. But since Louis did not do it of his own accord, you have the explanation for Schmeling's letting Louis have it extra hard. How this dopes out we are in no position to say. But it is conceivable that if Louis had been twice as guiltless in the foul incident, Schmeling would have let him have it twice as hard.

Chicago, Ill.:—Jack Blackburn Explains How Come Louis Did That Dastardly Deed In the Schmeling Fight

THE scene is Chicago. You will note the lake front, and all that sort of thing. The sepian gent with the billiard ball noggin is none other than Jack Blackburn, the sepian gent who trains, advises and otherwise tells Louis what to do—in the ring.



Mr. Blackburn goes to the fore in our film, and assumes an attitude. In the first place, Mr. Blackburn is sore, and outraged. He has before him a copy of the Schmeling article, in which Max says that Louis fouled him in order and suggestion from Mr. Blackburn.

Mr. Blackburn assumes the role of the outraged Corinthian. "Foul? I tell Joe to hit foul? Man, man, that Schmeling sure do whisper out of his haid," says Mr. Blackburn. "I never tell any fighter to hit low because if he can hit, why spend all that time and effort hitting low when you might jest as well hit a little higher and maybe get that knockout in there."

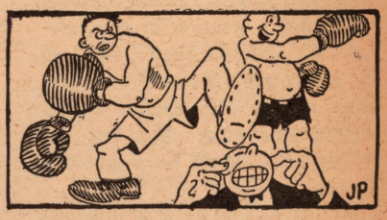
Mr. Blackburn continues to be outraged. "Maybe Louis does hit a mite low, not too low, jest a mite low. Do I tell him? Not on your tin type of Booker T. Washington. When this occurs, Louis is out of his haid, jest like Schmeling is when he says I tell Joe to foul him.

"Now, as you know from the history of fighting and medical science, that when a man is out of his haid, he sure is out of his haid.

"What I mean is, he don't know what he is doing. Now, that's what happens. Joe don't know what he is doing when he hits a mite low, if he does hit a mite low, because if Joe knows what he is doing, he knocks that German loose from his ears."

The gent with the billiard ball noggin moving out of the range of the camera is Jack Blackburn, who just has warmed to his subject and whom we will have to excuse. Jack knows the meaning of additional publicity and he's taking no chances with his meal ticket. Righto.

New York, N. Y.:—Mr. B. Turns In the Most Grandiloquent Introduction In the History of Pugilism.



THE Yankee Stadium. The Yankee Stadium on the night of the Louis-Sharkey fight. The battle, as it turns out, is not so much. But it really is a memorial to the late Joe Humphreys, inventor of the modern fistic introduction.

The fact is that the art and science of introducing fighters and announcing at big bouts has been overlooked as one of the more worthy efforts of the human body. Fighters go in and in a plodding sort of way, fight. They move legs and they swing arms and apply fists, and sometimes all to no purpose.

But an announcer embodies the higher, finer efforts of life. He must be forensic. That is, he has to have the gift of gab. Mr. Ballough proves that in the most florid and fascinating introduction in the entire history of fistic endeavor. However, merely telling about it is most inadequate. Let us give the announcer his chance. To wit, as follows, let 'er go:—

"In this corner, wearing purple trunks and no shirt at all, the purple trunks being according to Rule 23, Section 25, of the constitution and by-laws of the Boxing Commission, and the no shirt at all being in observance of an act of the legislature of the State of New York having to do with the medulla oblongata—in this corner a man who once wore the mantle of the great John L. Sullivan, who held the heavyweight championship—a man who has been on a remarkable comeback campaign, and thus has earned for himself certain stipends and the thanks of many folks who did not have to see his comeback efforts—in this corner, I might say, without fear of contradition, contradiction or subversion of law, a character without a blemish and a figure both dramatic and lurid, appealing to the hearts of all lovers of clean sport and a good five-cent cigar—I say—"

Here the announcer seems to be slightly foggy as to whom he is introducing, but no matter. The people knew right along that he was talking about Jack Sharkey. Because right along he was pointing to Sharkey. Now the announcer in this monumental memorial to Joe Humphreys switches from the white man and he hollers:

"In that corner, one of the great young fighters of all time, a man whose deeds will ring down the corridors of Time and whose achievements will linger in the dusty tomes of American history long after we are gone, long after this introduction is finished and even this fight is a matter merely of words set down in print on white paper—I say, ladies and gentlemen, in this corner, the man with the pink trunks, which he is wearing according to rule 25, section 919, of the Boxing Commission's laws and conserves—in this corner the Brown Panther, the Sepian Socker, the Negro Nobbler, a man who is good to his mother and his family—in fact, ladies and gentlemen, I might say more—"

Here the introducer again seems to be slightly gaga but there is no question at all that he is referring to Joe Louis, because now he is pointing at Louis. Yes, too little attention is paid by press to the science and the art of the announcer who sometimes will appreciate that art is long and time is fleeting and nobody ever paid a dime to hear an introduction. We would suggest that Harry Balogh give us a little Shakespeare as an introduction for a change.

ETTORE, *Kid Tile Setter,*

Philadelphia Scrapper Who Lands Joe Louis Match Became Contender With Victories Over Haynes, Carnera's Conqueror

By NAT FRANK

WHO is Al Ettore? That is the leading question in fistic circles. The following of the manly art want to know something of this Philadelphia heavyweight, and since they pay the freight, they should be enlightened. So here goes.

Al Ettore was born in Philadelphia, twenty-two years ago, last June, of Italian parents. Unlike most Latins, Ettore is a blond, light complexioned young man, indicating a Saracen Spain.

When Ettore was a youngster, his parents had it all planned out that he would be a fist slinger. How else could any one figure a lad, who was constantly the leader of his gang and always ready to accept a dare? Albert, or Albie as he is known to his intimates right now, was a power in his section.

When the youth got tired of school, his dad decided that he should take up a trade, as a tile setter. Being only a kid of 14, he considered the job more as a lark than the fact that he was already out in the world trying to aid the family income.

The blond chap was trying the best way he could to be another Jack Dempsey. He had heard so much of the Manassa Mauler that the former kingpin of fistiana became his idol. Photographs of Dempsey, in all fistic poses, clippings of his crashing victories, were religiously kept by the Philadelphian.

"Some day I will be like him," he kept saying. "Tetched in the haid," laughed the gang.

His parents had all they could do to keep their off-spring from engaging in frequent free-for-alls. Al was always up to mischief.

* * *

IT was about that time that the elder Ettores decided that Sonny wasn't built to be a scholar, hence his job as a tile setter. That work made his body strong. Now that he was earning the dough, he figured the only way he could enjoy himself was to be a constant visitor at the boxing clubs.

Besides Jack Dempsey, Ettore had another idol, who was making the Philadelphia Arena bulge with overtaxed capacity in the person of West Philadelphia's fighting ice-man, Matt Adgie. On Al's days off he would make it his business to see Adgie train and when fight night came, Ettore would have a front row pew rooting like mad for his neighborhood fistic representative.

After tile setting for two years, Ettore became an amateur fistman, at 16. So well did he do in the Simon-pure ranks, where he entered as a light-heavyweight, this five feet ten inches, 170 pound kid, that the following year, in 1931, he decided to enter the ring as a professional.

Ettore got himself a boyhood chum, Solly Garofolo, as his trainer. Anything Solly said went. His word was law with Ambitious Al. He made it his business to get Ettore out of bed in the wee sma' hours of the morning and went on the road with him; ate with him; slept with him.

Today Garofolo still is with Ettore in the role as trainer. "I wouldn't part with Solly for all the money in the world. He is the one whom I have to thank for my rise in the boxing game. To him goes the credit of being the only one able to make me bow to his wishes. His word was and is law—a command, which must be followed to the letter," said Ettore.

But in the line of managers, the Blond Italian has had no less than five. He finally coupled up with the right combination in Jakie Freedman, once mighty southpaw, and outstanding contender for the lightweight championship of the world, Lew Tendler.

* * *

AT the outset of Ettore's career he placed himself under the management of Max (Boo-Boo) Hoff, only for the reason that Hoff at the time also handled his neighborhood pal, Matt Adgie. Under Hoff's tutoring, plus Garofolo's training, Ettore made a reputation for himself, both as a great club fighter, plus a knockerout.

In his first 44 ring engagements, Ettore was returned victorious, 40 percent of these wins being via the coveted knockout route. Dotted along his clean sweep were names of ordinary fighters, and some of them of international fame.

Yes, Ettore brags of the fact that he has a four-round knockout conquest over our present heavyweight champion of the world, James J. Braddock. They had met in a Philadelphia ring, incidently under the promotion of Al's friend, Adgie, who had retired from the game, and is now enrolled with the Keystone Solons as a referee. It was a scheduled ten-rounder and Ettore, the ever boring in and fist slinging Latin, kept Braddock busy covering up and keeping out of harm's way.

Ettore was the aggressor and Ettore did everything. But it takes two to make a fight. Braddock chose the safe and sane way of following the slogan of "he who runs away, lives to fight another day." Finally after constant pleading of the referee for Braddock to open up and fight, the third man in the ring called a halt to hostilities, disqualified Jimmy and gave the contest on a technical kayo to Ettore.

A year prior to the Braddock duel, Ettore on his climb to fistic heights aroused the jealousy of Adgie, who thought that Al was taking all the popularity away from him in the neighborhood. The result was that they fell on the outs and in one instant, Adgie and Ettore came to blows in the street. Both were arrested. At the hearing the magistrate told the denizens of fight to battle it out, if they have to, within the hempen ropes.

A promoter stepped in and signed them. Ettore was the winner and Adgie was sport enough to tell Al that their friendship would be stronger than ever. Adgie retired and became a promoter. Ettore often fought at Matt's club, including that go with Braddock.

* * *

EVEN though he had won 44 consecutive bouts, Ettore wasn't satisfied with the way Max Hoff was managing him. He left Boo-Boo's stable in 1933 and joined up with Phil Glassman, who managed such greats as Lew Tendler, Joe Tiplitz, Danny Kramer, Benny Bass, Billy Wallace and Kid Williams.

It was under Glassman's management that Ettore first saw action in New York. Here he battled Charley Massare, Abie Feldman and Art Huttick. On June 14th, 1934, when Massare and Ettore battled, the feature bout of the evening was for the world heavyweight championship. Primo Carnera was dethroned by Max Baer and Jimmy Braddock, present king, fought the opening bout.

As Ettore was fighting regularly under Glassman's management, the Philadelphia manager decided to turn his charge over to the writer, who was then Glassman's publicity manager and secretary. Phil was too busy promoting wrestling bouts in Philadelphia.

A few bouts under the writer, and Ettore decided that he was not yet of age and would seek another manager.

Although there was a contract drawn up, it became null and void when it was proved that the Blond Battler had not yet reached his majority.

Ettore placed himself under the supervision of Jakie Freedman, formerly secretary to Glassman.

Freedman's next move was to declare Lew Tendler, another former Glassman charge, in on the management of Ettore. Freedman was shrewd enough to know that Tendler's popularity would add to the chances of getting Ettore started.

* * *

Made Dempsey His Idol

After that, Jakie took his fighter to the Mid-West and there Ettore began to prove his true ability. He was an answer to the promoters' prayers. His style of fighting was such that the fans came out in goodly number to see him go to the post.

Just as Ettore was coming along, promoters in Chicago were approaching him about a bout with Joe Louis. Having seen Louis in action, Freedman turned the offers down. He said that eventually he would get many times more than the $7,500 offered him then for the shot at Louis. Jakie thought that Ettore wasn't ready for the Dark Destroyer.

Instead of taking on Louis, Freedman closed for Ettore to box Charley Retzlaff in St. Paul, on January 24, 1935. That bout saw Ettore hit the deck for the first time in his career. He was down a total of three times, always jumped up without taking a count, against the advice from his corner. Finally the referee stepped in and halted the bout, awarding it to Retzlaff on a knockout.

Instead of discouraging the youngster, as well as Freedman, the result made them all the more determined. Ettore then became an even greater prospect. He climaxed his victories with three slashing conquests over Larruping Leroy Haynes, an importation from Los Angeles, who settled in Philadelphia.

Prior to the Haynes duels with Al, the Negro had made ring history by twice knocking out Primo Carnera, former heavyweight champion of the world. Each time Haynes and Ettore battled, Haynes entered the ring a favorite. Each time Ettore proved superior, first over ten rounds, then twelve, and finally fifteen.

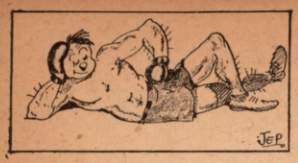
* * *

ODD how the fates work their pranks. There was the inseparable friendship of the Glassman, Tendler and Freedman combine. Then the split. Later Glassman became manager of Al Ettore, turned him over to your author, when Phil became a wrestling promoter.

Ettore then left the writer for the Freedman-Tendler combine, after yours truly entered the wrestling publicity field with headquarters in New York City. In the meantime, Glassman gave up wrestling promotion and became a boxing promoter again, but too late to find Al Ettore, who today looms as a contender for the heavyweight laurels.

The Freedman-Tendler-Ettore and Nat Frank friendship as well as the Frank-Glassman friendship lingers on.

Ettore was married when only 18 years of age and has a son, Albert, Jr., who is three years of *(Continued on page 44)*



RINGERS

A "RINGER" is a more or less successful pugilist who fights in different localities under different names. Many well-known bruisers have been ringers. They seldom talk about this phase of their careers except to close friends.

Several short stories have been founded upon the ring activities of a certain pair of brothers who were at the top of their weight division a score of years ago.

These two brothers looked alike and fought alike. It is said that often a pugilist in a small town fought one of them when he thought he was fighting the other.

They tell a story on a certain Eastern lightweight that has since caused much laughter in the West.

He read of a youth named "Bud" Anderson who was winning consecutively in his home town of Medford, Oregon. He quickly decided on the old ringer method of boxing Anderson under an assumed name.

The match was made by wire, the Medford boxing fraternity not realizing that they were matching the still amateurish Anderson with one of the best known lightweights in America. Under an assumed name, the Easterner arrived in Medford with his crew. They immediately wagered a great deal of money on their man's ability to defeat Anderson.

* * *

THE local sports bet heavily on Anderson. The betting was about even. Excitement was high.

Anderson, a shambling, awkward youngster, who later came within reaching distance of the world's lightweight championship, entered the ring first.

The Easterner followed him. When the gong rang, Anderson walked out to what seemed an unknown but certain destruction.

The Easterner, rapierlike, stabbed him with rights and lefts. The youngster tottered about the ring, as the Easterner smiled viciously. The battering continued for several rounds.

Blood-covered, lips puffed, eyes half-closed from the highly scientific bombardment, Anderson turned to his second during the intermission between rounds and said:

"I'm bleedin' hard but don't let 'em stop it 'less I die."

The gong rang, and the Easterner was soon rattling Anderson's jaws with one-twos—then working downward to the stomach.

Anderson doubled under the tornado of leather-pain. The Easterner's jaw rested on his shoulder. The youngster stepped back with blood streaming into his eyes. A blow traveled about eight inches and crashed. The Easterner stepped backward—then inward. A right swished him on the "come-in." A left crossed it. The ringer's knees snapped. He fell and rolled over—down and out.

In two days the secret was flashed to the papers in far cities that "Bud" Anderson, unknown and unknowing, had knocked out one of the most famous lightweights of his time.

* * *

IT was perhaps Eddie Regan (Regan is not his real name) who had the most unusual and unexpected experience a ringer ever had.

Eddie was master of every trick known to the shady side of pugilism. He could throw a punch with the same force that a shot-putter throws a heavy weight. Fighting was an unemotional business with him, at which he had earned and saved many thousands of dollars.

Eddie had literally grown up with boxing gloves on his hands. He had the fair complexion of the blond, and the peaceful manner of a tired, well-dressed clerk. Eddie had the reticence of Tex Rickard and the courage. He is now—but perhaps that would not be fair.

He read in a California paper of a bruiser who had won ten straight fights by knockouts in a New Mexico mining town. The new ring sensation was said to be a young miner who had drifted there from Arizona.

Within a week Eddie Regan had journeyed to New Mexico. A short time later he was matched with the local pride, who had been adopted by the town.

The match was held on a sweltering day in a roofless building. A tense quiet followed the fighters into the ring. Eddie looked at the chiseled face and putty ears of his adversary and decided he was in for a rough voyage. By unconscious movements the bruiser across from him told Eddie that he was long trained in the ways of battle.

* * *

THERE was little time for further study on the part of Eddie. The gong sounded. His opponent made a frightful lunge.

Eddie met him in the center of the ring. Blows began to thud with the snap of a riveting machine. Eddie backed away and brushed his blond hair out of his eyes.

His gloves flew downward to meet another terrific rush—then a tangled mix-up followed. Their toes turned in, their knees knocked together, their gloved hands slashed, their shoulders moved freely like huge snakes under tight white drapery.

A deep sigh of satisfaction ran around the building when the gong ended the round.

Eddie had picked up a battered soldier of fortune in El Paso to second him in the ring.

The second now jabbered advice out of a crooked mouth. "He's too tall for you, kid—fight him in close—under the eaves, my boy—under the eaves. When he rains them blows hard like that they won't fall on you if you're under the eaves." While his second talked, Eddie tried to map out a plan of campaign. "Could he last—with the sun burning down—at such a pace—under the eaves?"

* * *

EDDIE had one great advantage as a pugilist. His eyes were set deep in his head. The projecting forehead above, the high cheek bones below, protected them.

He noted that his antagonist was "pop-eyed"—that his nose was large and his ears battered into pieces of gristle. The gong rang as Eddie decided to "play for his head."

He held his guard high and made no move until his adversary moved. The audience screamed, "Fight! Fight!" But Eddie paid no attention. Each time the local pride led, he was beaten to the punch. At last his opponent rushed while Eddie was in mid-air. Eddie fell in a sickening crescendo of noise.

When he returned to his corner his battered second said, "I tell you, kid, under the eaves—under the eaves—or go into your shell—don't let him outsmart you."

The gong sounded clearly. The local unbeatable was in Eddie's corner before he had risen completely from his canvas chair.

Eddie was mad. "Damn your soul," he hissed.

"Pray for your own," was the comeback, as the wet gloves swished with thudding pain. The local man crouched, Eddie slammed him on the side of the head, and cracked three fingers of his right hand. It stung like electric needles every time he used it.

He fought, unmindful of pain and the torturing sun on his naked body and the fight-drunk maniac in front of him.

At the beginning of the sixth round both men advanced swiftly and set a terrible pace. Eddie only had one friend in the audience—the hired second from El Paso. But those near the ringside who saw his face twitch every time he landed his right, had a feeling of admiration for him. But Eddie thought not of that, but of the mass of charging muscle in front of him.

Feinting, they watched for openings during the passion of battle. Between blows their feet could be heard shuffling over the hot canvas floor. The local pride missed a right that whizzed by the spot where Eddie's jaw had been a second before. He worked in close. Eddie pounded his kidneys and each blow sounded like the explosion of a gun.

In the seventh round the local pride straightened Eddie with an uppercut that rattled the teeth in his granite jaw. They began

of the RING

By JIM TULLY

volleying rights and lefts to face and body and grunted as they landed. Eddie staggered backward for an instant—the crowd screamed, "You got him, Bill," as Bill leaped forward at Eddie, whose body had gone rigid to meet the attack. It was, for Bill, like charging a stone wall with hands that flailed oblivion.

Soggy gloves ripped by soggy gloves as their muscular bodies writhed and reeled under the burning sun. They slugged desperately in a neutral corner when the gong rang.

The local pride had started a blow which he had been unable to stop. Eddie had dodged and the momentum of it threw his adversary across the ropes. Eddie hurried to his corner with the hope of getting a few seconds more rest than his antagonist.

At the beginning of the tenth and last round, their gloves touched to betoken friendliness. The local pride then connected with right and left to jaw and Eddie sagged backward. Bill leaped like a tiger intent on its kill, but Eddie, against the ropes, met him with a left as rigid as a bar of iron. The local pride went on his knees as though his feet had been shot from under him. As he fell, Eddie whipped a piston right to the jaw—and the local pride rolled over twice—and jumped to his feet. They clinched against the ropes and the referee, perspiring, and his white shirt blood-covered, loosened the tangle of their arms.

The head-battering had been so terrible they were now fighting on instinct alone. Their heads crashed together and blood dripped from their foreheads as they danced about under the mauling pain. Screams rolled through the sun-scorched building as the epic tussle seemed about to end at any second in a crimson climax.

Eddie dodged low from a ripping right which landed on the top of his head. The pain shot down to his shoulder blades. It touched him with madness. Unguarded, he waded into the local pride and crashed three terrible rights on the small of his back.

"My God—he'll break him in two," yelled a man at the ringside.

* * *

THE sun scurried behind a cloud and softened the glaring outlines in the ring. The voices of the mob died down in the presence of fury. Eddie's second gripped the ring-post until his hands ached. A glorylike haze enveloped the battlers. They were tangled as the gong rang. The audience was still like death. The referee pried them apart. Suddenly the ring was full of spectators. The fighters, geared to such elemental emotion, now caressed each other—tears in their eyes.

"Damn—you're a battler," said Eddie.

"Well, you ain't soft," was the rejoinder.

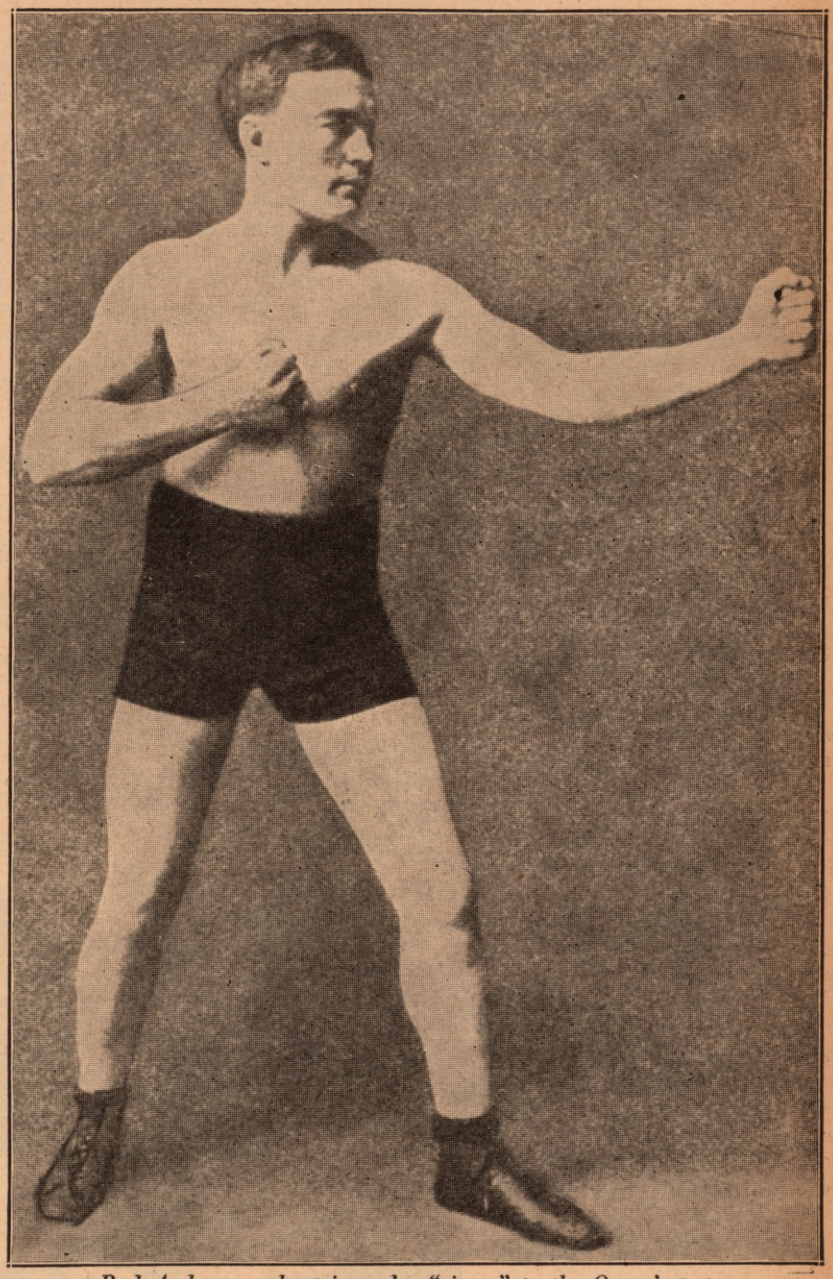
The two bruisers, arm in arm, trekked wearily down the aisle toward their dressing rooms.

"You don't fool me, brother," said Eddie. "Come, 'fess up—where you from?"

"Australia—had a touch of lung trouble—came here." The Australian pugilist looked at Eddie. "And you?"

"Mum's the word. I'm—from San Francisco."

The news was flashed that Eddie Regan of Los Angeles and Bill Wilson, the great knockerout from Arizona, had fought the most sensational ten-round draw ever witnessed in those parts. Thus two ringers, through a whim of circumstance, fought an epic battle. Eddie returned to California with his hand in a plaster cast. Weird indeed are the ways of the ring, and weird the men who follow it.



Bud Anderson, who trimmed a "ringer" to the Queen's taste.

They touch high adventure unknowing, and crawl back to obscurity as inarticulate as ghosts.

With putty ears and battered faces—and something in them attuned to high drama—they can never quite fit into humdrum reality again. The worthy citizens about me speak of them as "Has-beens." I do not. For I understand. They are my comrades on unforgotten roads.

Ring history is full of such accounts. Sometimes the boys are found out before the bout gets under way. Other times, those in the know, use their knowledge for blackmail purposes, but most often the boys go through with their mill and put up a scorching battle. When the story breaks, and the boxing commission demands action, a life sentence is meted out by the high moguls of pugilism, but what is that to the fighter who needs his ham-'an and will go the limit to get it? He just hides away for a time and then reappears in another locality under another name.

FIGHTERS'

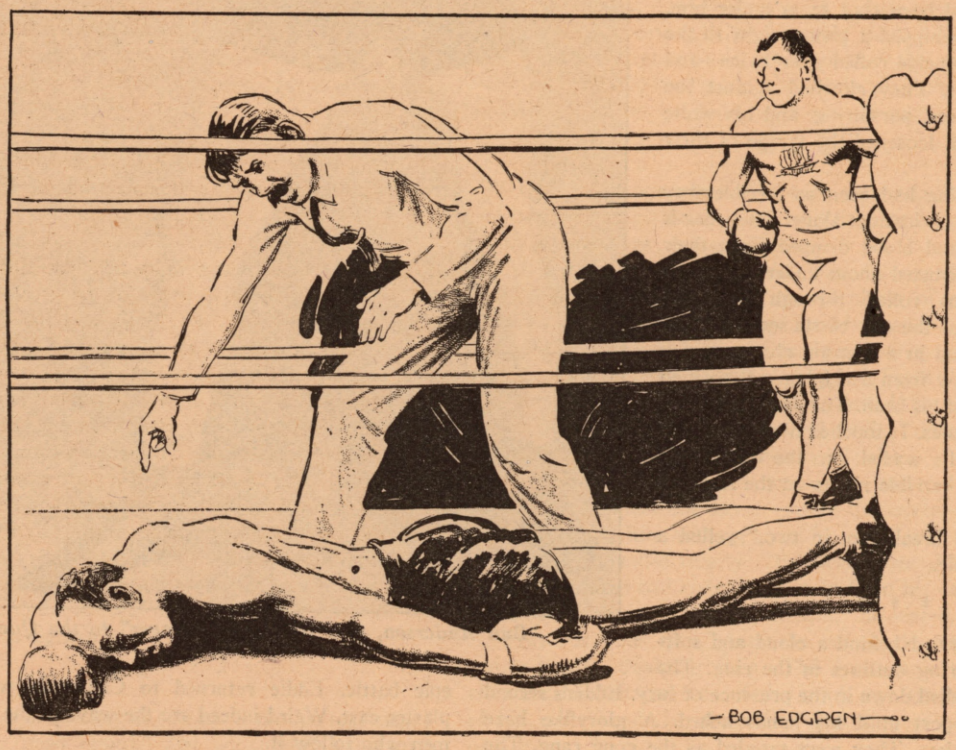
BOB FITZSIMMONS was without a doubt one of the greatest fighters who ever lived. Some say the greatest. Yet there were times when even foxy old Bob needed a lot of luck to pull through a bout.

The second time he fought Tom Sharkey, on March 17, 1897, he got a jarring surprise. Tom feared neither man nor beast, and the way he tore into Fitz in that first round, had the crowd sitting on the edge of the seats and shouting wildly. Towards the end of the round Tom let fly a right-hand swing that caught Fitzsimmons square on the chin.

Bob dropped to the canvas like a scarecrow with the straw gone. Everybody stood up and yelled. Sharkey was so excited he didn't know what to do. The referee began to count, and as he tolled off the seconds, it looked like Bob was through. He lay flat and limp, stretched out on the canvas; and if he was conscious, he certainly didn't show it. Then luck played a part in the fight. The bell rang for the end of the round.

Bob's seconds scrambled into the ring, carried him to his corner and got to work with the smelling salts. They managed to wake him up. Sharkey was so excited he wouldn't sit down; he just hung on to the ropes in his corner, ready to rush across the ring before the sound of the bell had died out and pound Fitz to a pulp.

Then came the bell. Sharkey came out of his corner like Jesse Owens at the start of a race. Fitz staggered up to meet him. Sharkey swung a right with everything he had. Bob ducked it, and hooked his left fist into Sharkey's stomach. It went in so far it went clear out of sight. Sharkey seemed to turn rigid, as if he were paralyzed. The ship that was tattooed on his chest, ringsiders said, went three times 'round, and then slowly foundered. Down went Sharkey. Fitz had sunk the ship!



Sharkey knocked out Fitzsimmons but the bell rang at eight.

* * *

THIS startling reversal in an important fight may have been entirely due to luck, but it came off so smoothly that the whole thing might have originated in Fitz's foxy brain. It's hard to tell. This much is sure: there were many times in other fights when Fitz purposely acted the part of a man on the verge of a complete knockout only to lure his opponent into careless swinging. The moment a man made a really careless move against Fitzsimmons, the fight was over.

When Fitzsimmons fought Dan Creedon, the great middleweight from New Zealand and Australia, something very similar happened. The fight took place in New Orleans in September, 1894. The first round was a pip, because Dan was a beautiful boxer. Fitzsimmons came from his corner and poked out a long left jab. Dan ducked under it easily and stepped in with a snappy right cross. Then he went around Fitzsimmons hammering him from all angles without a return, a broad smile of confidence breaking over his features as he discovered how easy the big Cornishman was.

At the end of the round, he came dancing to his corner, eyes sparkling, chest high, and his second whispered: "Don't get too cocky, Dan. This guy's dangerous." Dan chuckled. He came skipping out of his corner at the start of the second round and once more began peppering Fitzsimmons at will. Poor Fitz couldn't seem to do a thing with him. Creedon landed a right, stepped in for a brief clinch, and said jokingly: "Who ever told you you could fight, Bob?"

"Nobody," squeaked Fitzsimmons. "It was my own idea." Dan broke the clinch and stepped back. He was a perfect figure of a fine boxer in the prime of condition; head high, confident smile, easy bearing. There was a noticeable gasp of admiration from the house. This great New Zealand middleweight was giving Fitzsimmons a boxing lesson.

* * *

EIGHTEEN hours and twenty minutes later Dan woke up and opened his eyes. He saw his anxious seconds and some faithful Australian friends peering down at him. He was lying on a little cot in his room.

"Well, boys," he said, "What round did I get him in?"

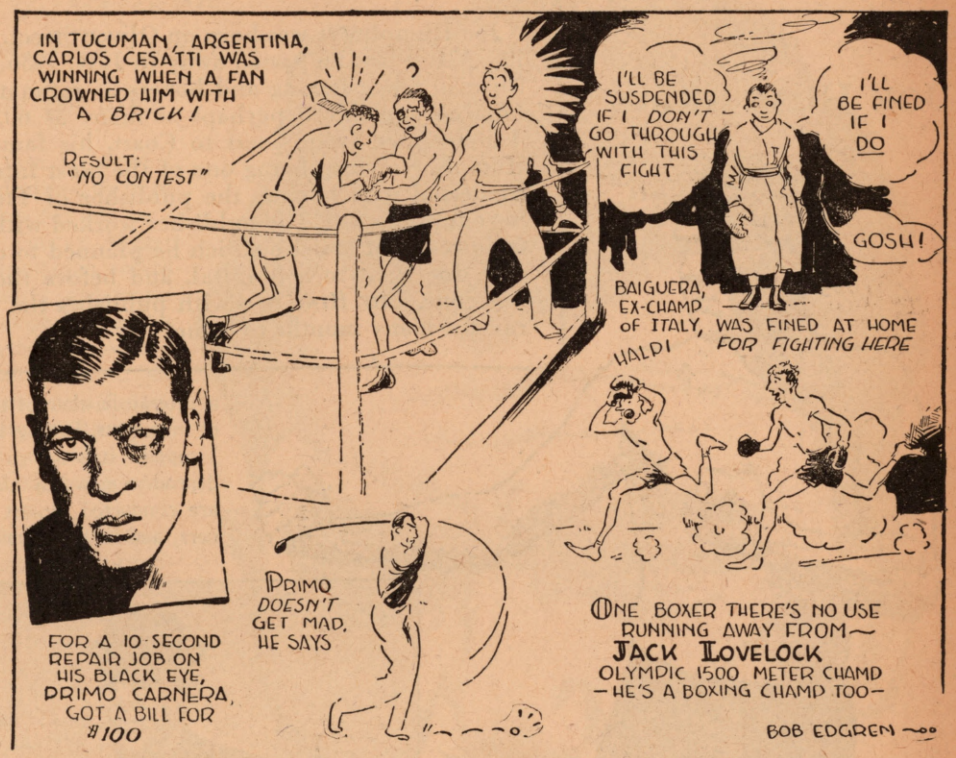
His second looked down at him thoughtfully and shook his head. "I tole ya to be careful!" he said. "Gosh! We all thought you was gonna die after Fitz landed dat poke on yer chin!"

Dan lay there on the couch and looked up in a puzzled way. He had never seen the punch which knocked him out! Neither had most of the fans at the ringside, because Fitz, casting aside the apparent slowness of all his movements, had stepped in with a lightning wallop so fast it was almost beyond the power of the human eye to follow it!

One fight in South America had quite a different ending, although just as spectacular. In a fight show at Tucuman, Argentina, a boxer named Carlos Cesatti was having things all his own way. José Manzano, his opponent, was struggling along gamely, but had long before lost any chance to win the decision. As the fight went into the ninth round, one fan who didn't like the way things were going tossed a brick into the ring. It hit Cesatti on the head, knocked him out, and the referee declared the bout "no contest"!

LUCK

By
BOB EDGREN



IF Cesatti was a little goofy after that affair, people probably thought he was punch-drunk. Although boxing is said to be somewhat dangerous, especially for the eyes, nearly every other sport has its dangerous features which are not nearly so well publicized. Football players get bum knees, baseball players get socked on the bean, javelin throwers get painful arms, tennis-players get tennis elbow and even such golfers as Henry Picard, Ky Laffoon, and Lawson Little are said to have a new ailment called "golfer's wrist." A man named Herman Fotland once broke his wrist while swatting a fly, so I suppose no activity is absolutely free from risk!

Primo Carnera, Max Schmeling, Joe Louis, Tunney, Dempsey, and other heavyweights all took up golf at one time or another, Primo was accused of having a terrible temper on the golf course. "Aw, no!" he replied, when asked about it. "I'm not get mad. Why should I? Maybe I don't always hit thees golf ball, but he don't ever hit me!"

Primo got a beautiful black eye in one fight. The skin all around the eye, and particularly under it, was swelled up. A doctor rushed down into the dressing room. "You must let me attend to that eye! It's very serious!" he said.

"Serious?" said one of Carnera's handlers. "Nah! That swellin' ain't nothin' but a lot of air underneath the skin."

"Air!" growled the doc. "That's blood, that's what that is. It needs instant attention. Look here; I'll show you." He pulled a little syringe out of his bag and made a little puncture in the skin under Carnera's eye. The swelling went down like a deflated balloon, immediately, and without any further attention.

This didn't seem to upset the doctor, who left the room and later sent in a bill for $100.

* * *

MANAGERS and promoters are supposed to be pretty cagy when it comes to handling money. Johnny Weismantel, a Brooklyn promoter once showed, however, that even a promoter can make a mistake. He had a sure-fire scheme for making a profit. He signed Johnny Dundee and Johnny Drummy for the main event, at a percentage of the gate receipts. All the preliminary boxers also agreed to work for a percentage, so Johnny had no guarantees to worry about.

When the night of the fights came around, the fighters appeared for the payoff and Weismantel discovered to his horror that he had agreed to hand out so many percentages that the sum total was 105 percent! He had the fun of paying all expenses out of his own pocket, as well as the extra 5%.

After the Baer-Braddock and Schmeling-Louis fights it's no longer news that the experts can be wrong. Experts pointed out that no professional fighter had ever been able to win a round from Joe Louis before Max Schmeling came along. And no less an expert than Mae West once predicted that Max Baer could hold the world's heavyweight title as long as he wanted to, and probably would retire undefeated. These people were by no means the first, or pioneer experts to be laughed at. 'Way back in 1831 a professor in St. Joseph's College of Bardstown, Ky., proposed a railway to California from the United States. The trustees declared him insane and vacated his professorship!

Maybe there's hope for the poor boxing experts after all.

* * *

ONE of the good boxers in the 1936 Olympic Games wasn't on any boxing team. He was the great Olympic 1500 meter champion, Jack Lovelock of New Zealand. While going to college in England he took up boxing under Matt Wells. He competed in tournaments as a featherweight and won at least one championship. It was the Inter-Hospitals championship at London, where he beat T. P. Storey in the semi-finals and E. W. Rees in the final bout. Lovelock certainly never could have been very far out of training, had no objection to roadwork, and was said to be very fast on his feet. No reader will doubt that after the way Lovelock smashed the Olympic 1,500 meter record to smithereens.

Lovelock is not the only boxer to be a fine athlete in another sport.

Paul Berlenbach was an Olympic wrestler and an amateur wrestling champion in this country before he became a boxer.

Tommy Burns was a famous Canadian hockey and lacrosse player before he won the heavyweight championship. Young Stribling was a good tumbler and acrobat.

Steve Hamas was a football player.

Max Schmeling and Primo Carnera were professional strong men in circuses.

Kid McCoy used to sharpen his wits trimming the local champions at pool and billiards, and was one of the best men with a cue I ever laid eyes on.

Lee Ramage played semi-professional baseball and was once under consideration by Pacific Coast League scouts.

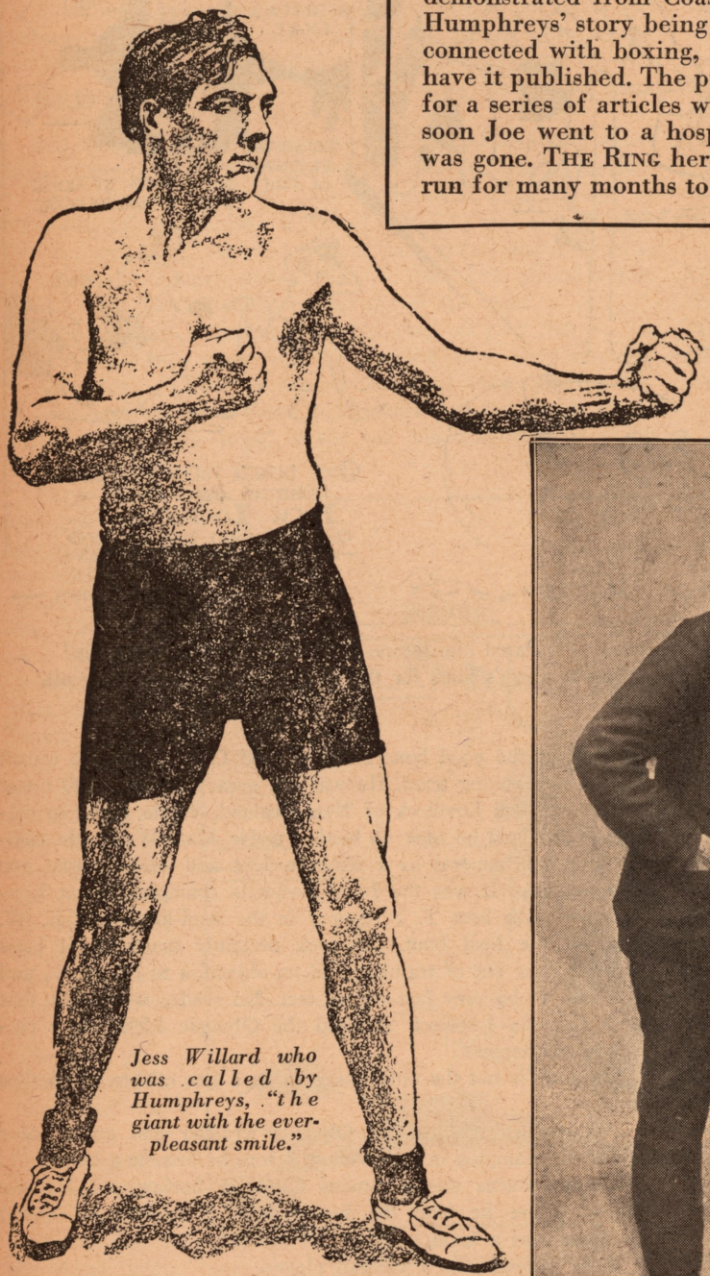
* * *

SOME wrestling coaches have ideas that would also be good in boxing. Coach Hugo Otopalik of Iowa State once had a sign-painter come into the Iowa State wrestling gym and do a little work on the ceiling for the benefit of the wrestling class. When the painter took his ladder and equipment out of the room, curious students filed *(Continued on page 45)*

Swede's Broken Jaw

By
JOE HUMPHREYS

Joe Humphreys was born on Oliver Street, in old New York, on October 19, 1871. When he passed away in July, 1936, he was sixty-five years of age. No man knew boxing and boxers as intimately as did Joe. From 1890 to 1936 he announced perhaps as many as 60,000 fights. His abilities were demonstrated from Coast to Coast, his fame spread across the seas. Joe Humphreys' story being one of the most interesting available among men connected with boxing, the publisher of THE RING arranged with Joe to have it published. The publisher worked with Joe in re-arranging material for a series of articles which he planned to do for a national weekly. But soon Joe went to a hospital, and before the labor could be finished, he was gone. THE RING herewith publishes the first of this series, which will run for many months to come.



Jess Willard who was called by Humphreys, "the giant with the ever-pleasant smile."

Chuck Connors, a famed Bowery character in Humphreys' youth.

THERE is a beginning to everything—a beginning and a finish. And so there must have been a beginning to my career as an announcer of fighters. Contrary to report, my first experiences in the art of telling folks what was what and who was who did not come in the ring. I got it on the floor of the old Produce Exchange, in New York.

I was born on the lower end of Manhattan Island. Our neighbors were the Smiths. Al Smith was a boyhood chum—yes, THE AL, candidate for President of these United States. There were twenty-four children in our family. This is not a typographical error. I mean 24—twice twelve.

At the age of eight, I was selling newspapers, At ten, I was a veteran hawker of the journals of the day, a gay defender of my rights. Selling newspapers in those days was not easy. I suppose it is not so easy today. However, the free and independent newsboy almost has disappeared. Now news sales are conducted almost entirely through newsstands on corners, and in the subways and on elevated stations. That industry, like all others, has been developed and specialized, and turned into Big Business. Some of the stands bring thousands of dollars.

But when I shouted "Wuxtree," the newsboy was a New York institution. How could Horatio Alger ever have written his books without the newsboy and the bootblack? Competition was tough. And you had to fight for your job. So at ten I had two avenues open to me. I was offered a chance on the Produce Exchange. And I fought with the demon of Ambition which pointed the way to success along the rosy paths of pugilism. Little did I realize that my two paths would converge, and that I would later become an announcer.

* * *

ON the Produce Exchange, I was a multi-phone boy. You had to be spry. Then I became a messenger. You had to be spryer. Somebody heard my voice. I was promoted. I became a page—a job in which the Humphreys ability to holler was a tremendous asset.

How did I finally get into the fight announcing business? Well, if a certain man had not got into a fight with a certain

Led to Humphreys' Career

Benefit for Victim of Assault Served as Medium for His Debut as Announcer, Joe Wrote

Swedish truck driver, and busted his jaw, I suppose I would have stuck to the Exchange and grown up to be a clerk or something. But history points out that on a certain night in October, in 1890, Tommy Nigger Welsh, a middleweight of some local reputation, socked Knute Hansen, express wagon impresario, and in the train of events which ensued, Joe Humphreys, on his birthday—October 19, 1890—became a fight announcer.

Let me go back and tell you how it all happened. One night Tommy and Joe Hasson, a bantamweight fighter, and I, went up to the old Star Theatre, at Broadway and Thirteenth Street, to see the matchless and gorgeous Rose Coughlan and Charley Coughlan open in the famous play "Diplomacy."

Welsh never before had been to a high class, legitimate performance in the theatre, I suppose. The Coughlans certainly fired his imagination. The following night we sat around talking about it. Among the listeners was a Swede who ran an express wagon from the docks to the river front boarding houses. He drove sailors from ship to shearing.

Well, we sat and talked, and Welsh began to get very excited about the play, but for the life of him he could not recollect the name. I sat by and laughed. Finally Welsh blurted, "I got it. The play is called 'Diphtheria.'"

The Swede roared. He threw up his hands in derision, and brushed Welsh's face. Tommy had become quite irate over the razzing he was getting, so he let the Swede have it. The blow broke his jaw.

* * *

THE following night Welsh was a contrite man. He decided that he had done wrong by the Swede and that he had better apologize. However, the case had gone pretty far. The Swede was in a hospital, and on James Street his wife and kids were without the family breadwinner.

So Welsh decided that the best thing to do was to apologize first and then see to it that the police warrant was eliminated. Welsh looked up Johnny White, the old fight referee, and between them they arranged a benefit. They picked Maisch's Little Casino, on Pearl Street, as the scene of the affair which was to lift the warrant and help the Swede's family. The Swede set $500 as the price of liberation.

John L. Sullivan, who gave Humphreys his first great thrill in boxing.

Jack Dempsey who always remained with Humphreys, "The most popular idol of all times."

The benefit at the none too commodious arena bordering the romantic and olfactory New Bowery was a big success, but not quite $500 worth. It netted $350, which the Swede accepted gladly, and Welsh and he became great friends.

They asked me to do something in Maisch's, and I sang. No kidding. I had a pretty fair voice. The programme consisted of vaudeville turns, wrestling and boxing, so I gave them "Paddy Duffy's Cart," "My Dad's Dinner Pail," "As We Drink From Our Pitcher of Beer," and other heart-rending classics of the era.

Well, things moved along, and we came to the boxing end of the entertainment.

New York had three great announcers. One was Charley Harvey. Another was Fred Burns. A third was Johnny Dunn, the Human Brass Band. Not one of that trio was in evidence.

Johnny White beckoned me into the ring. He said, "Joe, you have a dandy voice and know what this is all about. You do the announcing."

So that October night in Maisch's near New Bowery, Joe Humphreys started his career. It has gone on and on through the years and I suppose I have announced about 60,000 fights.

That night on Pearl Street remains clear in my memory. One of the fighters on the bill was Sim Collins. About him I could tell a story that would make a chapter in itself. Nowadays

championship fights are conducted with furore, excitement, long ballyhoo, big purses.

When Collins fought Cal McCarthy for the featherweight championship, it was in the back room of Johnny Steitz's saloon, on Catherine Street, before not more than two dozen onlookers for a pitiful purse.

Patsy Doody, featherweight, was on the programme, too. Billy Welch, who was called "Little John L.," and Chuck Connors, mayor of Chinatown, were on hand, and what with one thing and another, it sure was a big night.

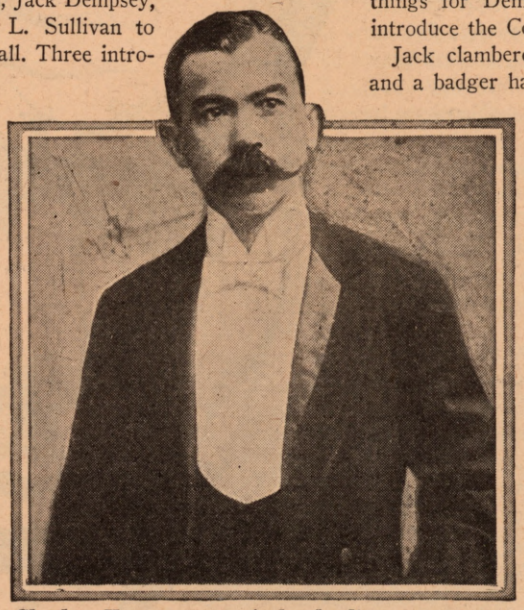
It seems my announcing made a hit. The boys got to talking about it. Billy Crowley, who promoted fights all over Connecticut, had been looking for an announcer, and I got the job. Life on the Produce Exchange suddenly looked too prosaic.

Since then I have announced the greatest fights for the biggest purses. I have met champions galore, great men galore. I have been the friend and confidant of hundreds of the great of the roped arena—and not of the roped arena, for that matter. I have been happy to call such men as Al Smith, Jack Dempsey, Jimmy Walker, my pals. From John L. Sullivan to Jim Braddock, I have announced them all. Three introductions stick out in my recollections.

* * *

IT has been my privilege to predict quite a few champions. I'm glad to be able to say, without handing myself too gaudy a bouquet, that in most cases they turned out that way. The reason for this may be that I never present a man as a coming champion just to be a good fellow or for want of something more interesting to tell the crowd about him.

I never could see the good of building air castles for ham and eggers. In every case I firmly believed the boy was due to arrive and among those who lived up to my predictions were Kid Williams of Baltimore, who licked Johnny Coulon for the bantamweight title; Freddy Welsh and his successor, Benny Leonard; Johnny Dundee, Mickey Walker, and last, but by no means least, Jack Dempsey.



Charley Harvey, one of the leading announcers when Joe Humphreys started his career.

But it seems like I'm getting away from my yarn.

I'll never forget my final presentation of John L. Sullivan. Incidentally, it was the old fellow's last public introduction before a fight crowd. This happened the night of the Willard-Moran battle for the heavyweight championship in Madison Square Garden, March 26, 1916.

Tex Rickard had invited all of the surviving former heavyweight champs and among those present were the three successors, John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons. All were enthusiastically received by the crowd.

What an ovation they gave old John L. when he clambered up through the ropes for the last time! Old he was, sure enough. But the years hadn't been able to erase the whole picture of strength from his powerful old frame and back of the mist in his eyes there glittered a spark of the old-time fire. He was still John L.

Many an eye was moist and many a throat choked up trying to swallow a lump that wouldn't go down. And as he stood there erect before the crowd I realized that never would I speak the words of a more fitting introduction than that which I had just given him—"The Noblest Roman of them All."

Speaking of Jess Willard, I had the pleasure of giving him his first knockdown to a New York audience of fight fans and that is the second of the three that I set out to chronicle for you.

It was just before the Arthur Pelky-Sailor White bout, one of the slowest engagements that ever put a ringsider to sleep in Madison Square Garden. I was standing in the ring when, without any formalities or preliminaries, a huge mountain of flesh hauled itself up through the ropes. When this walking edition of the Empire State Building oozed into the ring the gallery boys let loose a barrage of wise cracks. One of them yelled "throw the big bum out, Joe," but being a good-natured guy myself and enjoying pretty fair health at that time, I let him stay.

The giant, with a pleasant smile that he kept through all the raillery, walked over to me and said, "Hey, Feller, introduce me, will you? I want to challenge the winner."

"Who the heck are you?" says I, looking him over to see what made him go.

"I'm Jess Willard, the Kansas Cowpuncher," says he, still smiling.

"You've got the wrong address, my lad," was my comeback. "The place you want is the stockyards over on Tenth Avenue."

I gave him his introduction, though, and he didn't turn out badly at that.

My first meeting with Jack Dempsey took place at the Rink A. C. in the old Clermont Rink in Brooklyn. I guess it was in 1916. John Reisler, better known as John the Barber, was running things for Dempsey at the time and he asked me to introduce the Colorado lad to the crowd.

Jack clambered over the ropes. He had a big smile and a badger haircut. How often that picture has come back to memory since. He thought back to the original Jack Dempsey, the middleweight they had called the Nonpareil.

"I knew the old Dempsey and I hope you are able to duplicate his success," I said to the youngster with the smile.

I suppose it was an inspiration. I have told you that I never boosted phonies. I shouted to the crowd, "Introducing Jack Dempsey, representative of the Golden West, the next heavyweight champion of the world."

I actually believed that introduction. I wonder, did Dempsey himself?

* * *

Speaking of introductions, I am reminded of the strangest one of my career, and it was all my own idea. It happened many, many years ago and the subject was Herkilides, the Ferocious Greek, who happened to be a wrestler.

Nobody seemed to know very much about Herk. We took him over to Felix Boehm's place at New Dorp, Staten Island, which was a favorite training spot for fighters, and where Tom Sharkey and Kid McCoy were preparing for their battle. Herk was a big help to those two.

Billy Brady had matched Yousouff, the Terrible Turk, his own man, with Ernest Roeber, in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Charley White, the oldtime referee, and I decided that this event would be a good medium for introducing Herkilides, whom we were managing.

The ring was on the stage and there were tiered seats around it. Charley, Herk and I were in the third row. The match was terrible. The Turk outweighed Ernest by a hundred pounds and the affair developed into a riot, with cops in the ring.

Meanwhile, our own pet had not been introduced. I knew that the Greek was very ticklish. So I just tickled him in the ribs. With a roar he sailed right into the ring. I had given Herk a psychological buildup, had told him he could throw Roeber and the Turk in one night. Well, Herk rushed at Yousouff, he rushed at Roeber, he rushed at the cops, he rushed at everybody and everything in sight.

The cops had one whale of a time with Herk. I jumped into the ring and in no low tones explained just who Herkilides was and how he had got into the ring. It was a tough introduction for the Greek, but he got wide publicity and the next day I was swamped with offers for his services.

Next Month, Humphreys tells about The Worst Decision, and The Lamb Stew Knockout.

Navy Athlete, Star Referee

By DAVE GLAZER

(Sports Editor, "The Portsmouth Star")

HE'S probably one of the best known personages in Portsmouth, Va. This erect, strong-bodied fellow who bears his 42 years lightly, indeed, has time to be drum major in the local American Legion Post, work daily in the Portsmouth Navy Yard, play softball with the gang after hours, and still have enough time to have compiled what is probably a record number of bouts handled by any referee in the South.

That's Elder Craft, who caught the boxing malady in his youth, became Virginia's first licensed referee and to date has handled 3,960 bouts, including amateur and professional!

So far this year, Craft has been the third man in the ring on 210 occasions. Small wonder then, when promoters throughout Virginia and elsewhere constantly seek his services. Not once in his long career as a ring arbiter—dating back eighteen years—has any criticism been found with his work.

It was in Uncle Sam's Navy that Craft first became attached to the game. The smell of liniment, the soft thud of padded mitts, and the thrill of combat instilled deeply into the Virginia referee the hope that some day he would enter the ring and perhaps maybe win a world's title to show the folks at home. After all, wasn't he the leading member of the rowing team, the star on the football team on the U.S.S. Louisiana.

Elder Craft, Virginia Referee.

* * *

BUT fate decreed another job in the ring for Elder. He hadn't fought over ten matches when one day, the referee for the tiffs aboard ship didn't show up. Being strong and common knowledge that there was no more impartial fellow aboard than he, Craft was nominated to handle the bouts. And he's been in there ever since.

When the Great War was over and the last sound of booming cannons had ceased, Craft returned to his native soil, Portsmouth.

Soon he had things stirred up in boxing. A small amateur club was formed. Fistiana was soon to make its mark in the historic town of Portsmouth.

In addition to being a capable arbiter, Craft was and still is, a shrewd business man.

Mickey Walker, at that time the idol of every kid in America, was coming South. The "Jersey Bull-Dog" and his handlers probably hadn't even purchased the railroad tickets when a wire came in. Taking advantage of the situation, Craft had taken a long-shot on securing Mickey's services for a bout. Confirmation was received and publicity started for the biggest athletic event, at that time, ever staged in Virginia.

Needless to say, Walker kayoed his opponent, one Wildcat Nelson, in less time than it takes to say "Joe Louis." But a neat financial sum had been realized from the venture. Professional boxing with the optional dime in the pan as admission, started. But it didn't last long, for narrow-minded groups soon stopped the matches.

* * *

GETTING away from the past and speaking more of the present and future, Craft has truly compiled an enviable record in the past two years as Virginia's leading referee.

Just two years ago, boxing became legal in the Old Dominion. Craft was the first licensed referee. Primo Carnera, Midget Wolgast, Max Baer, Paul Pirrone, Vince Dundee, Carmen Barth, Babe Risko, Tony Falco, Pete Nebo and hundreds of other lesser lights, paraded before him. All were laudatory of his impartial and capable officiating.

It was when Babe Risko who was then in the Navy and fighting under the monicker of Sailor Pulaski, that Craft refereed one of his bouts. It was just another fight to most of the fans, but not to Elder. He voiced the opinion that "Pulaski" would one day win the world's middleweight title. As all ringsters know, his prediction ran true to form.

* * *

IN 1932, Portsmouth remained the only spot where regular boxing shows were permitted. The shows were staged under the old club-membership system. Dough was plentiful and as a result many outstanding scrappers were engaged.

Along about that time a young fellow, 20 years old to be exact, boldly stepped into the picture. That strapping youngster, then a ship's storekeeper aboard the U.S.S. Idaho, was Ken Overlin, rated today as fourth leading middleweight in the nation by well-known authorities.

So sensational was the rise of this "kid," that even dyed-in-the-wool fans didn't think he could stand the terrific pace he was setting. It was then that Craft confidently remarked that Overlin would one day hold the middleweight crown. As yet that prediction hasn't come true. But indications are that it won't be very long before Overlin—now under the joint management of Jack Dempsey and Chris Dundee, will justify the faith put in him by the genial referee four years ago.

* * *

ELDER CRAFT stands out in the history of Virginia boxing like a brilliantly sparkling beacon. The best he'll give a boxer of it is a square deal. They don't expect anything more. But it is the confidence in his ability to judge impartially without any favoritism that is building up fistiana in the land where George Washington, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and other historic figures laid the groundwork.

The wrestling game docked at Norfolk a few months ago and promoters and fans alike began the popular howl for Craft to handle the grunt-and-groaners. Elder accepted the offer to be third man in the ring—but under one condition. He wasn't going to be bull-dozed by the grapplers. If they got rough with him —or persisted in using foul tactics, he said he would disqualify them.

Wednesday night came and with it the weekly wrestling show. Everything went along smoothly until the main event. For various reasons it is probably best that the participants in the bout be forgotten. To start things off, one of the "bone crushers" refused to take a piece of adhesive tape off his hand. After being warned by Craft, he obliged. Mid-way the match, the wrestler in question used some unprintable language directed at the arbiter. He was warned, but persisted. It was then that he was ordered to leave the ring.

Instead, he attacked Craft, striking him in the face. Now, Elder hadn't hung around the fight game for "lo these many years" for nothing. Before the wrestler knew what it was all about Craft delivered a couple of well-aimed left hooks which found their mark. The gendarmes swiftly stopped the encounter before any serious damage was done. The state commission fined the wrestler and gave Craft a clean bill of slate.

In 1935 the popular Portsmouth official handled a grand total of 505 official matches in cities throughout the state.

Another Colored Star

Henry Armstrong, Coast Sensation, California's Featherweight King

By
OUR COAST CORRESPONDENT

IN the winter of 1932, an ambitious Negro boy stalked into a gymnasium in St. Louis, Mo., and approached a boxing manager.

"Mister," he said in a level voice that did not betray the empty feeling in the pit of his stomach and the trembling of his knees, "my name is Henry Armstrong. I want to be a fighter."

"Take off your clothes," rifled back the boxing manager. Armstrong's fingers fumbled at the bottom of his shirt as he almost tore it off his back.

"Mmm," the boxing manager pursed his lips and arched his eyebrows as he scrutinized the beautifully built colored boy sharply.

"Where did you develop those shoulders?" he asked.

"I've been driving spikes down by the railroad tracks," the youngster replied.

"Son, I'm sorry. You'll never make a fighter. You're muscle bound."

But Fate has been kind and generous to Henry Armstrong and on the night of Tuesday, August 4, last, at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, under the penetrating glare of many lights, this Negro lad who just "couldn't be," pounded out a decisive decision over "Baby" Arizmendi of Tampico, Mex., in ten rounds, winning the world's featherweight title, as recognized by California.

* * *

ARMSTRONG and his manager, Wirt (Two Gun) Ross, took down two thousand dollars for their purse. It was the first real money this mild mannered, courteous Negro had received since he laughed at ridicule four years ago in the Mound City.

Broad shoulders, slim waist, Armstrong is the ideal fighting man in build. Scientists who claim there is no such thing as perpetual motion have been looking in the wrong direction for many years. The fifteen thousand persons who saw the colored boy whack the daylights out of Arizmendi will testify to that.

Old-timers saw in Armstrong that night an ebony Battling Nelson. He started in on the Mexican scrapper in the first round with a speed that fans thought would not last more than three or four heats—but he was in such splendid condition that he carried the same fistic fury until the final bell.

* * *

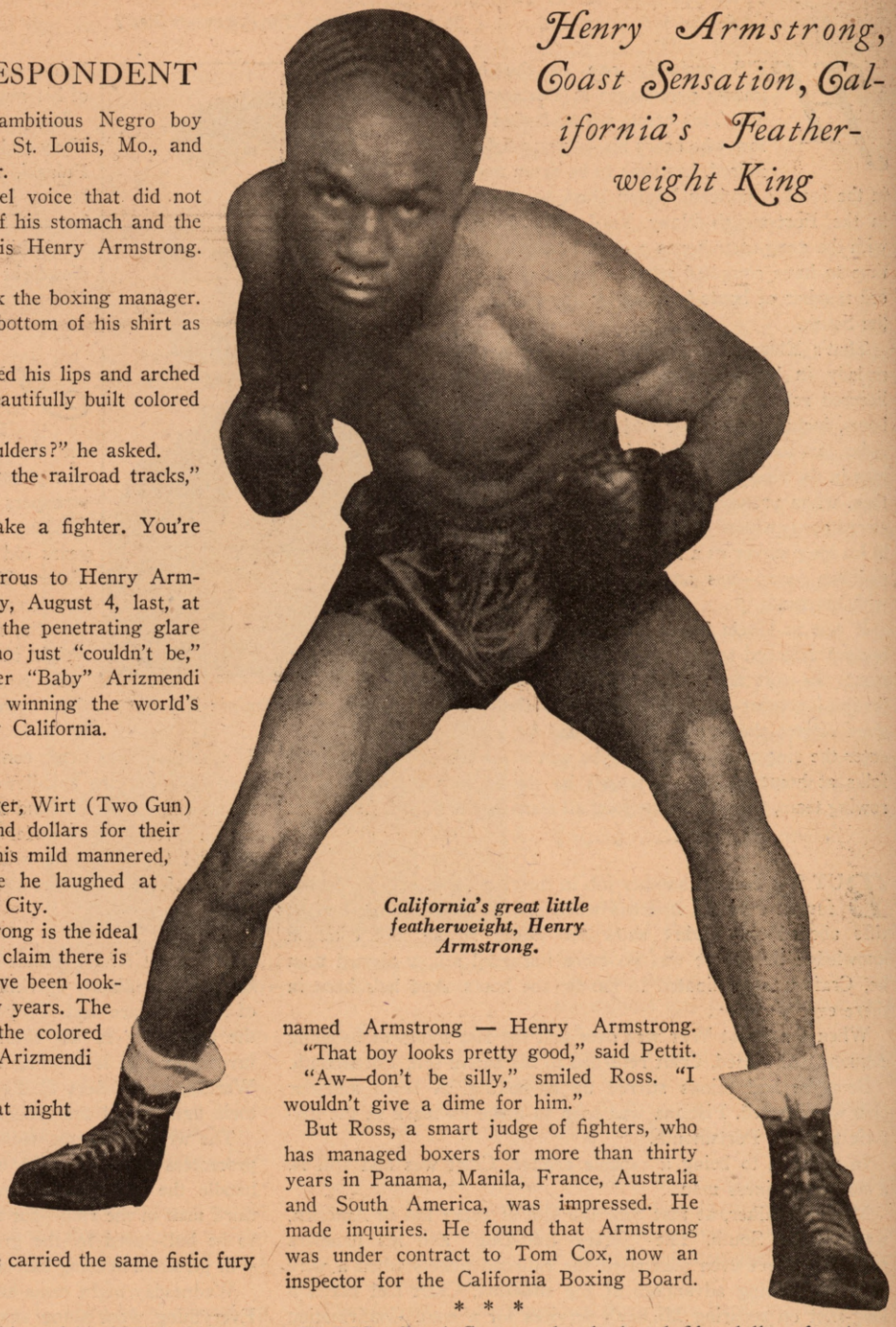
IF Petey Sarron thinks anything of his N.B.A. featherweight crown he will give Armstrong plenty of atmosphere. And if Sarron wants any part of this black streak of fistic flesh, he has far more courage and much less sense than most of the featherweights on the West Coast.

The little Negro has more energy than a Diesel engine and he's far too strong and powerful for any featherweight today.

"Armstrong would blast Sarron right out of the ring," declared Bob Ray, sports columnist of the Los Angeles *Times*.

Jimmy Johnston, major domo of boxing at Madison Square Garden; Mike Jacobs of the Twentieth Century Club; Jim Mullen of Chicago, and my good friend, Frankie Gatto, who promotes boxing in Kansas City, Mo., ought to take my tip and book this kid. He can really FIGHT!

One night, in company with Harvey Pettit, Manager Ross strolled into the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles to witness an amateur boxing card. On the program was a colored boy named Armstrong — Henry Armstrong.



California's great little featherweight, Henry Armstrong.

"That boy looks pretty good," said Pettit.

"Aw—don't be silly," smiled Ross. "I wouldn't give a dime for him."

But Ross, a smart judge of fighters, who has managed boxers for more than thirty years in Panama, Manila, France, Australia and South America, was impressed. He made inquiries. He found that Armstrong was under contract to Tom Cox, now an inspector for the California Boxing Board.

* * *

ROSS offered Cox two hundred and fifty dollars for Armstrong's contract, but before he delivered the money, the canny manager demanded to test the product. So he took Henry to Willie Orner's gymnasium on Main Street and shoved him in the ring against Chalky Wright, a smart Negro boxer under Ross' management. Armstrong "murdered" Wright, putting him on the deck twice and cutting him to ribbons in one round. Ross handed over the dough. He got a bargain. But Mr. Ross had to hock his diamond stickpin to raise the money!

Married to a preacher's daughter, Armstrong is fanatically religious. He attends church regularly and reads the Bible every evening before retiring. After his fighting days are over, he will study for the clergy and enter his father-in-law's church.

Henry believes in applying the Golden Rule to boxing—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

"I try to fight, and expect my opponents to do the same," he casually confesses.

Scrappers from Other Lands

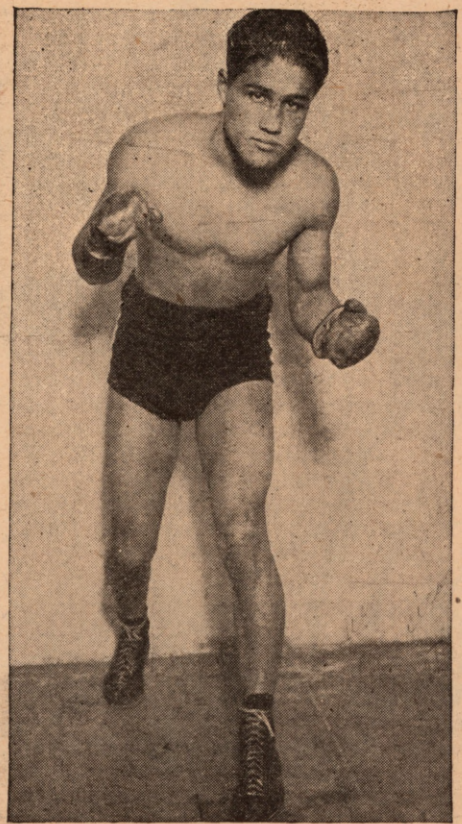
Albert Lawley, Birmingham, England's welterweight crack.

B. De Guzman, featherweight flash from the Philippines.

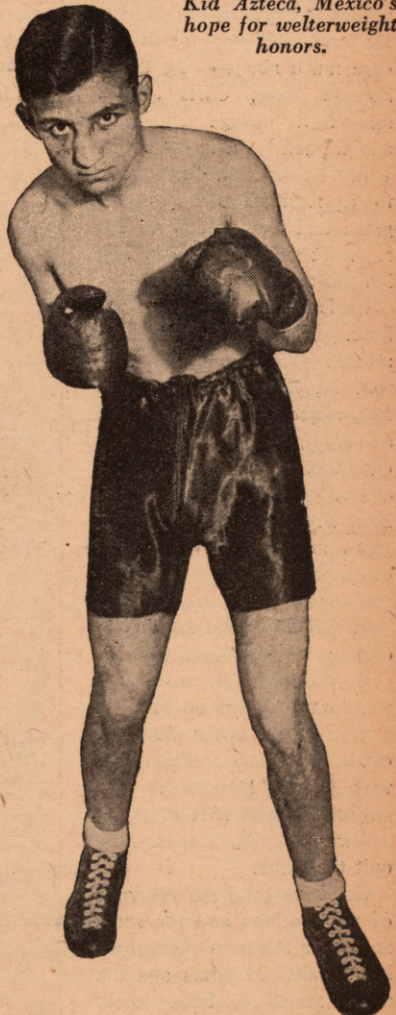
Christoforidis, Greek middleweight, boxing in Paris.

Kid Azteca, Mexico's hope for welterweight honors.

Valentin Angelmann, classy French flyweight.



Juan Zurita, rugged and hard hitting Mexican featherweight.



Poppy Decico, French bantamweight star.

My Kid Brothers

By GEORGE ZAHARIAS

The inimitable George Zaharias, rowdy ruffian of the ring, needs no introduction to wrestling fans, but he does want to acquaint them with his three younger brothers, Chris, Babe and Tom, and takes this opportunity to do so.—Editor's Note

TO tell the truth I'm just about fed up on all this ballyhoo about the "famous foursome" of Duseks, and think it's about time my kid brothers and I come in for a little attention.

Personally I don't suppose I have much right to complain for I have managed to keep my name pretty well known among the wrestling fans. I may not be a champion yet but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am ranked by authorities among the topnotchers. For instance, Toots Mondt, the old maestro of wrestling rated me among the 20 best wrestlers of 1935 and I intend to keep on until they name me Number One matman of the world.

However, Chris and Babe are just getting off to a good start in the game and Tom, my youngest brother, has yet to make his professional debut, and I think they all deserve a boost even if I have to deliver it myself.

The kids are every bit as good, and in my opinion better, than the Messrs. Emil, Joe and Ernie Dusek and I'll take on big brother Rudy any day. There are just three of us at present, to the Duseks four, but we are putting high hopes in Tom who looks as though he is going to outshine us all.

The "baby" of the family is just 20. But when I say "baby" don't think I mean in size for Tom is a young giant. He stands six foot even and weighs in at 200 pounds. He has a fine, well proportioned body like that of Johnny Weismueller, the champion swimmer and Tarzan of the screen. He's an all-around athlete too, and excells in football, wrestling, swimming and track. He's a Freshman at Denver University now. At first he didn't care much about going to the university but we insisted he go because Babe, Chris and I missed a college education and wanted Tom to have one. When he graduates he's going to step right into the wrestling game and I'm willing to bet it won't take that little boy long to make his mark.

Chris is the lightest of the boys. He usually weighs around 195 pounds. He's 5 foot 10, 24 years old and a fast, aggressive wrestler. He's a very good looking young chap too, resembling Jim Londos a great deal. Chris has been wrestling now about 3½ years and has confined most of his activities to the south and midwest. He has already won the Oklahoma state middleweight championship belt.

By the way, due to the fact that many people seem to think Chris wrestles under the name of Davros, let me mention here that Chris Davros is my nephew, who started wrestling a few years ago but has now quit the game.

Gus is next to the youngest of my brothers and for some reason or other we nicknamed him "Babe" at home and the name seems to have stuck. Babe is just 22 and has been wrestling only 2 years. Everyone seems to think he looks a lot like me and his ring technique is a good deal like mine. Babe is on a hot campaign tour of Texas now and from all reports is going over big as an arch-villian. I'm frankly expecting a lot of this boy because he's certainly one young fellow who takes his career seriously. He is always practicing new holds and watching other matmen work to improve his technique and pick up helpful tricks. I've found that determination and ambition like that goes a long ways in the wrestling game and I know it's going to carry Babe to the top.

Well that just about covers the individual biographies of the Zaharias boys. I guess most everyone knows that our real name is not Zaharias but Vetoyanias and that we are Greek. We were all born on my father's 160 acre sugar-beet ranch near Pueblo, Colorado but out parents came from Tripoli, Greece. We have three sisters, all married, but none of the boys have taken the "fatal leap" as yet.

Wrestling seems to run in the family. I, of course, was the first one to get started. I had worked in my Dad's shoe shining and hatter business in Pueblo and also worked for the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company but wasn't satisfied at so uninteresting a profession and so turned to wrestling. After I had explained what a great life it was, Chris decided to follow in my example and soon Babe joined in. Now we are waiting on Tom to make up our foursome.

We all like the game and intend to stick to it for a good while. My goal of course is the championship, but I think any one of my brothers have as good a chance of attaining it as I have. When we do retire from active wrestling though, we will probably settle down in the shoe-shining and hatter business. The family owns three prospering parlors now, two in Tulsa, Oklahoma and one in Pueblo.

George Zaharias, "the bad man of wrestling," showing his famous wrist twist.

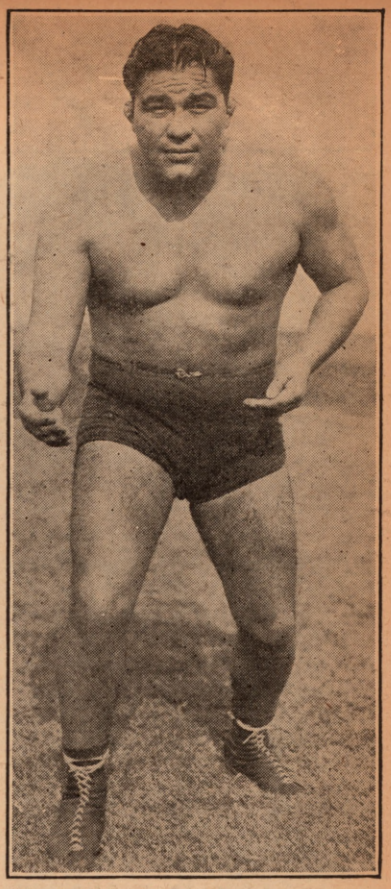
Of course we are all unanimously in favor of our countryman Jim Londos as the greatest matman of them all. By the way, speaking of Londos let me remark, not in the spirit of bragging but merely for the records, that I am one of the few wrestlers to gain a fall on the ex-champion when he was in his prime a few years ago. It happened in the Olympic Arena out in Los Angeles and believe me the fans nearly tore down the roof with their cheering. (The one and only time I had the crowd on my side!) And if I do say so, I came mighty close to lifting Mr. Londos' crown that night, until a well placed kick to my jaw rendered me unconscious.

Like myself, my brothers prefer rough, ready and rowdy wrestling. We go out there to win and to do it as quickly and effectively as possible. Wrestling is no cream-puff sport, it's simply a case of you beating up the other fellow before he gets you. That's our policy,

(Continued on page 45)

PORTRAIT of an INDIAN BRAVE

By BERNICE SANDBOE



Chief Little Wolf, colorful, aggressive heavyweight wrestler—a crowd pleaser.

FROM the land of yellow heat and sun baked mesas, where tall gaunt cactus point long fingers to a cloudless sky and tiny Indian hogans dot the arid landscape, there comes a redskin brave, a young warrior of the wrestling wars.

A sturdy, copper-skinned young Indian boy, is he, with sparkling black eyes and a bright flashing smile, whose panther-like agility, fine physique and inherent knowledge of clever, cagy wrestling has won him marked distinction in the mat game.

I refer, of course, to Chief Little Wolf. I am sure he needs no further introduction to the American wrestling public. He has been in the spotlight of fame long enough for the majority of fans to know him, his background, his ability, his technique and so forth. My purpose is to paint a more intimate, personal picture of him, to introduce him to you as he is, offring.

To know Chief Little Wolf is to know a magnificent athlete, a real gentleman and a swell guy. It is to know a little Navajo Indian boy, Benny Tenerio, who was so excited at his first wrestling match that when he was paid that night he slept with the money under his pillow (it was all of $120.00—more than Benny had ever seen before!) and woke every few hours to switch on the light and recount his little fortune! It is to know a man, who with savage courage and persistence has in ten years fought his way from obscurity to the top money of the sport.

* * *

WHEN I say it took Chief Little Wolf ten years to reach the top, please don't conjur that he is lacking in ability or is some ancient veteran. Far from that.

In the first place, he entered the professional field when he was 14 years old. Then too, Little Wolf started his career, first as a boxer, then a welterweight wrestler, and the boys in the lighter divisions are not favored with so much publicity as the "heavies."

The little Navajo, however, was nothing short of spectacular in the light field. Art Danna, who was formerly a promoter in Tuscon, Arizona, and is one of the Chief's closest friends, speaks highly of the Little Wolf's lightning speed in the ring when he weighed in at 160, stating that he was one of the fastest, cleverest lightweights he had ever seen in the ring. Little Wolf had many an outstanding match at that weight, most prominent of which, were his two sensational wins over so great a master as Gus Kallio.

And by the way, the Chief would like it to be known that John McIntosh, well-known and well-liked promoter in El Paso, Texas, deserves a good share of the credit for his rise in the game. The Texas promoter who is known as one of the squarest shooters in the game, has helped the little Chief considerably along the way, and incidentally gave him his first big match.

* * *

HOWEVER, before long our little Chief decided he would like to be a Big Chief and so he withdrew from active wrestling and went to Hondalula where he led the lazy quiet life that can only be found on the picturesque, languid islands. Every day he swam, sunned on the beach, rode the surf board, ate and slept. And when he returned home he weighed 218 pounds and was ready to take on the big boys from Londos (then champion) on down.

It's a strange thing, the case of Londos and Little Wolf. To see the Chief in action in the ring is almost to see the little Grecian god—they so closely resemble each other. Londos' features are more sharp, more finely cut, while Little Wolf inherits the facial characteristics of his father, who is of Spanish decent, but their coloring, their build, their dark hair and snapping black eyes, are identical. And strangely enough there is a marked dislike between these two—on Little Wolf's part because Londos never permitted him the opportunity to wrestle him.

I met Chief Little Wolf the night he arrived in town to wrestle Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the bearded sensation of the south. He had just gotten in an hour before on a plane from Los Angeles and our tropical Texas heat was really effecting him. He went into the ring, wrapped in his picturesque red velvet robe, under the strong handicap of being unaccustomed to our heat, and yet he exhibited such a magnificent performance that he was held over a second week at the request of countless fans. The next day I interviewed him and found that he liked our city and our climate not at all, and was anxious to be home in Glendale, California or out on his big ranch in Colorado.

* * *

THE CHIEF, incidentally, is quite proud of his spacious 500 acre ranch located in the Seminole country near Trinidad, Colorado and not far from the famous Pikes Peak. He raises sugar beets, but the Little Chief admits the ranch is mainly a place to keep his well loved twenty saddle horses and where he can get out in the open and ride.

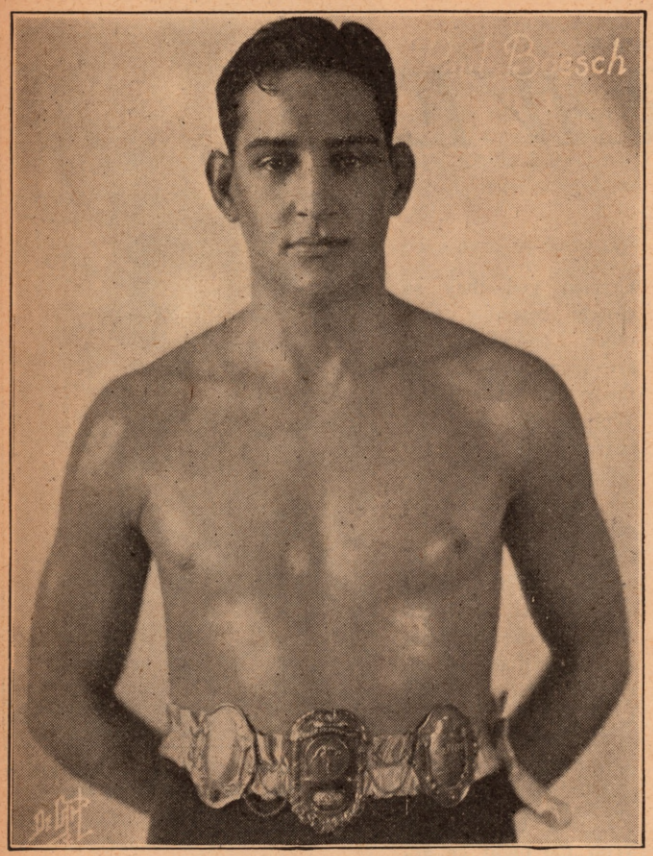
For like all Indian boys, Little Wolf is exceptionally fond of riding and his greatest delight is to get away to the ranch for a week or two and "live in the saddle." He has around 200 head of cattle too, and employs about 10 cowhands. When he is busy wrestling, the Chief's father and younger brother manage the rancho for him.

The dark-skinned Little Chief says his hobby is taking motion pictures. He owns a $1000 motion picture equipment and has taken pictures all over the world. Another "hobby" of his is his dog "Swatiska" an expensive Siberian wolfhound who is now in a dog training school in Hollywood, being schooled for the life of a canine picture star.

* * *

THIS young Navajo is just 24, he weighs 218 pounds and is five foot eight. He was born in Hanehne, Colorado, his father of Spanish blood, his mother a Navajo Indian. He owns a beautiful home on Isabelle Street in Glendale, California and is a bachelor. (The line forms on the right, girls). He has a swanky big Packard but prefers to drive his little Chevrolet. He makes all his long distant hops by plane. *(Continued on page 45)*

WELCOME



Paul Boesch, New York boy who has made a hit with New Zealand mat fans.

ALTHOUGH leading American wrestlers occasionally stopped off in New Zealand on their way home from Australia, it was not until seven or eight years ago that New Zealand really began to be exploited as a field for many of America's prominent matmen. Having regard to the fact that so many American wrestlers are appearing in the Antipodes at present, it may be of interest to tell something of the way in which wrestling is controlled in New Zealand.

Private promotion is unknown. It is not permitted by the Government. The controlling body is known as the Dominion of New Zealand Wrestling Union and is situated in Wellington, the capital of the Dominion. It is elected annually by delegates from each of the affiliated associations which control matches in the various centres. The affiliated associations in turn are comprised largely of business men, interested in sport who receive no remuneration whatever for their services.

These associations pay a certain fee to the Union which arranges the circuit of matches throughout New Zealand, but 80 per cent of the net profits are divided by the wrestlers, the other 20 per cent being retained by the association.

* * *

THE large centres such as Auckland, Wellington, and Dunedin especially conduct matches either weekly or fortnightly, and attendances range from 3000 to perhaps 5000 for an extra ordinarily good match. At any of these cities, it is not uncommon for the winner of a match to regularly draw down $500 as his share of the purse. Of course, the smaller centres may not be so remunerative, but as most of the grapplers work two or three nights a week, it may be seen that there is good money in New Zealand for the right men and living is comparatively cheap.

The police exercise sensible and reasonable control in the way the wrestling is conducted, and while all-in tactics would not be tolerated, the crowds certainly delight in a touch of rough stuff now and again. Sometimes this has been overdone, and one or two wrestlers have paid the penalty, being refused a permit. Cy Williams was one who came under the ban last year, and when "Caveman" Billy Edwards was in New Zealand a few years ago, he had his wings considerably clipped after one hectic exhibition.

By the way, Edwards was a great drawing card in New Zealand, and while the crowds often paid good money to hoot him for all they were worth in the ring, he was a most popular fellow outside. He is remembered in Dunedin, one of the most popular wrestling centres, for his match with Kara Pasha, also a great drawing card on his first visit to this country, in which he turned the old trick of tapping the Turk on the back as the referee's sign of a submission when Kara had himself ready for a Boston crab. New Zealand wrestling fans were interested to learn this year that Kara is now promoting wrestling shows in Albany, New York.

* * *

WALTER MILLER, one-time champion of the world at four weights, who managed Earl McCready last season, has done a lot to assist in popularizing the sport in New Zealand. One has only to take a glance at the names of the men who have been appearing in New Zealand this year, to realize that the fans have nothing to complain of in regard to class. Here is the list:— Earl McCready, Paul Boesch, Lofty Blomfield, Bob Kruse, Steve Savage (he stayed for only a couple of matches before returning home), Bob ("Rebel") Russell, Pete Mehringer (winner of the light heavyweight class at the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles), Joe (Kopach) Woods (who was a more than useful pug before turning grappler), King Elliott, Jack Forsgren, Sam Leathers, Harry Kent, Glenn Wade. Among those said to be coming before the season ends are Joe Savoldi, Stanley Pinto, Chief Little Wolf and Ed Strangler Lewis.

Joe Savoldi, former college star who will soon be seen in New Zealand.

Pinto was here before. A few years ago, the New Zealand Wrestling Union conducted a heavyweight championship tournament among the men then in the Dominion and Pinto won it so that he is one of the few with the right to be termed New Zealand champion.

It has been reported here that Hardy Kruskamp has been billed as "New Zealand champion," a title he certainly has not the slightest right to adopt.

* * *

EARL McCREADY, who was rated No. 5 in THE RING'S annual ratings, has been here for two seasons now, and has

AMERICANS

New Zealanders Have Warm Spot for First Class American Wrestling — McCready and Boesch Make Hit—Mat Sport Conducted on a High Plane

By TED ISAACS

yet to suffer defeat. The powerful Canadian has been held to a draw once or twice, but taking a line on the situation by Dean Detton's performances when he was here, McCready is likely to give all the would-be champions a headache when he leaves New Zealand in quest of the world's heavyweight crown. When he dumped Jack Forsgren of Canada, at Wellington a month or two ago, McCready brought him down so hard that the impact shattered a board in the floor. McCready has made many friends all over the Dominion and this country will always hold sentimental ties for the big fellow as his wife not so long ago presented him with a baby daughter.

One of the most popular wrestlers ever to visit New Zealand is Paul Boesch, the handsome young New York lifeguard. Fast and exceptionally clever and a master of the dropkick, he lacks nothing in the variety of his attack. His matches with McCready and the New Zealander, Lofty Blomfield, have been among the highlights of the season. Good judges aver that he is heading places.

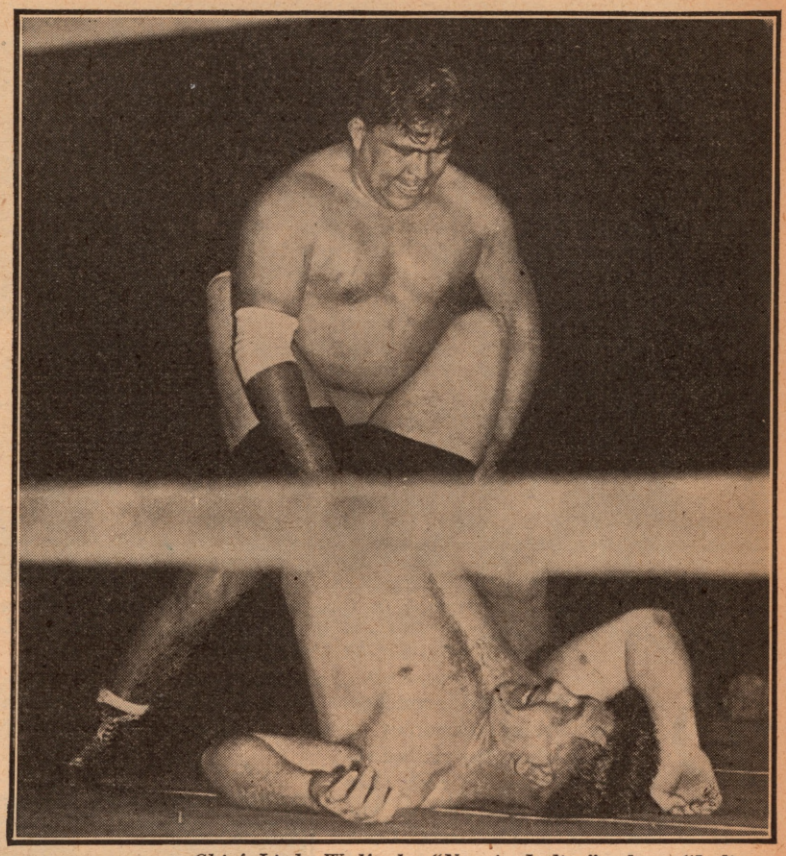
Boesch has done some broadcasting since he has been in New Zealand and has developed quite a fan mail. He has also been received with open arms by the New Zealand swimming community and has shown a real interest in New Zealand life-saving methods. Paul is a lovable character and has made a hit here.

* * *

"SAD SAM" Leathers has not been in New Zealand long, but as a straight wrestler he has won favor, and his reputation was enhanced when he held McCready to a draw in Dunedin. Kruse is another who has lived up to his American reputation.

Blomfield and Elliott are both New Zealand products, and the former profitted greatly from his association with Dan Koloff who was here a couple of seasons back. Blomfield is one powerful fellow, a good wrestler, and one who will mix it with the best if the going happens to be tough. A real colorful personality. Elliott is known in the States as a clever grappler.

Sufficient for the doings of the present season, but at this stage, it might be mentioned that wrestling enthusiasts follow with great interest the doings of the stars who have been here formerly, being enabled to watch their progress through the medium of THE RING, recognized here, as elsewhere, as the world's foremost boxing and wrestling publication. If a wrestler or boxer is not mentioned in THE RING, his chances of employment here are nil.



Chief Little Wolf, the "Navajo Indian" whose "Indian death grip" will soon be on view for New Zealanders.

Strangler Lewis who contemplates a trip to New Zealand to challenge Earl McCready's popularity.

FANS were glad to learn of Dean Detton's rise to the top of the ladder. He made his first visit to New Zealand in 1932 and returned in 1934. He was successful on his first visit, and firmly established himself as a warm favorite and a colorful personality on his second. He was one of the best drawing cards ever to come to New Zealand.

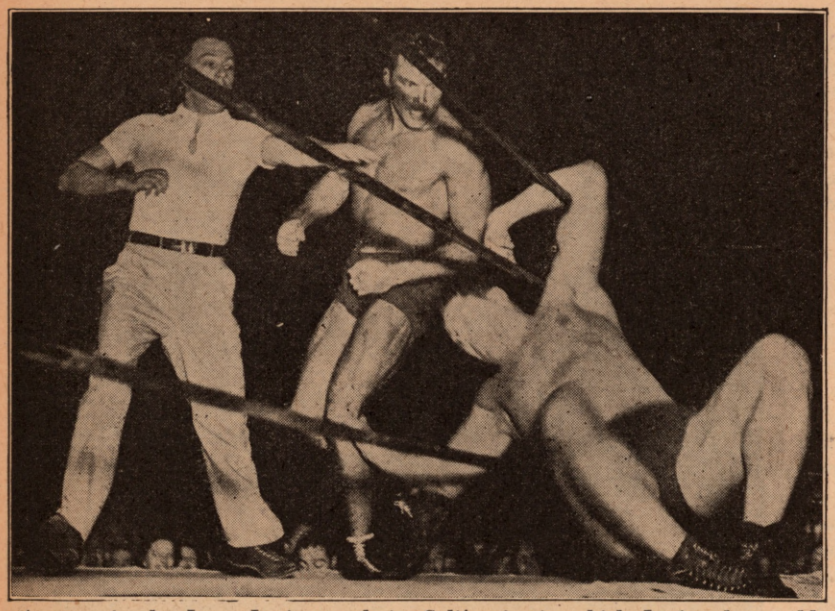
It would take too long to detail the names of the stars who have visited the Dominion since the game was pioneered by old Clarence Ecklund some seven or eight years ago, but some of them may be referred to in passing. Ecklund, a former light heavyweight champion of the world, did much to firmly establish the game in the Dominion. Tom Alley, who also claimed the world's light heavyweight title, was here about the same time, and others of the early brigade included Scotty McDougall (the Canadian) Tom Ray (a particularly clever performer), Al Karasick, Stanley Buresh, and a host of others. Later on came Dr Fred Meyer (who was another great drawing card and invariably was hooted out of the ring), Harry Mamos (who made three trips to New Zealand), Hal Rumberg, Gus Sonnenberg, "Thunderbolt" Jack Patterson, Count Joe Varga (who used to delight the populace with his natty turn-out, top-hat, spats, stick, etc.), and Ole Andresen.

In the period before the formation of the Union, Stanislaus Zbyszko met the giant Maori, Ike Robin, in Auckland.

George Walker, who was the busiest wrestler of them all until a couple of seasons ago and built up a great record, is now in Australia. Walker beat Detton twice on his last visit to New Zealand in 1934, also drew with him once, and lost once, the Canadian being disqualified on that occasion. Walker has resided in New Zealand for some years.

The New Zealand and Australian wrestling fans know the sport and can detect "phony" matches with ridiculous ease, hence the promoters import only matmen with reputations.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD



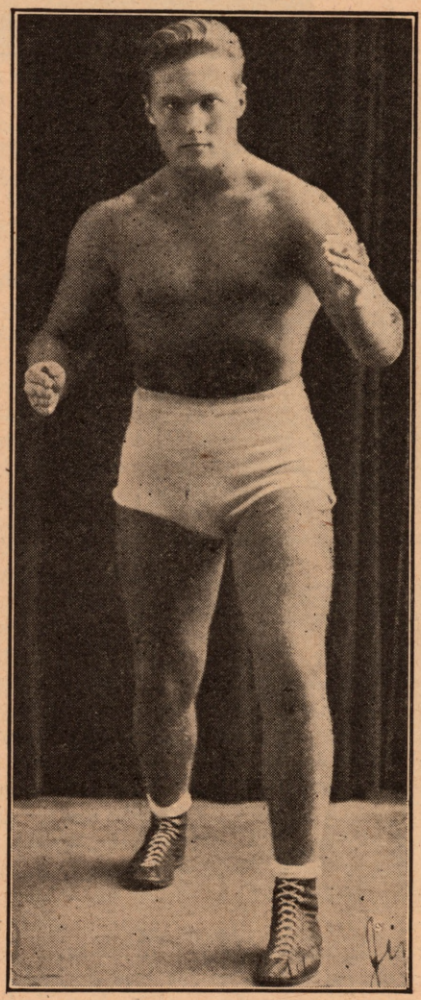
A scene in the Lopez-Levin match in California, in which Levin, the world champion, retained his title in two out of three falls. Here we see Lopez outside the ropes.

DAVE LEVIN and Vincent Lopez added another page to the already glamorous history of professional wrestling when they clashed recently at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, in the wildest title fray ever witnessed in the State of California. Levin was declared the winner after he had punched, kneed and slammed his way to a two-out-of-three fall win over the dashing matador from Old Mexico. The weights were announced as Levin, 198 and Lopez, 214 pounds.

Levin, showing the speed and stamina of champion, won the second and third falls from his burly Mexican opponent in a rather sensational manner. Vern McCullough, Salt Lake City promoter and a well-known Rocky Mountain wrestling official, acted as the third man in the ring. Unaccustomed to the rowdy style of wrestling used in California, McCullough handed the second fall to Dave after Lopez had stamped all over the Brooklyn Apollo's handsome features while Levin lay prostrate outside the ropes. The fall climaxed 25 minutes and 53 seconds of unruly tussling that would have made a bar-room brawl look like a Sunday School picnic in comparison. Both the grapplers were guilty of nearly every foul in the wrestling code and when Referee McCullough disqualified Lopez, the Latin portion of the large crowd rose to their feet and lustily booed and hissed the verdict.

Elbow smashes, neatly placed on Levin's prominent jaw, softened the boy from Brooklyn up considerably and he was an easy prey for Lopez who copped the initial fall of the contest in 15:35 as a result of two overhead slams and a body pin.

When the referee waved the pair together for the third and deciding fall both looked extremely tired, but Levin opened up first by smashing a closed hand into Vince's face and the recognized champion of the Coast went to the mat. Almost immediately Lopez was up on his feet swapping punch for punch with his Hebrew rival. The Mexican spectators rose to their feet and madly yelled encouragement to their idol. Suddenly Lopez seemed to tire and Levin viciously crashed elbow after elbow to the Mexican's jaw. Dazed by the ferocity of the blows Lopez sank to the canvas and Levin leaped on top of him for the fall and legitimate world title.



Jim Cortland, a clever Pennsylvania heavyweight who is making good.

* * *

ACCORDING to official statements issued by the California Athletic Commission, 15,321 rabid wrestling fans, men and women from every profession and walk of life, clicked their way through the turnstiles to witness the match.

Colonel Landry of the National Wrestling Association, Tom Packs of St. Louis, Ray Fabiani of Philadelphia, Floyd "Musty" Musgrave of Seattle were among those noticed at the ringside. Lou Daro, promoter of the card, had invited Paul Bowser of Boston, Jack Curley of New York, General John J. Phelan and Bill Brown of the New York Athletic Commission to be his guests, but, due to business reasons none were able to attend.

Bill Hanson of San Diego and Dean Detton of Salt Lake City were seen in the bout which preceded the Lopez-Levin tussle. The referee halted the contest near the eighteen minute mark in order that Lopez and Levin might go on as scheduled. Detton, the most polished prospect in the game, gained the referee's decision after a dazzling exhibition of dropkicks.

Sammy Stein, the human cannon-ball, bounced back into the wrestling spotlight to shatter my statement that he had retired by downing Jack McArthur, another gridiron star, in one of the preliminary bouts. Several successful eye operations have done wonders to Sammy's sight and he is now climbing the comeback ladder.

* * *

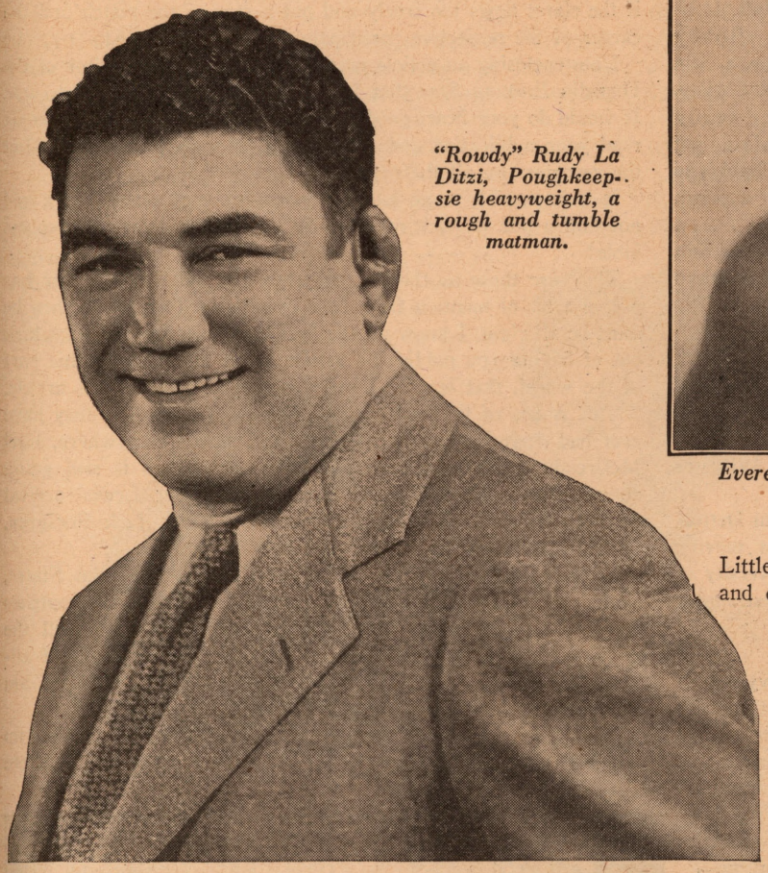
As the heavyweight tournament in Vancouver, Canada, goes into the finals, such stars as Pat Fraley, Rudy Strongberg, Tor Johnson, Ted "King Kong" Cox, Ray Steele, Lou Plummer, Joe Savoldi, Danny Dusek, Willie Davis, Al Pereira, Leo Numa, Pat Meehan, Joe Malcewicz, Gus Sonnenberg, Dick Daviscourt and Vic Christy have been eliminated.

* * *

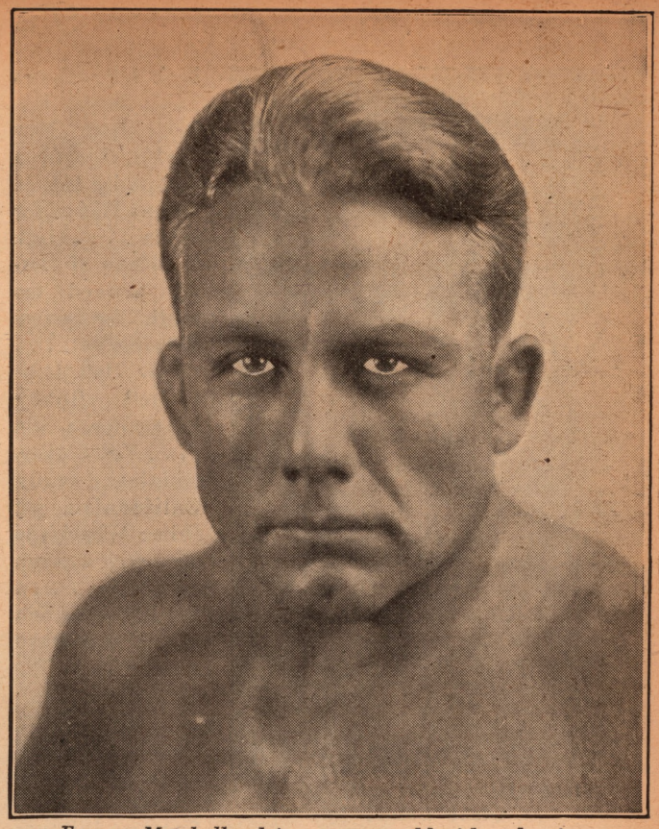
Johnny Stote, aerial speed boy from Schenectady, New York, and Stacey Hall of Ohio State University, put on the best show of the month when they met in the Hollywood Legion Stadium recently. Hall experienced a great deal of trouble from Stote before subduing him with a punishing body-scissors in 24:55 minutes. In the main event, on the same card, Logger Jack Mc-

Levin-Lopez Match an Exciting Contest—Wyckoff and Lewis Draw in "Shooting Match"—Sammy Stein Returns

By
CHARLES "SPIDER" MASCALL



"Rowdy" Rudy La Ditzi, Poughkeepsie heavyweight, a rough and tumble matman.



Everett Marshall, claimant to world title who is an expert fisherman.

Donald roughed his way to a win over Jimmy Lott of Alabama.

* * *

Nick Lutze is showing much of his old-time speed and has thrown, in recent weeks, Oki Shikina, Bob Jesson, Doctor Freddie Meyers, Jake Patterson and Bill Longson.

* * *

Ted Key, the lad who featured in the football "ringer" scandal last year, made his wrestling debut, under the banner of "Carnation" Lou Daro, by knocking down trial horse Louis Miller with a flying tackle.

* * *

WRESTLING is booming in the Pacific Northwest thanks to Floyd "Musty" Musgrave, aide-de-camp of Joe "Toots" Mondt, who has brought such luminaries as Dean Detton, Gus Sonnenberg, Chief Little Wolf, Ed "Don" George, Sandor Szabo, Tor Johnson and others of the same calibre into the Lumber Country. Credit for the success of the grappling game in this territory is also due to Virgil Hamlin and Charles "Steve" McPherson of Portland, Ore., Bob Murray of Seattle, Washington, and not forgetting, George Fitch, whose cards are just what the fans asked for.

* * *

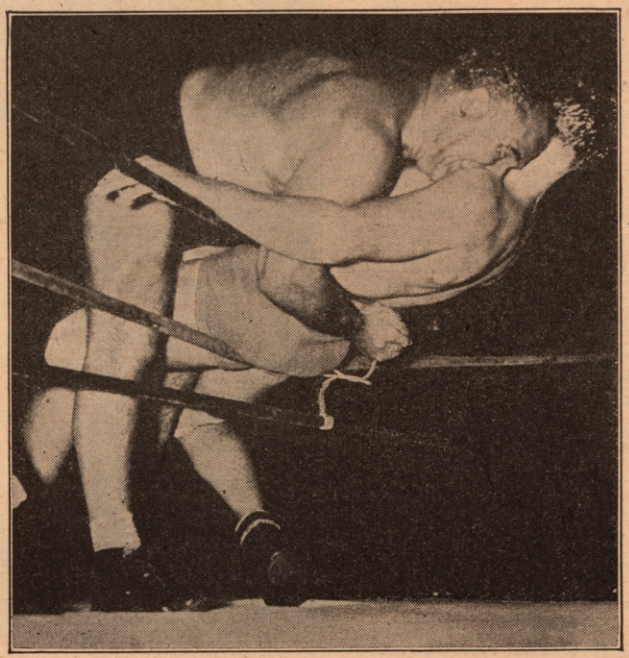
Ed. "Strangler" Lewis, five times world champion, is booked for a tour of South America and will leave sometime this month. Lewis, owner of one of the most luxurious restaurants on the Coast, can discuss baseball with the ease of an expert. The "Strangler" has a collection of personally autographed pictures which have been given him, from time to time, by the outstanding players of both Leagues.

* * *

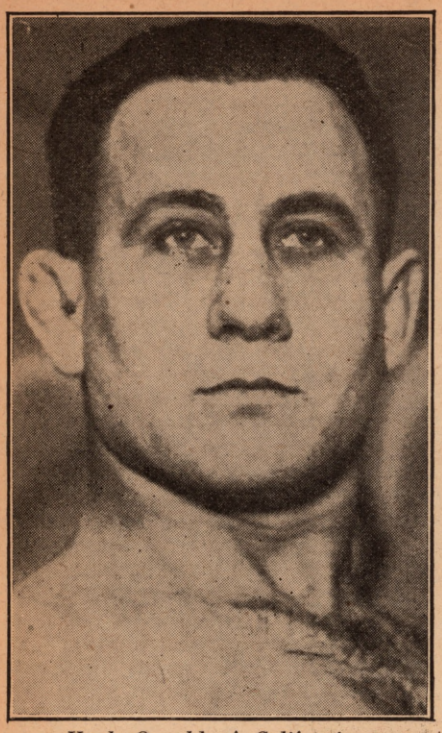
Hugh Nichols has hit the comeback trail after a retirement of some months because of a broken ankle. Nichols, former light heavyweight monarch, had little trouble in dusting off Gene Moore, a tough hombre who looks like Max Baer, with a rolling cradle-split. The Mexia Master, scaling 190 pounds, is in shape for a shot at the junior heavyweight title held by the Kansas veteran, Alvin Britt.

* * *

COAST Gallery Gods Gasped When . . . . Charley Carr tossed Orville Grable, reputed nephew of Man Mountain Dean, with a punishing



A scene in the "shooting match" between Ed "Strangler" Lewis and Lee Wyckoff which opened the New York Hippodrome and was called a draw when both men fell out of the ring.



Hank Oswald of California, a Globe trotter.

hook body-scissors . . . . Sammy Kohen, classy New Yorker, clamped an English leg lock on Tetsura Higami for a win . . . . Jack Washburn of Boston proved too rough for young Billy Sledge . . . . Stacey Hall drop-kicked Bobby Pearce for a win . . . . Ted Christy, rough-and-ready Californian, put Prince Mihalikis to sleep with a punch to the jaw . . . . Del Kunkel of Salt Lake City trounced Johnny Del Rio . . . . Tor Johnson, the Swedish Goliath, squashed ex-champ Gus Sonnenberg . . . . Scotty Williams slammed Tetsura Higami in eight minutes . . . .

Dorry, younger brother of heavyweight contender Dean Detton, is campaigning around Lubbock, Texas. He is a fast moving middleweight and a former football star from the University of Utah. Dorry is the third oldest of a family of nine strapping Mormon boys.

* * *

If the Eastern mat moguls intend to send any heavyweights out to California, they will be wise to choose wrestlers like Frankie Malcewicz. The younger Malcewicz, one time light heavyweight champion of the East, is a sterling performer and worthy of any verbal orchids that the critics might shower on him.

* * *

Logger Jack McDonald, Jimmy Lott, Paul Orth, Louis Thez, Jake Patterson, Tony Catalino, Pat Meehan, Hank Metheny, Jack Kennedy, Jack Wagner and Baron Ben Ginsberg are barnstorming in California.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER . . . . As we go to press, we hear that . . . . Dave Levin will step to the altar with his New York sweetheart . . . . Don George owns a prosperous dairy farm near Buffalo, New York . . . . Coach Leo Calland of the Idaho University football squad says Vincent Lopez was born in Idaho . . . . Lopez claims that he was born in Mexico City and raised in Boise, Idaho . . . . Paul "Tarzan" Orth, ex-circus strongman, played fullback on the Canton (Ohio) Bulldogs, a team made famous by the great Jim Thorpe . . . .

Jack Ganson is promoting in Montreal, Canada, and drawing good gates with his "champion," Yvon Robert . . . . only last year Dave Levin won a claim to the light-heavy crown by defeating one Steve Pappas . . . . Ed. "Strangler" Lewis admits that he sold Lopez's contract to a Mexican syndicate . . . . Harry Kent is back after a tour of New Zealand and Australia . . . . certain tabloid tattlers are picking Earl McCready of Canada as a successor to Dave Levin.

* * *

HERE'S an interesting letter from Paul Boesch, former Long Beach, Long Island, high school star athlete, who is doing well in New Zealand:

Just a few lines from the bottom of the world to say hello and bring you a few odd bits of news that may not have permeated the Northern Hemisphere. I can just picture you on the beach at Long Beach gathering a swell tan and a lot of exercise while we are shivering in the gales of a Southern winter. Sure would be swell to be with you but the life of a wrestler has no heed for seasons and pleasures, but the trunks must ever be packed and ready to pursue the elusive cycle that carries prosperity with it.

Folks down here surely like their wrestling and won't stand for the rough stuff. The people don't mind a bit of it to liven up the proceedings but there is a gentleman in each front row with a blue helmet that might stand up and roar his disapproval if the claret flows too freely and put a stop to the match and the career of the respective participants in the Antipodes!

I am enclosing an article prepared by the Sports Editor of the Dunedin *Evening Star* that I thought you might be able to use. It would do your heart good to come here and see how the people read your publication and swear by it. Not only the people, but the reporters on all the papers.

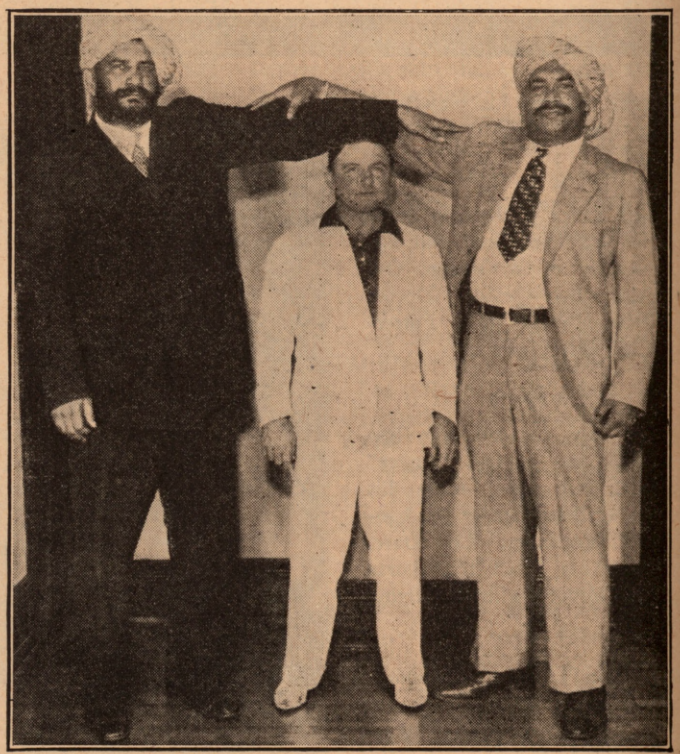
It is impossible to go into the sports office of a newspaper and not find a pile of back numbers of THE RING. It is their sports bible!

They use these as their sporting guides and if a wrestler has gotten a bit of mention from time to time in THE RING, then he must be all right. I know all the fans here would get a great kick out of having you publish an article about the sport in this part of the world, that is why I had Ted Isaacs prepare this article.

This is one of the best seasons here—if not the best they have ever had down here and the houses are packed everywhere. Earl McCready hasn't been beaten in two seasons and is still going strong. Folks are looking forward to Strangler Lewis' arrival in September, to see if he can trim Earl's sails. Jack Forsgren, Rebel Russell and Joe Woods are also doing well.

Lofty Blomfield, a local fellow who has been to the States, should make quite a hit on his next visit. Most of the matches are broadcast here and they have a great following in all the country towns, I took the mike one night and did a bit of announcing and got over 1000 letters in the next week, I am breaking my hand answering all of them.

That about covers things here. The fiight game is picking up too with Cyril Pluto being the big shot. They all remember Pete



Here we see Faziel Mohammed (right) and his brother, Tiger Daula, playing "London Bridges" with Shorty Roberts, publicity expert for Morris Siegel, Houston promoter. The Hindus have made a hit down south.

Sarron here as a great fighter. Even though he lost most of his fights here, they think of all the action he gave the public and what better tribute could they give him?

And so I will close this now, thanking you for all the space you have been giving me lately. When I come back, I'll give you a few interesting blocks and you can throw away that old one with the belt, but have you noticed the decided similarity between that photo and the one of Dave Levin with the belt? Look sometime. Very Best Wishes,

PAUL BOESCH, Wellington, N. Z.

* * *

SINCE the return of Danno O'Mahony to Ireland, THE RING has received many letters from Irish readers of THE RING condemning its stand on Danno's ability. Here is a typical letter:

"I have been reading THE RING for upwards of twelve years and not until our wrestling hero, Danno O'Mahoney, won the world title, did I realize how prejudiced you Americans are. Apparently you cannot see beyond your nose when it comes to recognizing the ability of a foreigner. Say what you will about Danno, we on this side of the Big Pond will always credit him for what he is—a real champion."

To say that THE RING is prejudiced is a far-fetched statement, because the majority of our readers are fully aware of THE RING'S writings on behalf of foreign boxers and wrestlers. If anything, this magazine always gives them the better of the argument. How about it, readers?

As for O'Mahoney, we note that only a few weeks ago, Danno and his stooge, Charley Straack, fell out of the ring in Killarney, Ireland, and when neither was able to get back into the ring, the referee awarded the honors to the Irish boy amid a tumult of booes and hisses that resulted in a riot. Thus Danno was saved "The title" which he does not possess.

Unfortunately, masquerading as a champion in these days of many title holders, is no longer regarded as an offense, otherwise Danno and his American mentor who is hoodwinking the Irish mat fans by parading O'Mahoney as world title holder, might find themselves in a tough spot. For the benefit of our Irish readers, may we add that it is not prejudice that caused us to belittle O'Mahoney's wrestling ability, for such is not our policy, but the fact that he was the poorest champion the mat sport has ever had—a champion who was protected every time he went into the ring and knew so little about the game in which he reaped a fortune, that the first time he was "crossed" by a real wrestler, Dick Shikat, he had to cry "uncle."

* * *

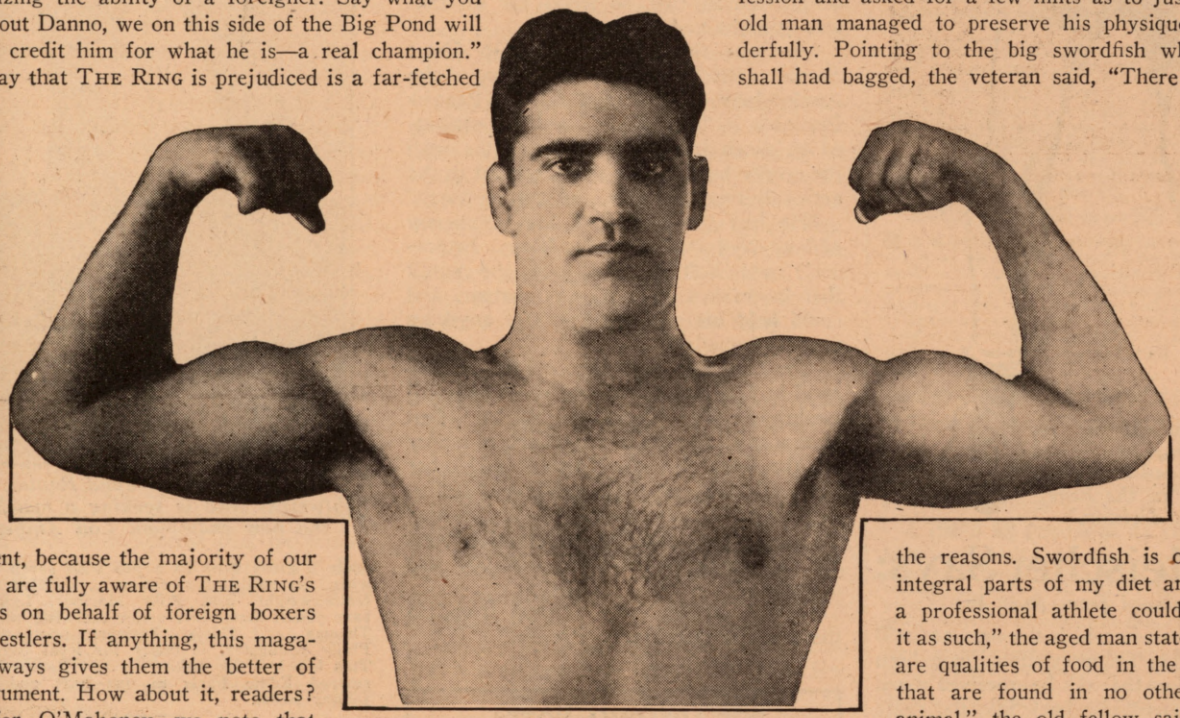
EVERETT MARSHALL, one of the claimants of the world's heavyweight wrestling championship, is very careful and very selective in his choice of the foods which go to make up his diet. In training constantly, as he has to be, Marshall has to watch his diet carefully and one of the most interesting facts about the world's title holder claimant in this respect, is that he is very enthusiastic about swordfish steaks.

As late as fifty years ago, swordfish was classed as a member of the shark family and spurned as unfit to eat. Today however, it is known as the "beefsteak of the sea" and is counted as one of the finest delicacies taken from the briny deep.

* * *

MARSHALL is an enthusiastic deep sea fisherman, and it was on one of his numerous deep sea fishing excursions off the coast of California that he first learned of the value of the swordfish as a part of the diet. Everett had just completed a two-hour battle with a huge swordfish and was returning to Catalina with his catch when he stopped for a few moments to exchange pleasantries with a hoary veteran of some 70 years who was placidly fishing in a small boat.

Attracted by the splendid physique of the aged man, his pink cheeks, his healthy color and the aura of health and well being which surrounded him, Everett told the old fellow of his profession and asked for a few hints as to just how the old man managed to preserve his physique so wonderfully. Pointing to the big swordfish which Marshall had bagged, the veteran said, "There is one of the reasons. Swordfish is one of the integral parts of my diet and you, as a professional athlete could also use it as such," the aged man stated. "There are qualities of food in the swordfish that are found in no other fish or animal," the old fellow said, "and I attribute my longevity and health to the eating of swordfish steaks."



Sammy Stein who has returned to wrestling after a long layoff due to trachoma, and engaged in a 90-minutes draw with Dave Levin, the champion.

* * *

MARSHALL was very much impressed with what the veteran fisherman had told him and from that day, Everett has been an enthusiastic eater of swordfish steaks.

Marshall has made many prize catches at deep sea fishing. Giant swordfish, shark, barracuda and other denizens of the deep, have fallen victim to the wile and excellent angling ability of the world's heavyweight wrestling champion.

Everett's biggest catch was a giant man eating shark of 385 pounds which the powerful wrestling champion finally exhausted and brought into the boat after a raging battle that waxed vicious over several miles of open sea and consumed better than three hours.

* * *

MARSHALL has fought big swordfish and sharks for more than two hours on a number of occasions.

"It's great physical training," Everett said, "and don't think you can't get a real workout in a two hour battle with a big 250 pound shark or swordfish. They fight ferociously and it takes lines that test up to hundreds of pounds and tackle that is so big, one has to strap it about one's middle to hold one of these big fellows."

According to Everett, this is great for developing and strengthening the arms, shoulders and wrists. *(Continued on page 43)*

Maxey Rosenbloom, recently returned from Australia, and is looking for action in the heavyweight division.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 18)

Firpo encounter in which the fans are still arguing whether Dempsey should have been disqualified for the aid he received from those who shoved him back into the ring; the Sharkey mill in which the fans are divided on justification of the claim of foul made by the Bostonian and several others.

The drama of the Long Count will probably never again be repeated but Dave Barry's part in that episode of ring history will live as long as the sport lives.

* * *

FOR the first time, a Dominion fighter is now the British heavyweight champion. When Jack Petersen of Wales was stopped by Ben Foord, the young South African challenger at Leicester Rugby Grounds, on August 18, a new page was written into British boxing history. Foord, the first South African to secure the British heavyweight title, won his laurels in the third round of a scheduled fifteen round mill, when Referee Moss Deyong of London brought the sensational fight to a close to save Petersen from further punishment, after Jack had taken counts of seven and two.

IN the recent death of Sir Harry Preston, England lost a true and noble knight. This gallant sportsman, whose contribution to boxing was immeasurable, passed away in Brighton, England, on August 14, following an operation. I asked Harry E. Cleveland, dean of British boxing writers to pay tribute in these columns to this great friend of boxing, a subscriber to THE RING since its first issue, and here is his contribution:

"Sportsmen all over the world are mourning the passing of Sir Harry Preston, a sportsman of the finest type, boon companion, and perfect mine host, who died at the age of 76.

"Within the charmed circle in which he was the principal figure, radiated princes, peers of the realm, and all that stood for good in the world of sport. For Sir Harry had a personality all his own. Friend of the highest as well as the humblest sportsman in the land, he was beloved by them for the simple reason that he stood for all that was straight and above board.

"He was the companion of R. Frost Smith (Brickey), George Vizo, John Angle, John Douglas and A. F. (Peggy) Bettinson in 'boxing bees,' which contributed so much towards making youths with the proper bent for the sport, perfect in the art of 'hitting, stopping, and getting away.'

"He had the benefit of the instruction of both Ned Donnelly (the 'Royal Professor') and Bob Mullins with the result that he ranked high as an amateur, and could hold his own with pros of anything near his poundage.

"Sir Harry Preston received his knighthood in 1933 for services to sport and philanthropy. The deceased knight spent quite a small fortune in the raising of money for the Royal Sussex Hospital, and other like institutions for the alleviation of suffering humanity, by means of big boxing tournaments at the Dome and elsewhere. By this means more than £100,000 was collected.

"British boxing loses a great friend in the death of Sir Harry Preston."

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ARCHIE PIROLLO

PRO boxing gets under way with three clubs operating. Taylor and Gunnis will be at the Municipal Stadium with Joe Louis and Al Ettore in a fifteen-round match which figures to draw around $200,000. Jimmy Toppi opens up at the Olympia with a South Philly natural, Tony Morgano and Lew Massey; while Johnny Burns at the Cambria Club starts his fall season with Frankie Blair and Wickie Harkins.

Johnny Johnson, Philly's sensational lightweight, jumped up a few points with his two brilliant draws with Frankie Wallace of Cleveland and Meyer Rowan. This youngster is bound to reach the fistic heights as he has everything that goes with a great fighter.

Johnny Hutchinson, Phil Glassman's classy colored featherweight, is still going strong with two K.O. wins over Calvin Calp and Johnny Burnett . . . . Ted King, featherweight, has resumed training after six months' layoff due to sickness and is again ready for local competition . . . . Johnny Madison has the majority of colored boys training at his gymnasium . . . . Madison brought out such boys as Georgie Gibbs, Baby "Kid" Chocolate, Young Gene Buffalo, Ted King, Roosevelt Rowe, Walter Flowers and many others . . . . Harry Rubin, former U.S.N. champ, who made a great start as a pro with seven straight wins, is ready for action . . . . Milt Jacobs, featherweight, and Billy Mariner, lightweight, have placed themselves under the wing of Frankie Thomas . . . . Eddie Trainer, another North Philly youngster, is ready for local boys . . . . This boy has the makings . . . . Roosevelt Rowe stopped Eddie Faris in one heat and lost to Johnny Rossi.

Results of bouts that took place during the month:

Atlantic City—Paul Pirrone defeated Joe Smallwood, Johnny Johnson drew with Frankie Wallace, Bobby Green drew with Jimmy Lancaster, Roosevelt Rowe stopped Eddie Faris, Frankie Mills won over Patsy Wallace.

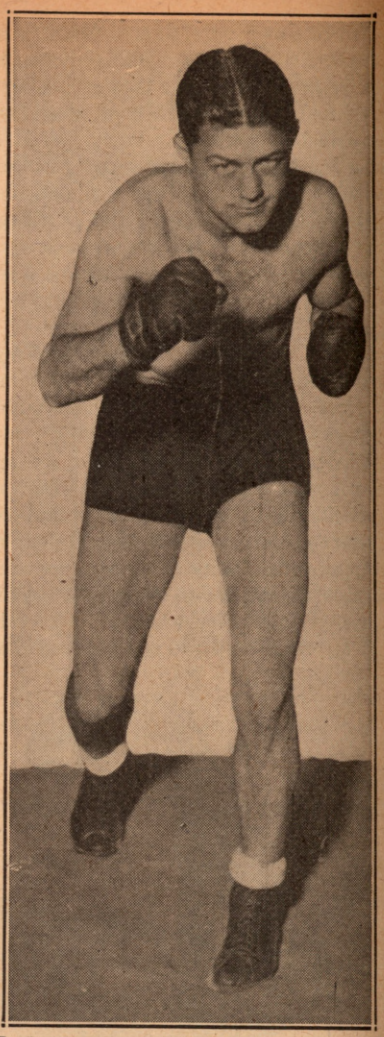
Second show—Red Burman defeated Billy Ketchell, Johnny Hutchinson stopped Calvin Calp, Vincent Reed K.O.'ed Tony Little, Jack Sheppard stopper Carmen DiJoseph.

Third show—Young Gene Buffalo won over Johnny Craven, Johnny Hutchinson stopped Johnny Burnett, Tommy Cross won over Dominick Burrone, Tommy Mollis defeated Joe Flocco, Jack Sheppard defeated Freddy Mallice.

Fourth show—Paul Pirrone outfought Anson Green, Johnny Rossi defeated Roosevelt Rowe, Jimmy Lancaster T.K.O.'ed Bobby Washington, Frankie DeCarlo stopped Jack Saxon, Young Bobby Jones won over Cleveland Bailey.

Camden shows—Frankie Blair defeated Tony Falco, Wickie Harkins stopped Benny Levine, Billy Ketchell defeated Joe Walcott, Joey Straigis and Tony Strazzeri drew, Paul Hoft stopped King Kong.

Amateur boxing—Frank DeWinne's Kensington A. C. has two of the outstanding Simon-pure drawing cards such as Charley Sullick and Eddie Miller. Both DeWinne and Tony Mastrangelo, his partner, have long been connected with amateur boxing and know their business.



Wesley Ramey, crack Grand Rapids, Mich. lightweight who is seeking a match with the new champion, Lou Ambers.

ADAM HATS *ON THE AIR* **WHN** 1010 KC. *ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE*

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 41)

"It takes real power to turn a big shark when he takes the bit in his teeth and sets sail, but it's a great thrill when once you have him conquered and can bring him in to the boat. It almost rivals that thrill of thrills when you have brought a tough opponent of the wrestling pad crashing down for the final fall."

* * *

ONE of the most widely traveled wrestlers in the world is Hank Oswald of California, who is now in South Africa where he has been well received. Hank started traveling when he was a mere boy when he left his birthplace, Russia, and migrated to America and settled in Walla Walla, Washington. Later he moved to California where he lived for fifteen years and now regards that place as his native state.

Wrestling has always been Hank's keenest interest. He entered the professional field when he was a lad of eighteen and has followed it with little exception, since. For a time he quit to enter the railroad employ, and later toured the country as a matman. After seeing all of this continent he turned his attention to other lands, and in 1933, he sailed for New Zealand where he spent several months. He was so impressed by the beauty of that land that his desire to see more of the world became keener and a few months later, he found himself in Europe.

After wrestling for nine months in France, Belgium and England, and taking many trips to various parts of other European countries, Hank set sail on the second leg of his tour and landed in Cape Town, South Africa, in May of last year where he met with such success that he decided to make his tour an extensive one. He likes South Africa and may remain there for another year.

Hank writes that he contemplates touring Japan and India and Australia, and possibly New Zealand again, before returning to his native heath.

* * *

JIMMY GURNETT, Birmingham, Alabama, scribe, contributes the following:

Down below the Mason-Dixon line the current nightmare of the wrestling fans is "Rowdy Rudy" La Ditzi, Poughkeepsie, New York, Hungarian butcher boy. This fellow La Ditzi, who, but five short years ago deserted the ranks of the amateurs to go into professional wrestling, has gained a name for himself as a real rough guy of the ring. He arouses the ire of the bleacherites wherever he appears. Rudy's unorthodox style of ringwork has made one of the biggest drawing cards the South has seen in some time and not only in the land of the cotton, corn and sweet potatoes, is the Hungarian from New York state a turnstile clicker.

The middle western wrestling fans also keenly dislike Rudy and they, like their brethren below the line, are hoping for some strapping fellow to come along and commit mayhem on the person of La Ditzi. To date, Rudy's most impressive record has been secured in Birmingham, where he has pummelled and battered the following into submission: Al Sitko, Dorve Roche, Karl Davis, Dick Raines, Milo Steinborn, and La Ditzi's reign of terror on the Birmingham mat results in steadily increasing crowds. This is also true in St. Joseph, Mo., Des Moines, Ia., Omaha, Neb., and several large cities.

Rudy seems like a peach of a fellow when the heat of battle is over and he has won or lost his evening's assignment. The writer had a long talk with "Rowdy Rudy" after one of the hectic matches in the Alabama steel center and La Ditzi explained his actions:

"I know that it is hard for anyone to understand why a wrestler suddenly goes beserk in the ring, but I can explain that. I am a stranger in the south, and I seem to always be matched with the favorite in every city. My pet holds are broken and the other fellow is allowed advantages that I don't get—then I get wild."

However thin La Ditzi's explanation may sound as to his roughness, he is a first class wrestling man and seems ready to make George Zaharias, Chief Chewchki, Pat Reilly, Tommy Marvin and other first-rate mean men of the mat, take a back seat.

The photograph that accompanies this article shows the strong Hungarian in a more classical mood and shows him as few of the wrestling fans have seen Rudy.

* * *

JIM CORTLAND, Pennsylvania heavyweight, sends in this item: I sincerely would appreciate having my picture entered in your wrestling pages. Having been in the wrestling game less than two years, I am not too widely known and well realize what having a picture and writeup in THE RING would mean and would without a doubt, add to my reputation.

In high hopes that you will find a place for this picture I would like to list a few facts that may be of help: I am 22 years of age, weigh about 190 pounds, and stand 5 feet 11 inches.

In my 125 bouts professionally, I have lost but twice up to this writing, and one of these because of an injury. Throughout these bouts, I have met some of the best men at the weight and have well been able to take care of myself. I really feel that with a few pounds added weight, I can show to best advantage against any of the present day heavyweights. I prefer to hold to orthodox wrestling and do not care for rough house tactics except when absolutely necessary to protect myself or to tame down some rough working wrestler.

At present I am working in New England, but am going to invade New York in the fall under Jack Pfeffer's direction.

* * *

CLAIMANTS to the world's heavyweight championship have been narrowed down in the past few weeks by the defeat of Vincent Lopez, California's Champion, and Rudy Dusek, Pennsylvania title holder. By conquering Lopez in two of three falls Dave Levin straightened his hold on the world's crown, a title which according to THE RING, he acquired when

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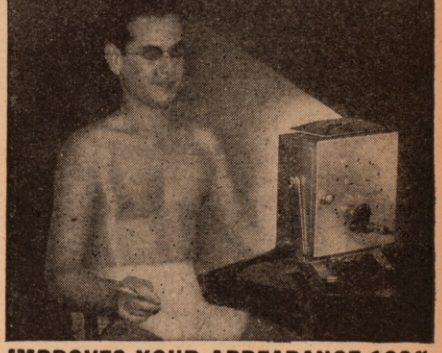

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he beat Ala Baba in Jersey. There can be no doubt about Levin's succession to the crown which has adorned the heads of such famous wrestlers as Gotch, Lewis, Zbyszko, Caddock, Stecher, and Jim Londos.

When Ivan Managoff defeated Rudy Dusek in Philadelphia, he put Rudy out of his title claim and now Dean Detton, who has not been beaten in two years, and won the Philadelphia tourney last June, and Everett Marshall, the Colorado N. W. A. champion, alone remain to dispute Levin's supremacy. It is the intention of Toots Mondt to try to get both Detton and Marshall in a match with Levin in an effort to clear up the question of supremacy.

It would be a great thing on behalf of wrestling if the sport could again find itself with only one ruling wrestler as was the case in the good old days before the depression. Jack Curley, who has acquired the New York Hippodrome for wrestling, expects to show Levin several times this winter there. The Hippodrome is the finest wrestling arena in New York, a place where every seat has a point of vantage. Curley will undoubtedly build up a very fine clientele in his new home.

WRESTLING NEWS by Jimmie Amann, editor of NATIONAL WRESTLING RATINGS, follow: The late release of the Ratings are now on sale . . . . 25 cents in cash and a self stamped envelope to Amann at 1702 State Avenue in Cincinnati will get you this up-to-date wrestling ranking release . . . .

"Spider" Mascall, The Ring's ace Pacific Coast wrestling writer was the latest well known personage to gain a membership in Amann's Universal Sporting Club which is operated along the lines of a pen pal club and encourages its members of whom are promoters, athletics and fans, to exchange their views . . . . dues are 10 cents in cash per year and membership application blanks can be received from the above address . . . . Spider Mascall's reports from the west coast are that Johnny Stote, New York's speed boy claimant of the 147 pound title, has not lived up to advance notices . . . . wait'll Johnny gets going and gets accustomed to that clime . . . . watch the speed of that kid . . . . he had the same bad luck when he came to the mid states . . . . I have a list of the leading wrestling promoters which every independent wrestler should have as a guide . . . . you can get them at the above address, together with the complete info . . . . mid western promoters are trying to entice Jumbo Joe Carrl, mid west heavyweight champion out of his seven month shell to defend his title . . . . Eddie Meske, Akron heavyweight youngster is going great guns as is another Ohio heavyweight, young Johnny Perkins of Cincinnati . . . . Pancho Sanchez, former mid west welter champion is due back in mid states territory . . . . and mid west light heavy title is open and Sammy Klein is recognized as the middleweight champion . . . . the American Federation of Wrestling of which C. J. O'Malley of California, is the president, is director of the middle western states championships in the four divisions . . . . the writer would like to hear from any wrestlers whom he has not ranked in his fast selling twenty-eight cents (in cash) NATIONAL WRESTLING RATINGS . . . . write me at 1702 State Avenue . . . . have heard plenty of comment of Nat Fleischer's time on WNEW over this way lately . . . . Nat's column on the air makes a big hit with the fans around here . . . . he drew a lot of mention also on Ham Fisher's recent Joe Palooka strip where Fleischer was presenting The Ring belt to Palooka following Joe's win over Buddy Peters . . . . this cartoon appeared in the Cinci *Times-Star* . . . . Abe Rothberg, Oregon light-heavyweight, is going great guns here . . . . the Western Jewish star is a big card on Ross Leader's weekly cards at the Parkway outdoor bowl . . . . a word for Leader . . . . he's a real matchmaker . . . . Ross knows his stuff about the mat game . . . .

High O'C Stuart of London, sends in the following from England:

Over here in England, "All-In", as Westley is called is going over in a big way and attendances increase at every show. The foreign invaders are still pulling big gates. Most of them are good wrestlers, but what the fans like about them, is the way in which one is always sure of seeing a good scrap. They don't laze around the ring, taking frequent rests. Their theme song is "Action," and plenty of it.

Canada has sent us a great crop of wrestlers including Bob "Legs" Langevin, Leo Lefebvre, Jim Burnett, Graham Stockton, Al Hamilton, Jack Wentworth, Bob Fife and Ted Bell. All of whom have proven very popular. From Italy, we have Tony Mancelli and Joe Devalto. Joe is now campaigning in the States. Two stalwarts from France are Paul "Drop-Kick" Lortie and Tiger Jim de Lisle. Among the colored boys are Black Butcher Johnson, the wildman from Borneo and The Black Eagle from the West Indies. The Eagle has wrestled throughout America.

Germany's contingent include Carl Ferdinand and Karl Reginski. Two men who know what it's all about. Maurice Letchford is South Africa's only representative on these shores. The last—but not by any means least—come Uncle Sam's maulers, topped by Jack Sherry, Billy Bartrush, who has since returned to his native city. Al Walsh, Chicago. Chick Rolfe, The Bowery Ruffneck, Al Morrow and Dickie Maxwell.

Of these matmen, Sherry, Langevin and Lefebvre have proven to be the best cards. Sherry fought two great draws with Max Krauser and Legs Langevin, which he followed up with wins over Jim Burnett and Reggie Meen. Apparently Jack has been unable to get the breaks on your side of the pond, and he's plenty sore.

In our domain, the heavyweight title is the most important one in existence. You are probably aware that we have no governing body, and at the present time there are one or two heavyweight champions (?) running around. Among these, only two men need to be taken seriously—Douglas Clark and Bert Assirati. Douglas claims the championship of the British Isles, and is backed in this by the North of England. Assirati is equally well supported by the South.

Another matman who credits mention is the famous Greek-Canadian, Mike de Mitre, who has been aptly named the "Old Maestro."

Two of the latest arrivals from the States are two bearded warriors. Namely Sergei Kalmikoff, the Siberian Slaughterer, and the ever-famous "King Kong". To date, Kamikoff has defeated Leo Lefebvre and Jack Pye. These men will be great attractions for the approaching in-door season.

Just an introduction to England's most ferocious wrestler before I close. He is none other than Jack Pye, the Doncaster Panther. Ringside patrons have more than one name for our Jack, the villain of the Pye'ce. In all there are four Pye brothers in professional wrestling today. We rate them with your own riot-squad, the Dusek brothers. When Jack gets annoyed, it's just too bad for everybody around.

Ettore, Kid Tile Setter

(Continued from page 23)

age and a chip off the block.

Al's wife, Lee, a pretty auburn haired, 95-pounder, is an accomplished pianist and soloist.

Today, through Ettore's sensational comeback, after his k.o. defeat at the hands of Charley Retzlaff, he owns his own home; and enjoys the luxuries of life.

During Ettore's change in managers, the fighter still has his trainer of amateur days, Garofolo, ever at his side seeing to it that he follows his training routine to the letter. Mrs. Ettore and Al, Jr., may be boss at home, but Solly is law around the training camps, and in the corner as well.

Taking into consideration the last scrap that Albie enjoyed with Haynes, Ettore has engaged in a total of eighty-six professional starts and won all but six of them. Quite a record!

Now that is your answer to the query, "Who is Al Ettore?"

"Youth Never Says Die"

(Continued from page 4)

there with Louis again if Mike Jacobs has his way. Who can tell?

Schmeling, with defeats by Baer and Hamas dragging him down so far as reputation is concerned, went to Germany, concentrated and recounted his mistakes. He knocked out Walter Neusel and the same Hamas who had whipped him so badly in Philadelphia. The "has been," the man who was "through," came back with a bang.

Dempsey didn't say die when Tunney took his title. He came back and "knocked out" Tunney, "regained his title"—only the Chicago officials, by a weird scheme of counting, bilked Jack Dempsey out of the honor of being the first man to regain a heavyweight title.

ADAM HATS *ON THE AIR* **WHN** 1010 KC. *ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE*

Portrait of an Indian Brave

(Continued from page 35)

He is an excellent dancer and has a grand baritone voice. He can sing in several different languages too, and you should hear him render "Rancho Grande" in Spanish.

His pet popular tune is the old favorite "Little Pal." He owns a picturesque cowboy outfit, with a big white hat, spurs and all the trimmings. He wears a beautiful big diamond. On the back of his red velvet robe is a flag of the state of Colorado, an American flag and an Indian head. He has countless friends, including socialites, motion picture stars, writers, sportsmen, etc.

Somehow you can't help liking Chief Little Wolf. He has a pleasant personality, is goodnatured, educated and interesting. Like a true Indian, he is frank and straightforward in everything he does, and heartily dislikes anyone who is not.

Where it would be termed "conceit" in others, the Chief's pride in his success in the wrestling game, is something pardonable, even, I might say, admirable. For you must admit it is a long ways between an impoverished little Indian, to a nationally known mat star who is in demand by promoters all over the world. And especially when that fame is attained, not by overnight success, but by ten long years of fighting and hard work.

And according to the little Chief the battle isn't over yet. He's going to keep right on until he has the championship. And somehow, for the first time since Jimmy Londos lost his title, I have found a contender I think worthy of the throne. Swarthy Ali Babas and veteran Shikats, pretenders to the throne like Lopez and Levin and Marshall may come and go, but someday, I'll betcha, little Benny Tenerio, the Navajo Indian known as Chief Little Wolf, is going to top them all!

My Kid Brothers

(Continued from page 34)

anyway, and we stick to it, rules or no rules, booes or no booes. Of course I can't prophesy just what road Tom will travel. He may not see things in that light and decide to stick to straight, scientific wrestling. But, being a Zaharias, I hardly think he will.

Well this just about sums up the actual facts concerning the Zaharias boys. This may not be a literary masterpiece as I'm not much on writing it down on paper, but believe me my brothers and I are going to write our name in big letters in the wrestling world.

Note:— An example of the Zaharias boys' "stick-together" theory was seen in California not long ago. George was booked to meet Joe Savoldi and from all accounts the match turned out to be a young revolution. At the armistice Savoldi's hand was raised in victory and Chris, George's little brother, became so enraged that he hopped into the pit of punishment and began working Savoldi while George took his temper out on the referee. It was quite a ta-do for awhile but finally the Zaharias lads were subdued and Savoldi and the referee were heard thanking their lucky stars that Babe and Tom Zaharias were not on the scene.

Important Notice to Wrestlers and Boxers

WRESTLERS in all parts of the world who have made their mark, are invited to send photographs of themselves and a biographical sketch for publication in these columns. Obviously we cannot find space for beginners nor ordinary talent. The interesting letter of Paul Boesch in News of the Mat World shows to what extent foreign countries regard "The Ring's" ratings of boxers and wrestlers. Mention of your name in "The Ring," whether boxer or wrestler, is a help towards employment to you.

Boxers from foreign lands who are regarded as topnotchers, are likewise urged to send in photographs, clear pictures of themselves, and a short sketch of their activities. This also applies to American boxers.

Unfortunately, "The Ring" Editor has found through his many years association with the fight game, that managers of fighters think so little of their charges, that it is like pulling teeth to get them to send in photos and a short story about their boys. Fighters who have such managers would do well to give them the air and place themselves in the hands of persons who will have sufficient interest to seek this world-wide publicity from "The Ring," absolutely free.

Fighters' Luck

(Continued from page 27)

in to have a look. Craning their necks, they looked up and saw these words: "If you can read this, you're a flop. Keep on fighting!"

Foreign boxing commissions who don't want their men to be flops nowadays forbid them to come to the United States without permission. The ex-heavyweight champion of Italy, Innocente Baiguera, came to this country and fought in spite of the orders of the Italian boxing commission to the contrary. Every time he fought, they levied a fine on him. The fines totalled up as high as 10,000 lire—a fearsome looking total that comes to about eight hundred dollars in American money—and Innocente practically had to keep on fighting to be sure of being able to pay the fines.

* * *

THE French Boxing Federation, a shrewd organization, once used modern science for a bit of detective work that would have made Sherlock Holmes green with envy. It was at the time of the Battling Siki-Georges Carpentier battle, when the Senegalese caught Carpentier out of shape and won the world's light-heavyweight title from him by a surprising knockout. There was a lot of talk after the fight that the whole thing was a frame-up. The French couldn't understand how Carpentier could lose. Some papers accused Francois Descamps, the Frenchman's manager, of conniving with Monsieur Heller, Siki's pilot.

The French commission's idea was that they would use the moving pictures of the fight as evidence in a new and novel way. Some witnesses claimed that Descamps talked to Heller during the bout, during the critical moments, crying out that Siki was double-crossing Georges. Expert lip-readers were asked to view the film with the object of seeing just what it was that Descamps said to Heller, if anything! If science performed any miracles in unravelling a fiendish plot, the commission kept it very quiet afterwards, because Siki was recognized as champion in the regular way and held his title until defeated by Mike McTigue in twenty rounds at Dublin, Ireland.

It all goes to show that you can't be too careful what you say at a fight these days. Some lip-reader may see the fight pictures and expose everything!

Another Lewis in Spotlight

(Continued from page 5)

work and has shown consistent improvement in the past year.

His most recent victory over Al Gainor, was unusual in several respects. Although both contestants are colored, the bout attracted one of the largest crowds seen in Pittsburgh in years and drew $35,000 at popular prices of from one to three dollars. Managers Gus Greenlee and Al Douglas point to this as convincing proof that the public will pay to see good fighters regardless of race and insist that a bout between John Henry and Joe Louis would draw a "gate" of tremendous proportions anywhere in the country.

This opinion is also shared by James J. Johnson, Madison Square Garden promoter, who holds an option on Lewis's services for the next five years. Johnston is emphatic in his belief that John Henry rates No. 1 on the list of Braddock's challengers and points to the Westerner's win over the champion on the coast and the close scrap between the two in the Garden in 1935.

Lewis's home town is Phoenix, Arizona. His lifelong ambition has always been to become a preacher. He is a high school graduate, intelligent and dignified, and intends to complete his education when his ring days are done. He has worn his light heavyweight laurels well and has conducted himself like a true champion both in the ring and out of it.

If a real opportunity to contend for the heavyweight championship of the world presents itself, he will renounce his 175 pound title. It seems ridiculous to raise a hue and cry over the scarcity of capable heavyweight contenders with a boxer of the habits and ability of John Henry Lewis eager for the chance to make his bid for the ring's greatest glory.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I AM sure you must be tired of receiving letters of praise for your wonderful book, THE RING. It is certainly the greatest boxing magazine in the world and is indeed the fairest to every fighter. This is why I wonder at you not rating Benny Lynch as flyweight champion of the world. He is obviously the legitimate holder.

If we go back to the days when Jimmy Wilde was reigning, there certainly were no disputes about his title. Pancho Villa kayoed Wilde and took his title. In 1925, Villa was beaten in an overweight match by McLarnin and died a few days later, leaving the title vacant.

About a month later Frankie Genaro, American champion, and Fidel La Barba met for the crown and La Barba won on points. Two years later La Barba resigned the title to go into college, and in December of 1927, Corporal Izzy Schwartz was recognized as champ by his defeat of Newsboy Brown.

Three years went by and there were many claims for the title, until Wolgast won a deciding competition sponsored by the New York Commission. His claim was disputed by Frankie Genaro, who was considered as rightfully the title-holder. These two claimants were brought together and the result was a draw. It is obvious that the man who beat either of these claimants should be the rightful holder, and so when Genaro was kayoed by Young Perez, the sportsmen of the world heralded the latter as the new champ. Brown in turn knocked out Perez and then Lynch decisively beat Brown in Manchester.

Small Montana's claim is by virtue of his defeat of Wolgast, but what had Wolgast done between 1930 and the time of his defeat by Montana to justify the fact that he even regarded himself as flyweight champion? Absolutely nothing. So Montana is really only one of the many contenders for Lynch's crown.

I just wanted to get all this off my chest when I saw that you considered Montana as champion.

In your Question Box you say Tunney was born in 1908, which means he was only eighteen when he got Dempsey's title. Surely this is not true, Mr. Fleischer.

I close with a word of praise for George T. Pardy's series of stories about Irish fighters. They are excellent, especially the poems. Please publish this letter and a reply to it.

C. ALLEN,
Belfast, Ireland.

* * *

I'M sorry I missed you on my return from the south this spring, but am looking forward to again meeting and congratulating you on your work. You are deserving of good, and I wish you received as much as you give.

Before entering the body of this letter, please advise me the date of Fitzsimmons and Jeffries fight in San Francisco, their comparative weights, and if you feel above the waist, Fitzsimmons was almost as massive as Jeffries.

Your September number of RING is most interesting. In this issue Schmeling has an article. One reading this would give the German credit for writing ability. If his English is true, that lad never saw Germany! Who ever "subbed" for him, did a job, but it was not his job. I'm afraid one gives Max credit for the impossible in this regard. Why! The world would have lost a World's Champion for a Reporter. I'm not quite so sure about Braddock, who also had an article ascribed to him in the RING, but here too, I'm afraid someone has accelerated his pace. It would be interesting to have the boys' own stuff without re-editing.

Now for a brief comment on Schmeling's article. He said he made a study of Louis, and figured out how to win, that Louis was a sucker for a right to the jaw. Now this sounds nice, but it is bunk. Probably Louis was weak in defending his jaw after the fourth round when he got that sock, but the train had left by that time and he was not fast enough to think out a good defense for his face.

It's surprising to me he was still in the ring. But to let Schmeling walk off with all this credit for head work, is just asking too much. Schmeling was not thinking of Germany, of Louis or of the championship. He was not figuring out any plan of battle. He had no war map. But on the other hand, he was fighting any old way to win so that he would not lose.

In battle, it is a fact you kill for the sake you'll get killed if you don't. If you don't lick, you'll get licked, and all this vested mental arithmetic is so much blaa.

A fighter may have some slight plan, but when he is busy fighting, he socks where he can land, if he is wise, he'll shoot, and it may be just where he figured he would not win. Fittsimmons almost lost to Corbett before he chanced to slam him in the gut, since then we've heard a lot of taffy about that punch.

Louis is a fighter. Don't mistake that. It was lucky for Schmeling he reached his jaw, and don't miss that either. If they meet again, Louis will win, and put a pin in that.

This Louis lad is, I believe, a Champion. He has a beautiful left, can slam with either hand, can take it, and is willing to fight. He is clean, a fine lad, nothing of the loud mouth characteristic of his race. He has saved, looked out for his family, set up the "old folks," invested his earnings, married and tried to settle down. He has a long list of knockouts. I'd like any fighter to show me a better record at the age of twenty-two! My hat is off to the Detroit Doer.

A lot is being written about Louis being a sucker for a right. Louis is a sucker for nothing. Let any of these wise guys get in there and try to make Louis a sucker for a right. Sharkey will have his chance Tuesday. You should have this letter by then, and I'm saying now the fight won't go three rounds. Sharkey says he'll come out fighting, well, he won't go back that way. Now, I'm not writing I may be mistaken—and all that bunk—I'm saying plainly it's a cinch for Louis, and that's that—three rounds is all it will go. Put that on your spike.

Now in Braddock's letter he talks about a gate. A million or more. He says he is considering that. A million or more! Gosh, I'm all lost.

I'm only an old and weather-beaten man into my fifties and sorry, but I've seen Old Tom Sharkey and Jeffries fight; Corbett and Jeffries twice; Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, and paid tops ring side $15.00. So don't know much about this million dollar gate or $50 tops for ring side seat set fifty feet back.

But I know this. These men had records. They came out fighting and they went down that way. They did not crab about the gate.

Probably twenty grand was the top purse, and you got a championship fight all the way, and it was a fight. Twenty-five rounds, finish fights. You came to see a winner and not a number of rounds. And here and now you hear Braddock rating himself a million dollar gate. On what? Will you tell me what?

Of course in this day of inflation, I'll give a lot, but I won't weaken that much. Perhaps Braddock may draw a million dollar gate with people going hay-wire as they are today on the value of money and how to regard it, but one thing is sure, he is not deserving it. He is not a champion of a class of champions like Dempsey, Johnson, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Corbett or John L. He's not in their shadow. His camp is on the outside—and yet here he is mentioning for himself a million dollar gate!

Braddock did fight the California Cute. But the fancy man was not putting up a fight. He was not fighting as he did in his Reno battle. Max Baer has not the fighter's heart. Braddock has heart all right but not the natural ability of a World's Champion no more than Max Baer. To put either of these men and Schmeling for that matter down for genuine World's champions, is asking a whole lot of a set of reasonable brains in your think

tank. And when you line up with this a million gate, it makes me feel not so well.

However, with all this, Braddock will get the decision over Schmeling. Just put that aside for future reference. You'll get a fair fight, but you won't get a championship affair as I know fighters. Neither have records to expect this, that is from regulating values for ability shown and not written off.

On your picture of Champions, as shown in your magazine on page fifteen, there are but six of the thirteen that put the fight game into the dynamic life of human interest and Championship luster, and one of the best you could not show at all because he did not happen to be a World's Champion, but just missed out.

I refer to men who were genuine champions, men whose record showed no doubts, men who of themselves as heavyweight champions have only to have their names heard, and you know you are speaking of a Champion, men who have developed the interest in the game to such an extent that a million dollar gate ultimately followed.

Here are the men, Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson and Dempsey. The rest don't belong.

They blundered through. And then surrounding this exhalted group of six, is one from the outside looking in, all hot and bothered, and as good as they come, a man who feared no one, and fought a championship fight every time he raised his dukes, our own sailor boy Tom Sharkey, the lad who held Jeffries to as cruel a twenty-five round fight as has ever been staged in ring circles.

Oh! When you talk about World's Champions, you've got to recognize those men who actually came through so much so that there is not the least shadow of doubt of their ability or of the fact they are actually World's Champions, their statues stand out in deathless bronze in memory's gallery like Mars at perihelion.

VINCENT WOODBURY, Timmins, Ontario.

[*Although Mr. Timmins may find fault with me for publishing this letter, I deem it so interesting and instructive that I'm going to violate thus by using it without his permission. This letter was received three days after Louis had knocked out Sharkey as Mr. Timmins predicted in this contribution mailed four days before the fight. Mr. Timmins, whose letters I always enjoy, is one of the keenest students of boxing I have ever met.*—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

* * *

I HAVE been reading your wonderful publication, THE RING, for five years now and have noticed that although you have given us all the material on the heavyweights that we want, the lighter classes have been sadly neglected. You have given us a wrestling series, "From Milo to Londos," so why not a serial on one of the lighter classes of boxing written by yourself, let us say, "From Wilde to Montana," "From Barry to Sangchili," "From Dixon to Miller," "From Lavigne to Canzoneri," "From Ryan to Ross," "From Fitzsimmons to Thil," and "From Gardiner to Lewis." I'm sure any one of the above would arouse the greatest of interest and might be published in book form when completed.

A life story of some of the old-time champions, Dixon, McGovern and Gans, would also go over very well. Please publish the enclosed article. It is authentic and will be of interest to the readers who do not know too much about that great Negro fighter, Joe Gans, up to the time he won the championship from Frank Erne.

Will you please answer this question: Why didn't Billy Plimmer become featherweight champion of the world when he took a four-round decision from George Dixon and he was much underweight, being only a bantam?

Here is my article on Gans:

Joe Gans was born on November 25, 1876, at Baltimore. At the age of twenty-five, he stood five feet six inches and scaled about 134 pounds.

He started boxing in the year 1894 to 1901. The majority of his bouts were against some of the foremost men at his weight in America and it says much for his ability that he suffered defeat only on four occasions up to that time.

One of his earliest opponents was the celebrated Young Griffo, with whom he fought a ten-round draw. He beat George Siddons in Baltimore in seven rounds, and then he had a long spell of successes, knocking out and scoring over a number of more or less well-known exponents of the noble art. A tough fight with Danny McBride resulted in a draw after twenty rounds had been negotiated, and then came his first reverse, at the hands of Dal Hawkins, who scored over the sable warrior in fifteen rounds.

There was nothing in that defeat, however, to discourage Gans, and within a fortnight he was again in the ring, beating Jerry Marshall, a very capable lad, in twenty rounds, and then encountering Mike Leonard, he served him similarly. Young Griffo was again met, but the best that Joe could do against his famous opponent was to get a draw. At that time, however, Griffo was without a superior at his weight or even some pounds above it.

Just about that time, too, Stanton Abbott, the well-known Westminster boxer, had migrated to the States, and Gans made a match with him, and beat him in five rounds. Young Starlight and Young Smyrna, both lads of color, were outpointed in less than six rounds, and then Joe began to fly at high game. He beat Billy Ernst, the Fighting Dutchman, and then met Kid McPartland in New York in November of 1898. The pair made a grand fight for twenty rounds, but Gans put in some remarkably fast and heavy work all through the contest and qualified for first place. Five weeks later he took a twenty-round decision from Jack Daly, a topnotcher, in New York, in a remarkably fierce fight.

In the early part of 1899, Joe encountered Young Smyrna again, knocking him out in a couple of rounds, and then journeying to Canada to beat Martin Judge in a full journey bout. A second meeting with Billy Ernst resulted in the latter striking a foul blow in the tenth round, and then, for the first time in his career, Gans was put to sleep. His opponent was that slashing fighter, "Elbows" George McFadden, and the pair met at Coney Island Club on April 14, 1899.

Twenty-three brilliant rounds were contested, each man at times seeming to have victory well within his grasp, but McFadden stayed better than the Negro and, finding an opening, shot his right to the point and Gans was counted out.

Jack Dobbs, a brother to the well known Bobby, who fought Dick Burge, was Joe's next opponent and, beating him in four rounds, he sought a return match with McFadden. In that engagement, the black fought very shiftily, and at the end of the journey the referee decided that the affair was a draw. This decision, however, did not please either party, and after a lot of paper talk, the pair again signed articles.

In the meantime, Gans had beaten Martin Judge twice more, Spider Kelly and Eugene Bezenah. In his third fight with McFadden, Gans astonished everybody by his wonderful strength and skill and he won a grand fight after the full journey had been negotiated.

He then challenged Frank Erne for the lightweight championship, but the affair came to a very unsatisfactory conclusion owing to the men accidentally butting one another, and Gans was rendered unconscious. One other battle he had figured in, a meeting with Terry McGovern, but there was a shady affair in which Terry was credited with having knocked out the great Negro. In 1902, at Fort Erie, Gans knocked out Frank Erne in the opening round to become champion. He then went on to prove himself one of the greatest fighters that ever lived.

Gans was a very shapely young fellow indeed—a trifle thin about the legs, perhaps, but that common defect among Negroes is more than balanced by his deep chest and long, muscular arms.

A few more Gans certainly wouldn't do the game any harm.

WM. MENNIE,
Lidcombe, N. S. Wales, Australia.

[*I answered your query in Question Box.—Editor*]

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Mickey McCowley, Camp Wajanoke, Wolfeboro, N. H.

Q.—How is Jack Trammell coming along? Could you give me his boxing record? How is Max Baer making out in his comeback? How does Leon Ketchell look? How does Baby Manuel size up against Petey Sarron? If Dennis Wright of Chevy Chase, Md., writes again please give me his address.

A.—Trammel is one of our better heavyweight prospects. You can find his record in the Everlast or Post Record Book. Baer has been winning steadily since his comeback. Ketchell looks very well in his preliminary workouts. Sarron whipped Manuel and it was a good fight. Why not write to Mr. Wright in care of general delivery, Chevy Chase. A letter might reach him that way.

Art Simmonds, Toronto, Can.

Q.—Was there ever a world champion from Canada?

A.—Yes, Tommy Burns was a Canadian and he won the world heavyweight title.

Mark Heffler, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Is Pete Sarron the featherweight champion?

A.—Yes, according to my way of figuring. When he beat Freddie Miller he became the undisputed world featherweight king. Miller won the title and defended it successfully against boys of all nations and not by the widest stretch of imagination could any one who is a stickler for rules, figure Miller other than a title holder. Sarron's victory gained for him the crown which Miller had held.

Martin Chusek, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—Did Harry Greb hold the middleweight title?

A.—Yes, he won the middleweight championship from Johnny Wilson in New York on August 31, 1923 and lost it to Tiger Flowers on August 19, 1926.

Ring Follower, Toledo, Ohio

Q.—I am sixteen years old and would like to go out for boxing. I have to wear glasses although I can see good enough to block punches and hit accurately. Do you think I have a chance? What is Max Schmeling's address in Germany?

A.—Plenty of near sighted boxers have made the grade in the past and the rest is up to you. Schmeling's address is: Bad Saarow, By Berlin, Germany.

Donald Williams, Pocatello, Idaho

Q.—How many weeks should one who has been operated upon for appendicitis remain away from training?

A.—I would advise at least six months.

Joseph Crisafuelli, Oswego, N. Y.

Q.—Can you furnish me with a complete record book showing records of all fighters from the start to the present time?

A.—No. There is no such book. We have a book showing the leading fighters from start of U. S. fight history to 1907, only. The price is $1.00. Then you can get the Post Record Book and Everlast for present day fighters. Also the back issues of Everlast, from 1922 to present day give most of the stars.

Guadalupe Kid, Canton, N. C.

Q.—I am 134 pounds. What class would I be in wrestling?

A.—Lightweight.

Q.—How does Stanislaus Zbyszko rate? Why did Sammy Stein quit wrestling? Could Joe Louis beat Tunney? How does Everett Marshall rate?

A.—Among the first ten of all time. He went blind, but is now wrestling again. Just drew in ninety minutes with Dave Levin. Your guess is as good as mine. Very good. Among the first six at this writing.

Milton Barbett, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—What were the odds for the Baer-Louis fight?

A.—Varying—the average was 9 to 5. Louis the favorite.

Q.—What is Baer's address? Have you a record of Jack Sweeney?

A.—Livermore, Cal. No.

P. W. Hatfield, Greenfield, Missouri

Q.—Did the last Tunney-Dempsey fight go the limit, or did Gene win by a technical knockout? Did the first Tunney-Dempsey fight go 15 rounds?

A.—Went the limit. Both fights went 10 rounds.

Sam Waraglin, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—When was Martin Canole born and when did he fight?

A.—He was born on October 13, 1882, in Clare, Ireland. He was 5 ft. 6½ in. and was a lightweight. He started his professional career in America January 30, 1901 at Fall River, Mass. with a six round victory over Tommy Boyle. Almost all of his fights were staged in New England where he was a favorite. Among his greatest fights was his draw battles with Jimmie Briggs, Jimmie Gardiner, Willie Fitzgerald, and Martin Flaherty. He was knocked out by Willie Lewis in 9 rounds in Portland, Maine, but had a large string of knockouts to his own credit.

Don Henderson, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Who are the best managers in the North West around Portland, Ore., or Seattle, Wash.? Who are the best trainers in that region? I am 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weigh 160 pounds and am 18 years of age, what will my measurements be when I am 21 years of age? Where do you apply for a professional boxing license in Portland, Oregon, and how much will it cost?

A.—Stub Nelson is the promoter in Portland and Nate Druxman in Seattle. I think they are best advised as to the best manager in that locality. Jack Bracke is a good trainer hailing from Spokane, Wash. You will probably be 6 feet 1½ inches and weigh about 175 pounds when you are of age. Porter Bldg., Portland, Oregon, is the headquarters of the Oregon Athletic Commission. Boxer's license is $5.

Max Blackwell, Exeter, Nebr.

Q.—What were the purses in the Pancho Villa-Jimmy Wilde fight?

A.—Wilde received a flat guarantee of $60,000 while Villa received 12½% of the gate which amounted to $11,823.75.

John Krolick, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—How many minutes were the rounds in the old days when Corbett, Tom Sharkey and Sullivan were fighting?

A.—Three minute rounds. Sullivan also fought under the London Prize rules before the Jim Corbett fight in New Orleans.

Q.—Rest between rounds was how long?

A.—Thirty seconds.

Q.—Was it always 3 min. and 1 min. rest.

A.—London Prize rules ruled that the fighting continued until one man was floored which constituted a round. They fought until a man was unable to continue.

Don Hinsheon, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—I am 5 feet 11½ inches and weigh 160 pounds. What will my measurements be at maturity if I am 18 now?

A.—You should be about 172 pounds and 6 feet 1 to 6 feet 1½ at 21.

Q.—Where do you apply for a professional license in Portland, Oregon?

A.—Write to the boxing commission of that state.

Clifford Stolelmyer, Marylnsburg, W. Virginia

Q.—Are there clubs where a boy of fifteen can receive boxing lessons? Are there any boxers rings for boys of my age?

A.—Any Y.M.C.A. or athletic clubs in your vicinity undoubtedly have boxing in the athletic programme. Inquire.

Tom Bosworth, Brownsburg, Virginia

Q.—How much did Corbett weigh when he fought John L. Sullivan?

A.—He weighed 178 pounds.

Q.—Name the champions who are still alive in the heavyweight ranks.

A.—Jeffries, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Carnera, Schmeling, Sharkey, Baer, Braddock.

Q.—Do you think Fitz could have whipped Corbett in his prime?

A.—Matter of personal opinion.

Q.—How was Carnera made the champion?

A.—He whipped Sharkey by the K.O. route.

John Purtill, Westerly, R. I.

Q.—Did O'Mahony and Lewis meet abroad before Danno came here?

A.—Yes. Danno lost.

Q.—When did Sonnenberg win the title from Lewis?

A.—He won whatever title Lewis had at the time, on January 4, 1929.

Q.—Who is the lightweight wrestling king?

A.—No one recognized in that class.

A Reader, Ontario, Canada

Q.—What is the best method for a fellow who wants to learn boxing but hasn't anyone to spar with? I have been taking gymnastics for five years now and am very supple and light on my feet but only weigh 137 pounds. I am 5 feet 7½ inches in height. Would I make a good boxer?

A.—If you get our book "Training for Boxers" it will cover every possible point. You need sparring to improve your hitting eye and judge of distance. Your build is a good one for a lightweight and the rest depends upon your natural ability as a boxer.

Al Faucher, Quebec, Canada

Q.—I am five feet six inches in height, weigh 133 pounds and am sixteen years of age. Do you think I will ever be a heavyweight? What are Yvon Robert's measurements? From whom did Sullivan win the heavyweight title? How old is King Levinsky?

A.—I doubt very much if you will ever pass the 160 pound mark. No measurements of Robert available. Sullivan won the title from Paddy Ryan by a knockout in nine rounds. Levinsky is 26 years of age.

Frank Wallace, Winston Salem, N. C.

Q.—Do you think Max Baer will ever make a comeback? Will you kindly give me Tommy Loughran, Paulino Uzcudun and Jack Johnson's addresses.

A.—Baer is making a fine start on his comeback trail. Tommy can be reached at 1634 Ritner St., Philadelphia, Pa. Paulino was in San Sebastian, Spain, when last heard of. Jack Johnson is now in South America.

Donald Punkka, Baurndale, Mass.

Q.—Do you think that Baer would knock out Schmeling today? Who do you think will be the best heavyweight? I would like to know the date of the Sullivan-Corbett fight? Have you any records of George Lunden. He was once a welterweight boxer?

A.—I doubt it. Not in the form Schmeling displayed against Louis. That is only guess work but I still like Joe Louis' chances. September 7, 1892, is the date of the Corbett-Sullivan fight. Haven't Lunden's record.

Alexander Irwin, Healdsburg, Cal.

Q.—Would you suggest that I use bar-bells to strengthen my arms and biceps? I am 138 pounds and 17 years old and am 5 feet 8.1 and am interested in wrestling.

A.—Yes. Bar-bells is excellent for your purpose.

S. S. Laquinelli, Arubia, D. W. Indies

Q.—I am 22 years old and want to start boxing. Am I too old?

Q.—Is your Universal course good for me?

A.—Yes. Very good.

Raymond Galande, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How can I strengthen the knees?

A.—By taking rowing and swimming exercises; wood chopping and log carrying.

Q.—How can I get rid of sleepy eyes?

A.—See your doctor. Your eyes need medical attention.

Howard Smith, Minneapolis, Minn.

Q.—I am five feet six inches tall and weight 124 pounds. Will I be handicapped in the featherweight division by my height? How tall is Tony Marino?

A.—This should be an advantage instead of a handicap. Marino is about five feet 1 inch in height.

G. W. Jackson, Murfreeboro, Tenn.

Q.—Would it be all right to play football to get in shape for the Golden Gloves tournaments? Why wasn't Max Baer rated?

A.—Training for boxers has its own schedule to follow and football training is out of line. Baer will be rated if he keeps up his good work.

Jim Kristy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—What is the date of the fight between Jack Randall and a man named Turner which took place in the Five Courts?

A.—December 1, 1818.

Q.—How much is a stone in British weights?

A.—Fourteen pounds.

Paul Graf, Sta. Compl. March Field, Cal.

Q.—The more I train the more resistance I lose. I wake up in the morning with very low resistance. I become so tired when I run I can scarcely stand on my feet. How can I overcome this?

A.—Your condition is one that requires medical attention. You should not run nor do any exercises that cause fatigue. You are either run down, or have reached your condition through lack of proper nourishment and sleep. Quit training.

Q.—I started to box at the age of fifteen and am now 24. Do you think that is the cause?

A.—Yes, I do. You are burned out as often has been the case with young lads in England who started boxing when fourteen.

Q.—Are there any books available showing the ratings of boxers, such as promoters use?

A.—No.

A. J. Mosher, Bradford, Pa.

Q.—I am interested in learning more about Al Quaill of Pittsburgh. I met him in Miami and since then haven't heard much of his activity. Please publish his address as I would like to write him.

A.—Quaill is coming along rapidly in the middleweight. He whipped Solly Krieger and recently lost a tough ten rounder to Ken Overlin, who is rated one of the best middleweights in the country. Al can be reached at 1405 Fifth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Joseph Mendle, Palmerton, Pa.

Q.—Was Dempsey knocked out more than once?

A.—Once by Flynn.

Q.—Was Willard able to get out of his corner for the fourth round in his fight with Dempsey? Was he carried to his corner or did he walk?

A.—No, he was unable to get out of his corner and was counted out in the third round, as a result. He was dragged to his corner.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

TWO titles changed hands during the month when Tony Canzoneri lost his crown to Lou Ambers in a fifteen-round encounter and Tony Marino succumbed to the hitting powers of Sixto Escobar in the thirteenth round when the referee called a halt. Joe Louis disposed of Jack Sharkey in three rounds, while John Henry Lewis scored a victory over George Nichols in an overweight match. These were the high spots for the month.

Starting with activity in the heavyweight division, we find the Louis knockout taking precedence over all other matches. Max Baer continued his series of workout fights by scoring one-round knockouts over James J. Walsh, Don Baxter, two-round kayoes over Al Franksco and Al Gaynor, and a three-round kayo over Soldier Franks. Maxey Rosenbloom battled to a draw with Leo Kelly, Red Burman disposed of Bill Nichy in two rounds, Bob Ford in six and a victory over Billy Ketchell. Ketchell scored over Joe Walcott.

Jack Trammell whipped Leroy Haynes, Phil Brubaker scored over Pepe Del Rio. Andre Lenglet defeated Ford Smith. Ben Foord disposed of Jack Petersen in three sessions. Marty Gallagher scored over King Levinsky. Hank Hankinson finished Isadoro Gastanaga in the second session. Al Delaney defeated Unknown Winston and drew with Izzy Singer. Tony Galento scored a knockout over Freddy Fiducia. Harry Thomas disposed of Dynamite Jackson in ten rounds.

Nathan Mann fought a draw with Eddie Mader. Max Marek kayoed Eddie Boyle in two and Vincent Parrile in four rounds. Sandy McDonald finished Jerry Pavelec in two but was beaten by Frankie Connolly. Buddy Knox kayoed George Vallos in four rounds. Sonny Walker whipped Lee Savoldi. Johnny Whiters kayoed Terry Mitchell in two rounds. Pal Silvers finished Al Massey in the second and Oscar Matthews disposed of K. O. Jim Jackson in one heat.

John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion, scored over George Nichols in an overweight match. Al Gainer trimmed Steve Dudas. Jock McAvoy finished Bob Simpkins in three rounds. Carmen Barth kayoed Emanuel Rodriquez in three rounds and defeated Emilio Martinez. Gus Lesnovich trounced Ray Actis. Allen Matthews disposed of Billy Donahue in seven rounds. Dave Clark won over Bud Mignault while Sam Bruce scored over Bob Olin.

Among the middleweights, Freddy Steele heads the active list with a two-round knockout over Jackie Aldare and a victory over Young Stuhley. Ken Overlin scored over Al Quaill and Oscar Rankins. Fred Apostoli won from Marty Simmons. Frank Battaglia kayoed Harry Schuman in four rounds. Teddy Yarosz disposed of Young Terry in the tenth round. Harry Balsamo, hard-hitting New Yorker, finished Al Rossi in two and Lou Halper in four. Solly Krieger kayoed Ralph Chong in seven rounds.

Fred Henneberry won on a foul from Al Romero in thirteen rounds, while Al scored over Tommy Jones. Paul Pirrone scored victories over Joe Smallwood and Anson Green. Johnny Rossi won from Roosevelt Rowe and stopped Red Finnegan in five rounds. Ron Richards disposed of Mark Hough in thirteen rounds. Bob Turner whipped Charley Weise and kayoed Lonnie Blackwelder. Ben Brown disposed of Bob Allison in four rounds.

Gustave Eder was the most prominently active welterweight. He disposed of Jimmy Leto in nine rounds and won a fifteen-round victory over Mickey Serrian. Cleto Locatelli made a fine recovery in beating Fritzie Zivic. Jack Portney defeated Phil Furr. Al Manfredo drew with Abie Miller. Johnny Clinton scored over Eddie Kid Wolfe. Gordon Wallace drew with Midnight Bell. Chuck Woods scored over Maxie Strub and Pat Murphy.

Al Silva disposed of Sammy White in two rounds. Milton Aron drew with Harold Brown. Chief Paris whipped Glen Lee. Frankie Williams won from Bobby Wilson. Baby Saban defeated Ernie Ratner. Brescia Garcia won from Willard Brown, while Lew Raymond triumphed over Jay Macedon.

The lightweight crown changed hands with Lou Ambers, the new title-holder, following his victory over Canzoneri. Pedro Montanez defeated Eddie Brink. Enrico Venturi scored over Frankie Wallace, Red Cochrane and Al Dunbar. Lew Feldman held Howard Scott to an even break. Jimmy Vaughn scored over Carl Fasnaugh and Pete Leon. Indian Hurtado defeated Stumpy Jacobs and Carmen Roman. Aldo Spoldi disposed of Pancho Villa in two rounds. Frankie Klick whipped Eddie Zivic but was beaten by Jimmy Garrison.

Chino Alvarez disposed of Ritchie Mack in six rounds. Hubert Kid Dennis scored a knockout over Floyd Morey. Norment Quarles kayoed Bobby Dechter in four and Baby Manuel in seven rounds. Young Casanova disposed of Freddy Foran in one and Petey Hayes in four. Jimmy Walsh won from Harry Craster. Billy Beauhold drew with Phil Baker. Frankie Wallace drew with Johnny Johnson.

Bushy Graham disposed of Joey Zodda in two rounds. Al Roth kayoed Jerry Paul in the ninth. Joe Rivers finished Ray Boree in eight. Joe Connolly disposed of Tiger Humery in five rounds. Red Guggino drew with Charley Gomer. Phil Zwick kayoed Ernst Woehrer in the second. Davey Fine won from Pete Macia and Lew Diaz. Holman Williams kayoed Roger Shea in two rounds.

Petey Sarron, our world's featherweight champion, won over Jackie Carter. Henry Armstrong kayoed Juan Burita in four rounds and whipped Buzz Brown. Mike Belloise disposed of Dave Crowley in nine. Dick Corbett whipped Dick Titley. Willie Smith scored over Maurice Holtzer. Fillo Echeverria whipped Pablo Dano and kayoed Martin O'Grady in one round. Young Rightmire drew with Joey Alcanter and whipped Henry Hooks. Midget Wolgast beat Abie Israel. Johnny Stevens defeated Roger Bernard. Varias Milling whipped Baby Palmore. Victor Vallee bested Al Ried and disposed of Willie Rodia in two rounds. Louis Camps won from Midget Doyle and kayoed Willie Bush in two rounds.

Sixto Escobar won the world's title in stopping Tony Marino in thirteen rounds. Indian Quintana kayoed Skippy Allen in three rounds. Louis Salica scored over Sammy Garcia. Johnny King whipped Boyo Burns. Star Frisco scored over Frankie Castillo. Nipper Cusick beat Bobby Hinds and won on a foul from K. O. Morgan in four rounds. Bobby Magee defeated Vinney Elliott.

Small Montana and Augie Curtis went eight rounds in a bout which was declared "no contest." Peter Kane kayoed Enrico Urbinati in eight rounds and Tommy Stewart in ten. Phil Milligan kayoed Tut Whalley in four rounds. Pat Warburton whipped and kayoed Herbie Hill in eight rounds and beat Peter Miller on a foul in five rounds. Tiny Bostock scored over Joe Hardy. Ernst Weiss beat Young Perez.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Tommy Kelly, England.
Bantamweight—Dave Katzen, South Africa.
Featherweight—Johnny Truesdale, Ireland.
Lightweight—Solly Ambruso, Hartford, Conn.
Welterweight—Vincent Pimpinella, New York City.
Middleweight—Jimmy Jones, Baltimore, Md.
Light-heavyweight—Billy Bommer, Detroit, Mich.
Heavyweight—Bob Setterlee, Spokane, Wash.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are ratings for the month ending September 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Freddy Steele	Jack Carroll
2—Joe Louis	Leo Kelly	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Al Ettore	Jock McAvoy	Ken Overlin	Ceferino Garcia
4—Max Baer	Jack Gibbons	Fred Apostoli	Gustave Eder
5—Maxey Rosenbloom	Carmen Barth	Frank Battaglia	Cleto Locatelli
6—Red Burman	Gus Lesnovich	Erich Seelig	Cocoa Kid
7—Jack Trammell.	Ray Actis	Young Corbett	Jack Portney
8—Phil Brubaker	Fred Lenhart	Harry Balsamo	Izzy Jannazzo
9—Ben Foord	Dave Clark	Teddy Yarosz	Fritzie Zivic
10—Leroy Haynes	Steve Carr	Solly Krieger	Jimmy Leto
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Henry Armstrong	Indian Quintana	Jim Warnock
2—Pedro Montanez	Mike Belloise	Louis Salica	Small Montana
3—Enrico Venturi	Freddy Miller	Tony Marino	Benny Lynch
4—Laurie Stevens	Baby Arizmendi	Baltasar Sangchili	Peter Kane
5—Howard Scott	Nel Tarleton	K. O. Morgan	Pat Palmer
6—Indian Hurtado	Dick Corbett	Johnny King	Valentin Anglemann
7—Jimmy Garrison	Willie Smith	Star Frisco	Jim Campbell
8—Jimmy Vaughn	Tony Chavez	Jackie Brown	Enrico Urbinati
9—Aldo Spoldi	Fillo Echeverria	Henry Hooks	Phil Milligan
10—Chino Alvarez	Maurice Holtzer	Pablo Dano	Syd Parker

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

SEPTEMBER will be remembered around New York for crowning two new world's champions: Lou Ambers captured the lightweight crown by winning the fifteen-round decision over Tony Canzoneri, while Sixto Escobar disposed of Tony Marino in the thirteenth session of their fifteen-round encounter when the referee refused to allow Tony to come to scratch for the fourteenth session.

The Canzoneri-Ambers scrap in the Garden was a hard fought one, but failed to provide the thrills that Canzoneri and McLarnin offered four months ago. That was Canzoneri's last fight and he can thank the New York State Athletic Commission for his lackadaisical performance. Tony was lamentably slow, uncertain in his movements and remained almost flat-footed during the entire distance.

Ambers was crafty, outsmarted Tony, and made Tony do things for which he was not prepared. It was a heady fight on Ambers' part, and though the fight was devoid of any thrills, it was nevertheless a bitter and seriously waged scrap.

In my scoring analysis, Ambers won eight rounds, five for Tony and two were even. The rounds that Tony won were far more decisive than those gained by Ambers, but Ambers' youth, ability to pace himself and self-confidence were the deciding factors. I am positive that had Canzoneri been allowed the privilege of competing in one or two minor engagements prior to the Ambers fight, the fans would have witnessed a more exciting and scintillating scrap.

An unfortunate incident marred the fifteen-round affair between Mike Belloise and Dave Crowley, which the commission, in their humorous fashion, labelled as for the world's featherweight championship. If the commission ever reads newspapers or wherever they get their knowledge of boxing, they should know that there is a legitimate world's featherweight roaming the country. His name is Petey Sarron. Sarron won his title in legitimate fashion by whipping Freddy Miller, but evidently our commission likes to hand out titles just like they were toys.

This was a bitter fight between Belloise and Crowley. Dave was giving Mike plenty of opposition but his claim of foul after he had been knocked out left a bitter taste. Dave was dropped in the eighth and the bell rang at the count of four when Davey was still on the canvas. In the next round, during a scrimmage at close quarters, Crowley dropped suddenly, claiming that he was hit low at the same time. He managed to arise when the count of ten was completed, but was still remonstrating that he was struck low. His efforts in showing that he was injured were not very convincing and Dave would have created a far more favorable impression had he not gone to those extremes. It was an even fight until the eighth round.

Young Casanova, Mexican lightweight, continued his knockout rampage by stopping Petey Hayes in the fourth round of their ten-rounder. Hayes was down twice in the first round and was no match for the hard-hitting Mexican when Referee Young Otto halted the uneven match in the fourth stanza. Jack Basilico scored over Maxie Farber in the four-round opener. The capacity attendance paid the gross sum of $73,287.68 to see the bouts. An extra row of working press seats were installed to make room for the newspapermen, but there were plenty of deadheads who did not belong, occupying those choice seats.

In the Escobar-Marino tussle, we saw a real champion go down with flying colors. Again we contradict our commission's belief that Escobar was defending his title against Marino. Marino was the champion with the best claim in the world to substantiate his claims. He whipped the last champion. Escobar was awarded the title by our sacred moguls on a platter.

Marino was dropped five times in the second round from terrific right-hand smashes on the chin, and how he ever survived that ordeal was simply a tribute to the magnificent courage that this youngster displayed. He had hundreds of opportunities to call a halt in the subsequent sessions. Both his eyes were cut, blood pouring from nose injuries, but still he defied those handicaps and kept trying all the time.

Escobar was in fine fighting form and fought like a little demon. Here is a fighter with the punch of a heavyweight, and he adds plenty of class and color to the bantamweight division. The presence of Sixto into the smaller division gives it considerable prestige.

Victor Vallee, a classy Porto Rican featherweight, scored a six-round victory over Al Reid in the semi-final. Vallee exudes class and every move he makes is a swell picture to watch. Atilio Sabatino disposed of Bob Perry in the second round. The show took place at the Dyckman Oval and was the concluding show of the outdoor season for that organization.

With the finish of the outdoor season in sight, the prospects look exceedingly bright for the winter season in the metropolitan area. The Garden will continue to run regularly; New York Hippodrome will run regularly; New York Coliseum in the Bronx is a permanent institution, as is the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club in Brooklyn. The St. Nicholas Palace at the moment is not definitely consigned to any personage. It is too good a club to remain idle and there will be any number of applicants. The Mecca Sports Arena will be a new club located on East 14th Street, and the Jamaica Arena will alternate with wrestling and boxing shows periodically. The Broadway Arena of Brooklyn is already arranging its winter schedule, while the Braddock Arena in Jersey City will be active every week and the Laurel Gardens of Newark will reign under the same heads.

We have a letter from Norman A. Perera, a promoter in India, who is seeking good talent in the welterweight and middleweight divisions. Anyone interested can communicate with him but must be prepared to stay away from four to eight months. He can be reached at "St. Ives," Melder Place, Nugegoda, Ceylon, India—Gustave Eder, crack German, went fifteen rounds with Mickey Serrian at the Dexter Park Stadium and grabbed the verdict after a tough encounter. Serrian gave him a stubborn argument every minute of the journey—Charley Bennett, of the West Side Bennets, enjoyed a good evening when Phil Baker, one of his many proteges, fought a stirring ten-round battle with Billy Beauhold, which was called a draw. To complete his pleasure for the night, the house was filled to capacity and drew close to four thousand dollars—Bud Creesy has decided to move from Weirton, W. Va., to return to his promotional activities in the vicinity of Andover, Ohio. He can be reached at the Andover address.

Al Spina's manager, Asa Baker, denies that his charge was beaten by Chalky Wright recently in the Northwest and claims that it might be someone masquerading under that name—Charley Martin, on the Coast, is the latest to be infested with the heavyweight plague. He is tutoring Bob Albert, a promising youngster, and he is bubbling over with the expectations of having a potential star on his hands. Harry Popkin, a theatrical manager in Los Angeles, is also interested in the comer—Louis Bouey, the genial South American who brought Stanislaus Loayza to this country and made a fortune for Loayza, besides doing fairly well for himself, has returned with a new menace, Arturo Godoy. This Godoy is the villain who put the finishing touches to the comeback aspirations of Luis Firpo in Buenos Aires in two rounds a few months ago—Paul Beeler is handling the publicity assignment for John Henry Lewis, and luckily for Paul, Lewis will live up to any advance notices. Although he is the light-heavyweight champion, he is good enough for any heavyweight in the game, which takes in lots of territory.

Harry Balsamo, one of our best young middleweights, with a weight advantage of eleven pounds, put Lou Halper away in the fourth round of their ten-round bout at the Queensboro Stadium. Artie McGovern, who refereed, did not give Halper the best of it in the clinches and at one time broke up a clinch by choking Halper backwards. There was no necessity for favoring Balsamo to such an extent. He is capable enough of holding his own with any of the current middleweights. He dropped Halper twice in the fourth round and Lou was so badly dazed that the fight was stopped—Victor Vallee disposed of Willie Rodia at the Rockaway Arena in two rounds—Ernie Fliegel is ready to sail for Australia, where Frank Battaglia is boxing Fred Henneberry on the same show that features Barney Ross and Jack Carroll.

Pedro Montanez had a narrow escape at the hands of Eddie Brink in their Dyckman Oval bout. Although winning the fight handily, Pedro suffered a badly cut eye in which the blood streamed from the wound, which prompted Referee Eddie Josephs to attempt to look at it but Montanez brushed him aside to continue fighting. Pedro was probably under the impression that the fight was being stopped and his alertness prevented a dire situation. Brink gave a good account of himself and while Montanez won most of the rounds, Brink made it hot for him in every round. Louis Camps scored over Midget Doyle in the six-round semi-final—Frank Tabor, who sent Tony Marino into the hands of Charley Cook, has made another trip East, this time with a few more formidable gladiators. Along with co-manager Ivan Blaettler, they brought Ritchie Fontaine, Jimmy McLeod, lightweights, and Gaston Le Cadre, French welterweight. Cook will handle all the boys while they remain East.

Ebbets Field produced some exciting entertainment when Gustave Eder, losing the fight on points, suddenly exploded a dynamic right on Jimmy Leto's chin and after flooring him three times in that round, won by a knockout. It was a dramatic finish to a corking fight. Cleto Locatelli got off the first in the first round to win the verdict over Fritzie Zivic in another hotly contested ten-rounder. Zivic is a vastly improved fighter over the form he showed here last year, but Locatelli was too rugged and experienced for him. Leon Ketchell, the Giant Pole, was to make his first appearance in New York on that program, but the commission failed to pass Roberto Roberti because of a cold and they were unable to procure a suitable substitute so he remained off the card. Roberti pleaded that he was all right, but the commision refused to permit him to fight. There is some confusion in such a ruling. They compelled Canzoneri to fight when he was unfit yet they refuse Roberti to fight when he begged for the chance. Yet these are the people who are supposed to look after the good of boxing.

Harry Balsamo added another knockout to his record but again there was a taint attached to the victory. Balsamo has developed the ugly and unnecessary habit of delivering low punches and there is no necessity for that practice. Balsamo is one of the hardest hitting middleweights in the country but he had better improve upon his hitting distance before he faces a difficult crisis. He dropped Rossi three times in the first round, but weakened Al considerably with his illegal blows, and in the second round the referee was ready to disqualify him for another offense when the referee was overruled by one of the deputy commissioners. Instead of winning on a foul, Rossi was counted out, in spite of considerable protest from the spectators. In the semi-final, Louis Camps, who is making a nice comeback, stopped Willie Bush in two rounds. The bouts took place at the Queensboro Arena in Long Island City.

Solly Krieger disposed of Ralph Chong, rugged Chinese middleweight, in the seventh round of their bout at Coney Island Velodrome. Chong was down seven times before the fight was halted. In the semi-final, Louis Salica scored over Sammy Garcia after eight rounds—Joe Marsh and Johnny Horstman engaged in a gruelling encounter at the New York Coliseum. Both principals were cut severely around the eyes and the referee called a halt and declared the fight a draw. Eldrd Davenport drew with Caspare Abruzzi in the semi-final—Nat Frank, well-known publicity man from Philadelphia, received a swell proposition to become connected with an international wrestling combine in New York, and consequently has shifted his headquarters to this city—Nat, at one time, was sporting editor of the Philadelphia *Sunday Item*, and yours truly was guilty of contributing several times to his paper and luckily enough they were accepted—Billy Stevens, at one time owner of the Chicago Bang magazine, is making New York his headquarters and is handling Izzy Singer, rugged Paterson heavyweight, and Bobby Wilson, hard-hitting Washington welterweight.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

JACKIE Portney of Baltimore, and Phil Furr of Washington, hooked up in a 12 rounder in Baltimore to decide the Southern Welterweight Championship of the United States with Portney a unanimous winner. THE RING Magazine presented the winner with a belt emblematic of the title. More than five thousand fans turned out for the bout, many traveling from Washington to support Furr, their local idol. While Portney won practically all the rounds with the exception of the final one when Furr had Jackie in a bad way momentarily from a right hand smash, the bout was a close one with Portney's ring knowledge the deciding factor.

Cowboy Howard Scott of Washington, and Lew Feldman of New York, fought a hard ten round draw at Washington. Feldman was pleased with his clever boxing against the dangerous Scott who punches with the best lightweights of today. The local press was of the opinion that Scott was entitled to the duke although many of the fans were just as strong for Feldman. There is a possibility that the boys will get back at it in a Baltimore ring where they have both showed with favor in previous bouts.

Norment Quarles surprised his most ardent supporters in knocking out Baby Manuel in six rounds at Richmond, Va. Manuel had just given Featherweight Champion Pete Sarron a stiff bout in fifteen rounds in Texas and was figured to take the Richmond boy.

California Joe Rivers made his first fight in six months when he flattened Ray Boree in seven rounds at Carlins Park in Baltimore. Rivers punched entirely too hard for his lighter opponent. The game Florida boy carried the fight to the Mexican in the early stages of the battle but took a terrific body pounding for his game effort. Frankie Litt of Newark, won a technical knockout over Pete Galiano of Baltimore in two rounds of the semifinal, when the latter's eye was badly gashed. The boys were mixing it merrily with honors about even when the untimely accident occurred.

Marty Gallagher handed King Levinsky a good licking in ten rounds at Washington. The bout was a return affair the former battle going to Marty on a questionable decision. Gallagher demonstrated that the King does not belong in the same ring with him. Gallagher hopped on Levinsky at the opening bell and had the kingfish backing up practically the entire distance. In the final round the King came out desperate for a knockout knowing that was his only chance for victory and for a minute threw punches like the King Levinsky of old but he soon wilted under his own exertion.

Bucky Taylor, Baltimore lightweight, scored a surprise win when he handily licked Domick Barrone in Baltimore over the ten-round route.

George Sheppard, hustling New York fight manager, paid ten dollars and fifty cents to a Nationally known New York fight manager for the contract of Jackie Portney two years ago and since has booked Portney in purses going better than twenty grand. A pretty good investment on the part of Sheppard but he sure did hustle with Portney. Portney re-established boxing in Baltimore and naturally is by far the Monumental City's best card. Gabe Menendez is another young manager of this locality to go places with a fighter in the past year. Nine months ago Cowboy Howard Scott of Texas was ready to give up the boxing game and had gone to work for a living when persuaded by Menendez to come to Washington and make a fresh start. Beginning in a six-round preliminary in the Nation's Capital, Scott hit the comeback trail until now he is a great card in Washington, Baltimore and Richmond where he has licked all the hometown favorites including Joe Rivers and Norment Quarles. Today, Menendez has Scott up in the first ten lightweights of the world and according to the wise ones is one of the most feared lightweights around the east. Chris Dundee informs the writer that his co-manager Jack Dempsey is angling for a title shot for their promising middleweight Ken Overlin with Freddie Steele. With an impressive win over Oscar Rankin recently in Pittsburg Dempsey is willing to go the limit in Overlin's behalf.

Joe Rivers has returned to these parts from his home in California and is making his home in Baltimore. Joe is under contract for three fights to the veteran Eddie Ross who does the booking in the Monumental City. A Rivers-Cowboy Howard Scott battle in Baltimore would sure pack them in and it is a certainty that Ross will have the boys together before his contract with Rivers is terminated. Joe Cambria, well known minor league baseball promoter, is sponsoring an Ice Palace in Washington that will have a seating capacity of eight thousand and there are rumors about that Joe intends to stage some high-class boxing shows at the Palace this coming winter. Washington is badly in need of a boxing arena, the only available boxing spot for indoor shows at present being Joe Turner's arena that seats about two thousand or not sufficient to show the classy boys what Washington fans go for. Frankie Mann, for years, Washington's leading fight promoter, intends to get back into the game this coming winter and it is problematical whether Frankie will be the man behind the boxing at the new enterprise. Pete Sarron the newly crowned featherweight champion of the world is back in Washington after a trip to the coast and south-west. Jimmy Erwin, who looks after Pete and also Buck Everett, is hanging around Washington angling for a match for Everett with Marty Gallagher which will do ten grand or better, considering that Gallagher drew eight thousand dollars with King Levinsky. Washington will stage the first twenty-round fight seen in this locality since the early days of Kid Williams and George Chaney in Baltimore when Phil Furr and Jackie Portney square off at the Griffith Stadium.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

JOHNNY STEVENS, one of the best 135 pounders developed around the Queen City since the bygone days of Kayo Mars, turned in victory number two over the veteran Flint, Michigan star, Roger Bernard. 'Twas a day when Roger could of spreckled Stevens a-plenty but the old punch and vim are gone and he fell prey to a pair of successive losses to the Cinci southpaw.

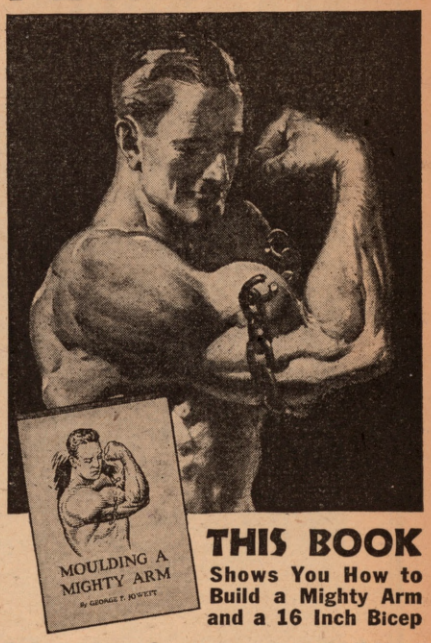
Buddy Knox, fighting better than he ever did in the Chicago tourney, knocked out the Birmingham Greek, George Vallas, in six heats.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS . . . . Frankie Stoker and George Walker, Columbus managers, are shouting the praises of Bobby Keppler a bantamweight, as the best Capital City prospect in that division since the halycon days of the O'Dowds . . . . Keppler, among others has defeated Joey Palmo and Johnny Edwards and any promoters who would like to use this starring Buckeye bantam can contact Stoker or Walker at 131 W. Park Avenue in Columbus . . . . Jackie Davis, former New York and California welterweight, who deserted the ranks of the promoter to try a comeback has broken even in his two comeback trys, both of which were staged at Plainville, Ohio, against Motzy Hill . . . . Davis dropped a very close ten round slug fest in the first, but in the second after handing Hill a torrid licking for three rounds, Hill fouled Davis in the fourth . . . . Eddie Borden is flashing his "BANG" boxing journal in big league style . . . . "BANG" really gives the real info on the boxing market and every fan, promoter and athlete should get Eddie's first edition the middle of September . . . . you can get in touch with Eddie at the Forrest Hotel in New York City . . . . my Universal Sporting Club which hopes to have 15,000 members by November 1st is getting stronger and stronger with the passing of each day . . . . the Club is along the lines of a pen pal club and invites its members to exchange their views in their respective sports . . . . the dues are only 10 cents in cash per year and you can get your application member blank by writing me at 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati, O. . . . . Lloyd Pine, Akron's great featherweight, is preparing for a busy indoor season . . . . Pine hopes to inveigle champion Petey Sarron into a title match this winter . . . . Lee Cox, Cinci welterweight, is planning a tour of California . . . . speaking of Lee, you can find three former great fighters in downtown nite clubs, acting as floor managers . . . . they are Ray Taylor and Cox at the Cat and the Fiddle, and Frankie Palmo, across the street at Kelly's Garden . . . . Cox is the lone one of the three planning a comeback . . . . Lee can do it if he tries in the right way . . . . there are plenty of real fights in the little curley headed Cincinnatian's machinery . . . . you can get all the info you desire from this section by dropping me a line (enclose return postage) at 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Smokey Maggard, veteran Cincinnati heavyweight, is making a grand comeback. Smokey, deserting the wrestling game for good, has split a couple of knock 'em down six round decisions with Noble Wallace, the Indianapolis star. Both of the bouts were staged at the Parkway outdoor bowl. Promoters Herman and Maxwell Katz are seeking a return match between these two maulers over the ten round route.

Lou Barney, Dayton's socking light heavyweight, pulled a check in Cincinnati's claim to having both a light heavy and a heavyweight contender. First Barney held Tony Koenig a light heavy to a draw, then went on to beat Tony. To top this off, the Gem City socker came back and tore right into Joe Mueller's heavyweight comeback (Joey was laid up with a cracked jaw) by winning the verdict from Mueller after eight hard rounds right in Mueller's back yard. The bout was staged in Cincinnati. Dayton promoters are after a return match, as is the Katz Promotions of Cincinnati. At this writing Koenig and Mueller are slated for the 9th of September in a tenner at Cincinnati which this writer believes will be a leader up into a return go with Barney.

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



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CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

AUGUST was a pretty dead boxing month in Canada, particularly in Montreal where the sport was going full blast in July with the Olympic Trials and Dominion Championships highlighting four years of earnest amateur activities and the McCoy-Loughran humdingers doing much to bring the pro shows into higher favour. A couple of shows featuring amateur stars in exhibition bouts was about all the August boxing calendar could show with the professionals at a dead stop while awaiting Promoter Ludger Audette's initial fall presentation, scheduled at the Forum.

Lack of promotorial activity and rivalry is the main handicap to the progress and popularity of the game in Montreal—and that could go for the rest of Canada too. Another major factor, probably even more injurious to the sport, is the promotorial tendency to favour the services of battlers belonging to one or two large stables to the extent of "freezing out" managers and boxers of more worthy calibre. This situation, which savours of "small-time political methods" usually attributed only to certain types of cheap chiselers, is keeping the fans from seeing the kind of battlers and battling they want, as well as retarding the progress of brilliant prospects. When this clique is broken up then the game will prosper here with the fans turning out to see well matched battles between really genuine rivals.

The "stable proprietors" also get pieces of other fighters whose coaches or managers are not "inside" by getting them spotted on the cards. For instance, one of these gents, the major one, has three lightweights on the coming bill at the Forum, all of them against inferior opposition handpicked by the "proprietor" in preference to more logical rivals. Also a couple of heavyweights rematched are both controlled, apparently, by this proprietor as he was seen coaching the opponent in the Forum's training quarters one day. Many other such strange incidents that leave a bad taste in the mouth of real lovers of clean sport were in evidence and if it keeps up boxing's doom will be sealed so far as Montreal is concerned. Here's hoping the Montreal Commission will investigate and rectify this sordid state of affairs, it's been going on far too long.

Al McCoy is not showing his wares on the first fall card at the Forum, but is scheduled to battle Charlie Belanger, Winnepeg veteran, for the Canadian heavyweight title in their twice-postponed bout at Quebec City around the end of September or early in October. Manager Bill Brennan reports that McCoy's badly cut eye, sustained in the latter part of his second tilt with Tommy Loughran, is responding slowly but surely to treatment. Armand Vincent's original backers of the Quebec bout dropped out and Armand got to work and lined up two of the Quebec City newspapers to back the bout, which should go over big. Which is more than can be said about the coming card at the Forum, which we predict will attract a far from impressive attendance—watch and see.

Dave Castilloux, McCoy's cousin and stablemate, should be one of the lightweight topshots shortly. He is improving rapidly and fast scaling the ladder into the big time. His victory over Orville Drouillard, tough Windsor bulldog, took on added lustre with Drouillard's feat in holding Al Roth to a draw, though Roth is reported on the "chutes."

Oliver Shank and Harold "Babe" McLeod, wearers of the Dominion lightheavy and lightweight crowns respectively, have turned professional. Shank, one of Canada's creditable representatives at the Olympics, has scared all of the local heavyweights to cover and even has his troubles getting any of them to square off with him in training workouts. The terrific punching youngster should make rapid strides in the heavyweight ranks. He is from Alberta, whence he travelled the 3,000 miles to Montreal via cattle-train and is making Montreal his home, though New York may also be his stamping ground. With a little more experience Shank would be a sensation.

McLeod is the best of the recent local lightweight acquisitions to pro ranks. He is a veteran of amateur experience and consistency as marked by his winning three Provincial crowns as well as City title, to be crowned with the Dominion laurels in the Olympic Trials. Though unorthodox, McLeod is a popular and colourful performer, being a clever, tricky and aggressive scrapper throwing leather from all angles, and should prove more successful in the money ranks than the average amateur ring graduates here.

Fred "Kid" Osborne, Edmonton's holder of the Western Canada middleweight title, is making his mark as a coach. Osborne started off several good boys and is now grooming several promising lads under the colours of the Maple Leaf Boxing Club in Edmonton. One of his most promising young heavyweights is a 17-year-old German lad, Jack Thomas, who scales over 200, stands 6 ft. 2 inches, and packs a terrific wallop. Another progressing heavyweight pupil is Claire Dunbar, a 185-pound Irish lad of nineteen. Osborne also has a promising pair of middleweights in Mickey McGuire and Gordon Grayson.

Referring to mail:—Dave Cavadas—Sorry I must disagree with you about Jack Tebo and James J. Walsh. Upon checking up I was definitely convinced that Tebo knocked out Walsh twice as stated in "Topics" before. Any Edmonton sports writer will verify that Tebo kayoed Walsh in Fairview, Alta., on Feb. 22nd, 1933, and at Viking, Alberta, later in the same year, November 29th, to be exact. Am also advised that Eddie Wenstob ran out of a match with Tebo and kept going till he hit Chicago or Minneapolis. Hope that it will not be denied that Max Baer flattened Walsh in the first round recently at Vancouver. Also, with reference to Dominion-wide Commission, it is good idea though we already have a Dominion Boxing Federation. However, there is a campaign on foot to have the Government control all sports in the Dominion, and the Olympic aftermath helps that idea.

OLYMPIC BLASTS . . . . Officials in charge of boxing team did anything but cover themselves with glory . . . . not one of returning Olympic boxers satisfied with arrangements . . . . the boys lacked trainers . . . . two of them ate themselves out of their classes on the way over . . . . one was found to have a broken jaw after he got there . . . . they were promptly sent home and only four were left . . . . namely Oliver Shank, Billy Marquart, Maurice Camryee and Harvey Lacelles . . . . manger of team seldom on hand during training sessions . . . . coach of team, an absolutely inexperienced man except in matchmaking and arranging details for club shows, did his best which was well below mark . . . . returning home the boys disembarked at Montreal without funds . . . . took two of them, Shank and Marquart, to my home for temporary stays . . . . Camryee went to uncle's house for short stay while Lacelles was met by his folks from Ottawa . . . . other three were from Western Canada . . . . Marquart only one to have a bathrobe or dressing gown . . . . other three had been put into officials' trunks (accidentally on purpose?) . . . . while travelling on train 16 hours from Paris to Berlin athletes had no sleepers and found the floor most comfortable place to sleep on . . . . while the officials rode first class with sleepers and all . . . . even mixups in baggage arrangements . . . . some of the baggage came before their owners while other baggage trailed along a few days later . . . . no little inconvenience . . . . training schedule for boxers read . . . . up at 7 for roadwork, breakfast at 8, weigh in at 9, boxing at 10.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THE old controversy as to whether a boxer who surrenders between rounds loses the fight in the session to follow or in the previous round, was revived at the heavyweight bout between Max Marek, former Chicago Golden Gloves and National A. A. U. champion, and Vincent Parrille, veteran South American battler, at White City out on the South Side of Chicago, September 4, and resulted in confusion comparable to the famous title scrap between Jack Dempsey and Jess Willard at Toledo, O., July 4, 1919.

Parrille assimilated a beating in each of the first four rounds of the scheduled ten-round encounter, returning to his corner after the fourth displaying a bad cut over his left eye. He was not allowed to come out for the next round. Tommy Gilmore, the referee, failed to announce in which round the match had terminated. Consequently, no official decision was rendered until nearly twenty-four hours later when Joe Triner, chairman of the Illinois Boxing Commission, made known that Marek had won in the fourth and not the fifth round. The chairman referred to the Masquis of Queensberry rules, which have governed boxing for the last seventy-one years, in explaining the decision.

The rules, framed in 1865 by the Marquis of Queensberry, a British peer, who was a great boxing enthusiast, and Arthur Chambers, famous lightweight of the era, provide:

(a) That the contestant failing to come up when time is called shall lose the contest.

(b) That the referee shall decide any question not provided in the rules and the interpretation of them.

"The rule provides that ten seconds before the beginning of a round the timer shall give a warning by blowing a whistle and indicate the start and finish of a round by striking a gong," Chairman Triner pointed out. "The timer did not blow his whistle or ring the bell, so officially Marek is credited with victory in the fourth because the fifth never began."

It will be recalled that the Dempsey-Willard match was officially ended in the third round, although Big Jess' seconds sailed a towel in the ring just before the bell in the fourth, indicating the champion had surrendered. This final verdict was announced two days after the conflict had been held.

May we ask that contributions be sent to your correspondent at the Chicago *Tribune*? . . . . Max Marek was paid 27½ per cent of the net receipts for his victory over Vincent Parrille and the South American got 17½ per cent . . . . Harry Thomas, Eagle Bend, Minn., slugger, who won his first eight Chicago appearances, six by knockouts, entered the ring just before the battle started and challenged the winner . . . . Lucinda Brown serves as housekeeper for Mr. and Mrs. Joe Louis at their home in Bronzeville, territory inhabited by colored folk out on the South Side . . . . Jim McFarland, brother of Packey, former lightweight star, now member of the Illinois Boxing Commission, looks like a movie actor, according to Clair Kelly of the Chicago *Evening American* . . . . Upon his return from Washington, D. C., where he seconded King Levinsky in a losing scrap against Marty Gallagher, Trainer Walter (Whitey) Ekwert was surprised to discover Trafton's Gymnasium in the Loop was closed on Labor Day. "The place must be operating on a profit," was his comment to nobody in particular.

Willie Buff, former amateur lightweight titleholder, is called Bill at the Beverly department of the Young Men's Christian Association, where he is athletic director . . . . Carl Fasnaugh was defeated by Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland, at Marigold Gardens in his first test at ten rounds. It was the twenty-year-old Toledo, O., lightweight's first defeat in six starts here . . . . Johnny Fitzpatrick, former New York featherweight, quit the ring and got married, the newlywed's home being on the North Side . . . . Eddie Carroll, Ottawa, Ont., welterweight benedict, wasted no time whipping Scotty McLean of Peoria in a contest here, Referee Jimmy Lavelle stopping it in the fourth round. McLean was floored in the final round after having been the recipient of a barrage of lefts and rights which caused his eyes to swell and his nose to bleed.

Tony Gregor, 209-pound local fighter, held Danny La Marr to a draw after a hard four-round scrap at White City. Rolla Taylor, wild swinging St. Louis 155-pounder, made short work of Al Latie, scoring a knockout in two minutes of the first session. Al Nettlow, former Detroit *Free Press* sectional Golden Gloves champion, was too strong and clever for Jimmy Richards, truck driver-boxer, in their scheduled five-round encounter. Referee Tommy Gilmore stopped the one-sided battle after one minute and forty-eight seconds had elapsed in the third round. Richards suffered two no-count knockdowns in the third.

Sam Clapham, former heavyweight wrestler, member of the Illinois commission's mat refereeing staff, was twenty-four when he joined the Army prior to the World War. He was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Fort Worth, Texas, before his company was shipped to the other side. Sam was in the thick of the fight for fifteen months and won the rank of sergeant major. In an unguarded moment he told of being ten days in the trenches without once taking off his clothes. In one stretch he and his fellow soldiers went without food for forty-eight hours. Sam was hit by a piece of shrapnel, which made a hole the size of a quarter in his thigh, but he didn't know he was shot until he fell because of weakness.

Harry Thomas scaled 194½ pounds to Dynamite Jackson's 205 when he stopped his colored antagonist from Los Angeles in the second round of a scheduled ten-rounder in this city. On the same card, Chuck McCarthy, 1932 Cleveland *Plain Dealer* sectional light-heavyweight king, stopped Tony Rocco, Dallas, Tex., in two rounds, and Gene Higgins, Catholic Youth Organization junior welterweight, whipped George Dungey, Bloomington, Ill., in five rounds. Jack Kearns, former manager of Jack Dempsey and Mickey Walker, was at the ringside to take a gander at Thomas. Leo Rodak, South Chicago junior lightweight, and Billy Treest, Batavia, Ill., heavyweight, were introduced between matches.

I got this letter from Al Lippe: "I've left the hospital in New York after a six weeks' confinement there, but don't feel much better. What I need is rest and food. Am attempting to obtain enough to finance a trip to a more favorable climate. I did not see Ambers defeat Canzoneri in their title battle. I am very weak and can't walk much."

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Harry Wills will never get a chance at the world's heavyweight championship while Jack Dempsey remains title-holder, the Manassa Mauler declared . . . . Petition of the Chicago Coliseum club for a permanent injunction to prevent the Dempsey-Tunney championship contest at Philadelphia was granted by Judge Clinton H. Givan in Superior Court at Indianapolis. Promoter Tex Rickard did not believe the action would be operative in Pennsylvania . . . . Pinkie Mitchell, Milwaukee, Wis., arrived in Los Angeles for a defense of his junior welterweight title there against Mushy Callahan . . . . The scheduled ten-round bantamweight title encounter at the Cubs' baseball park, September 16, between Bud Taylor, Terre Haute, Ind., challenger, and Charley Phil Rosenberg was called off by Chairman Oswald W. Huncke of the Illinois Boxing Commission and the champion and his manager, Harry Segal, were barred for life in this state. Taylor was given title recognition by the Illinois board . . . . Disgust at efforts of the hoodlum element to gain control of the revived boxing game in Chicago was given as the chief reason for O. W. Huncke's decision to resign as chairman of the commission . . . . Jack Kearns, manager of Mickey Walker, former welterweight king, matched to meet Shuffle Callahan at Cubs' park, September 28, posted a $2,500 forfeit with the boxing commission.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

IN answer to Max Bishop, Sydney N. S. There are quite a number of amateur clubs in Toronto operating during the winter. Mel. Glionna and Joe Genovese are two good amateur featherweights.

Bobby Orr lost the fight against Werther Arcelli in New Bedford Mass. when the referee stopped the fight owing to a bad eye suffered by Orr. Bobby was leading easily for five rounds until the unfortunate ending.

Meyer Rowan, claimant to the colored lightweight title, is challenging Tommy Bland. Canadian claimant now making his home in Halifax, N. S. Rowan has beaten Frankie Cinque, the boy that K.O.'ed Bland in North Bergen, N. J., three months ago.

Sammy Luftspring and Baby Yack are back from their trip to Barcelona where they landed just as the rebellion broke loose. Luftspring would have made a good Canadian Olympic representative.

Wildcat Carter, the Westerner, who was in Toronto some time ago was K.O.'ed by Rudy Vastano in Portland, Me., in the first round.

Any replies to this column needing personal attention, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope, address 126 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Canada, we are always willing to help in any way. Any Canadian wishing to show in the U.S.A. who has a sound record, can be placed through this medium.

Sammy Luftspring of Toronto, has turned pro and entered the monied ranks in the Dominion . . . . which doesn't mean much . . . . judging by the promotion of the last few cards staged in Toronto. Although there is plenty of good welter material in this Dominion, including Wallace the

(Continued on page 54)

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Champ, Carroll, Genovese, Bland, Allen, and Orr, the last three fighting now in Halifax and the Eastern States with Orr in New York. But with Luftspring there is the possibility that Toronto promoters could build this boy up to be a leader in his class anywhere, if he takes things seriously.

Doc Cook, uncle to Luftspring, foremost Toronto welterweight, is thinking of promoting pro shows in Toronto.

We are glad to see Joe Louis back on top. Boxing is the better for this boy. He has always acted well and as long as he does, he should be given credit for his good work. The "terrible Sharkey man" did not show us that Joe has improved any, as he had nothing but courage left, and we'll say this for him, he showed more "moxie" in this fight than in many when at his prime.

Bobby Orr, Maritime star, now battling in the U.S.A., beat Irish Eddie Conley of Danbury, Conn. on points in the double-windup card staged at Bridgeport, Conn., although Orr was cut again, they battled like wildcats and had the crowd in an uproar through the eight rounds.

Billy Marquart and Ol Shanks of Winnipeg and Regina respectively, are to turn pro under Lawson Bampton of Montreal, P. Q. Hope you have success with them Bampton, they look like mighty good boys.

Meyer Rowan, colored lightweight, is still challenging Tommy Bland, Toronto's native son who has gone Maritimer with a vengeance. He is opening a gym down in the city by the sea, Halifax, N. S. He seems to have run out of local talent down there since his two victories over Joe Hartnett and Will Caroothers. Well until next month, Adios!

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES

By HERB McHUGH

THE aftermath of the Henneberry-Romero fight at Sydney Stadium has had the effect of turning most fight fans into bush lawyers trying to decipher the "two-way verdict" that was conceived in one of the sensational fistic happenings for many years.

Briefly this is what happened . . . . Keeping customers waiting for 45 minutes before entering the ring (details later), Romero, after collecting many cautions from referee, Joe Wallis, was eventually disqualified in the 12th round for continually ignoring the warning of hitting in the breakaway. During the heat of the moment and simultaneously with Wallis crowning Henneberry the winner, Romero let a punch go that landed well below the dotted line and caused Henneberry to jack-knife in agony.

Seeing the home boxer in distress, fans naturally thought he had been awarded the fight on a low punch which caused any amount of confusion seeing that the "no foul" rule is a recognized thing here . . . . Anyhow, the fact that the referee "crowned" Henneberry satisfied everybody that a decision had been given . . . . yet . . . . later in the night . . . . the N.B.C. revoked the verdict and gave out the information that the whole affair was . . . . "NO CONTEST."

The following day it was published that Romero's money would be withheld pending further inquiry, but that Henneberry would receive his percentage. The "gate," on a conservative estimate must have been around 6,000 dollars.

Romero made quite an unobtrusive entry into Australia along with George Simpson, and it was some time before he had his first fight. Eventually he stepped in with Jack Laurence's colored protege, Tommy Jones . . . . and what a fight it was, with Romero outslugging his opponent to grab the decision at the end of 15 rounds . . . . It was acclaimed by the critics as the best fight seen in years which is saying a lot considering the class of opposition that has appeared at Sydney Stadium . . . .

The natural fixture then was for Jack Munro, the N.B.C.'s manager, to fix up a Henneberry-Romero bout . . . . This done, everybody sat back and contemplated what a grand slam it would be . . . .

So far, so good . . . . A fine night, turnstiles clicking merrily and ringside bookings nice and healthy . . . . And then, so we're told, a demand at 8 p.m. from Romero of a 2,000 dollars guarantee before he would enter the ring . . . . It might be mentioned that Romero was not at the Stadium, but at his apartment, only a few minutes away from the battleground . . . . It was further gathered that Romero claimed that he was entitled to a 1,000 dollars for his first fight, which, according to him, he never received . . . .

Futile efforts at a reconciliation by various persons concerned with dispute were made, but Romero remained adamant in his demands . . . . Meanwhile at the Stadium the crowd was getting restless and wondering what all the delay was about . . . . Henneberry took his position in the corner and remained there for close on 15 minutes then retired once more to the dressing room. Just as it appeared hopeless and the management was on the verge of calling it a night . . . . Romero, all ready for the fray, burst into view . . . . what drama . . . . and what a relief . . . . sez you . . . . and me, too.

If Romero was perturbed, he didn't show it and got right on the job straight from the buzzer . . . . Henneberry, however, was coolness personified and stinging left handers repeatedly sent the Mexican back in his tracks . . . . The Australian champion was not taking any risks, which was understandable considering that he had been forced to lay off from boxing for over four months with a broken thumb . . . .

While Romero was always dangerous, he was not the fighting force he was against Jones . . . . Of course, the opposition was different and Henneberry never allowed any mistakes by the opposition to go by without collecting toll . . . . Romero had developed a bad habit of hitting after the bell and also from the breakaway . . . . On one occasion he received a heluva right to the "button" for his indiscretion . . . .

Although Romero was always willing to stand in and mix it, he found Henneberry too great a strategist and in my opinion the latter was ahead on points when the end came about . . . . A few critics, however, thought there was not much between the pair, but conceded that Henneberry was definitely establishing his superiority the further the fight proceeded . . . .

Unfortunately owing to the mail itinerary it is not possible to provide any further details . . . . Just what Romero's plans are regarding the publishing of the statement that his percentage of the "gate" has been withheld remains to be seen . . . .

Another matter that has been holding public interest is the possibility of Ambrose Palmer returning to the ring to fight Maxie Rosenbloom . . . . Palmer has asked for a guarantee of around 6,000 dollars and a further stipulation that the fight shall not exceed 12 rounds . . . . There does not seem to be much objection to the money part of the business, but the N.B.C. has informed Palmer that the fight must be of 15 rounds . . . . Last minute news is that Palmer has replied that unless a 12-rounds contest is agreed to, there will be nothing doing . . . .

So there is the position . . . . Meanwhile, Rosenbloom, according to the N.B.C. will be leaving by the *Mariposa*, the boat carrying this copy, should the proposed meeting with Palmer fall through . . . .

Rosenbloom and Leo Kelly journeyed to Melbourne and engaged in a return match . . . the result was a draw . . . . According to both sides, the decision was a lousy one . . . . just what the public thought, too, of the fight. It was the first big affair that has graced Melbourne for a long, long time, pulling in around 10,000 dollars worth of customers . . . .

Charlie Lucas is going ahead in big style with his world's title fixture between Barney Ross and Jack Carroll . . . . I read in one American sporting journal an alleged Australian sports writer who reckoned that people on this side could not be kidded into paying more than 5 dollars to see a fight . . . . I don't know this fellow, but he has much to learn . . . . The Ross-Carroll fight will pack as many in as the Sydney Sports Ground will hold . . . . and that is around 50,000 . . . . Lucas is charging a "25 dollar" top and it's a safe bet that there will be very few left at this price when the big night arrives . . . .

MAINE MITT MORSELS

By CHARLEY MILLER

TOMMY REGAN of Bangor, weighing 147, smashed a win over Frisco Dick of Augusta at the Bangor Pavilion. Carroll Mullins of Bangor, rising young middleweight, made it fourteen straight when he decisively defeated the clever Dale Foye of Portland in a four-round semi-final. There were three knockouts on the card. Seth Parker of Bangor K.O.'ed Wildman Curtis of Bangor in the third, while Al Worchester of Rockland put the skids under Shady Dulac of Waterville in the third. In the opener Young Bolduc of Waterville stopped Shug Bretton of Bangor in the second round.

At Bar Harbor, Tuffy Taylor of Seal Harbor won over Bennie Lizotti of Bar Harbor on a technical knockout in the fourth. Tommy Regan of Bangor put the skids under Young Emery of Southwest Harbor in the third. Dick Robinson of Southwest Harbor stopped Battling Nelson of Bangor in four. Henry LaGasse of Old Town put the K.O. on Jack Courtney of Bangor in three. Blackie Madore of Millinocket stopped Don Cray of Ellsworth in two heats while the opening showed Kid Bouchard of Ellsworth won the bout from Young Withee of Hampden.

Over at Portland, Rudy Vastano, the tough Fort Williams lightweight, is seeking tougher opponents. He has an ambition to take on Steve Salek as Salek stopped Vastano's winning streak last year.

Tommy Regan, the Bangor boy, and Roy Wheelock of Eastport fought a fast fight at Rockland with Regan coming out on top. Butch Wooster of Rockland and Eddie Thornton of Gardiner went six rounds, with Butch having the better of it. Cracker Favreau of Rockland knocked out Baby Face Bellevance of Augusta in the third. Young Wooster of Rockland knocked out Young Comier of Augusta in the second, and Kid Carter of Camden had the better of Young Sargent of Portland in the opener.

Tommy Burns, Bangor's classy young middleweight, climbed a step higher when he defeated the highly touted Stanley Civiski of Winslow at the Bangor Auditorium. Burns was formerly welterweight champion of Maine's amateurs and now, as a middleweight, has won his three pro starts.

Another promising looking young middleweight who is fast climbing the ladder is Carroll Mullins of Brewer. This clever young Irish lad has won twenty straight victories, seventeen of them by the knockout route.

Bill Geagan, widely known Bangor sports writer and newspaper cartoonist, who discovered and developed Al McCoy and Dave Castilloux, plans to have the two proteges move to New York from Boston. Bill is also doing much to encourage Tommy Burns and Carroll Mullins.

Mickey Serrian, crack New York welter, is at Charley Miller's training camp on the shores of Moosehead Lake rounding himself in tiptop condition for a busy fall and winter . . . . This camp put Al McCoy in great shape for his last two fights at Montreal where the Maine boy held Tommy Loughran to a draw and copped the decision in the first encounter . . . . McCoy soon will move to New York, and no doubt will take along the veteran trainer, Charley Miller, to keep him in winning order . . . . Boxers of experience, who are free from managerial contracts, should write to Miller's Training Camps on Moosehead Lake, Greenville, Maine, and no doubt will get a chance to show in these parts and Canada.

JULES MONTES PROMOTES AGAIN

Jules Montes is back in harness in San Antonio, where he will promote shows this fall and winter. He is anxious to contact fighters and fight managers who have good boys.

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HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

LOU ALPERTS continued his winning streak by beating Ralph Morgan in eight rounds at No. Adams.

Johnny Barinowski of Dalton, has won every fight he has taken part in and the greater part of them by K.O.'s.

Harry Conley looked good in stopping Ray Courtney at North Adams, in four rounds. Harry has yet to lose a fight in his two years of fighting.

Alex Veradt of Taunton, won over Ray Collins in the main bout of eight rounds at the meadowbrook Arena, No. Adams. Elmer Ciccone won over Doug Murchie in eight; Harry Conley stopped Ray Courtney in four; Johnny Dube won over Sammy Athas in six; and Young Flynn stopped Johnny Barrows in three rounds of an opening four rounder.

Joe Marciente of Brooklyn, won by a technical K.O. when Bobby Blake's seconds tossed in the towel in the fourth round, after Blake had been down twice. Doug Murchie, North Adams, beat Eddie Banks of Charlestown, in eight rounds of a good fight. Fiore Maruco of North Adams, won over Eddie McLaughlin of Boston, in the other eight rounder; Johnny Dube won over Tommy Grady by a technical K.O. when Grady had to stop owing to a cut inside the mouth. Terry Rogers won over Freddie Wright.

Johnny Schebelli of Jersey City, won over Gus McLellan of Nova Scotia, N. S. in the main bout of eight rounds at North Adams, in a very good fight. Schebelli's reach enabled him to land on the short and willing Nova Scotian. Lou Alpert won over Ralph Morgan in eight rounds; Fiore Maruco knocked out Bob Burlingame in two rounds, and Johnny Silva stopped Johnny Mack when his second's tossed in the towel at the end of the third round.

Ruby Bradley of Holyoke, was deprived of the New England Bantam title when he fought Tony Dupre at Holyoke's Valley Arena, a draw. Ruby gave the champion a boxing lesson for twelve rounds. Dupre a tall, strong boy in the pink of condition, never stopped trying. Joey Greb of New York, beat Tommy Rawson of Boston, in eight rounds.

Amateur boxing is going great guns in Thompsonville, Conn., the boys from Springfield and surrounding places are getting plenty of work there as they have been running weekly all summer. Roy Carvel, the Springfield middleweight who was barred out of the A.A.U. Amateur bouts, and looked good as an Olympic contender has been doing good work there.

Meyer Cohen, a great welterweight in his day, is training young boys at the Bijou Gym in Holyoke. Tommy Dunn, the lightweight who punched with the best, is working as a letter carrier in Springfield. Kid Pershing, former lightweight of North Adams, is working for his brother in a lunchcart. Chuck Prevey is a grocer in North Adams. Billy O'Brien is a Sports Reporter on a Springfield paper. Walter McCormick, his mentor, is engineer on the railroad. John L. Sullivan of Westfield, who toured the world in former years, and who met the best of the middleweights in his day, is back in Springfield along with Bob Lee, the black menace of Springfield.

Anyone desiring information in this vicinity of boxers and boxing clubs can do so by inclosing a stamp, my address is 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC" MITCHELL

BOZEMAN—Hubert Dennis, "The Bozeman Wild Cat" Bozeman, won a TKO in the seventh round over Floyd Morey. Each weighed 134½. Morey is a very pleasing fighter. Dennis's body punches were damaging and in the seventh Dennis hit Morey on the point of the hip that seemed to paralyze Morey's leg. Dennis made his usual pleasing fight but injured his bad thumb which will keep him from filling his engagement with Al Roth, in Madison Square Garden. In the semi-final Barney Duran, Stockton, Calif., took the decision over Jimmy "Babe" McCusker, Bozeman. Duran made many friends in Montana and will be welcomed back. In another six rounder, Billy Azevedo, Modesto, stopped Vidal Ballard, Pocatello, Ida., in two. Leo Barrone, Livingston, stopped William "Bill" Penntello, Bozeman, in 4. Ray "Kid" Zaccarez, Stockton, stopped Bob (Robert) Sandage, Lincoln, Neb., in 17 seconds of the first round. Joe Hunter, Roundup, drew with Tom Preston, Bozeman, in four.

FORT PECK—Ray "Kid" Zaccarez, Stockton, took the decision in ten over Chuck Haines, Seattle, in eight. This was a fine card throughout. Hubert Dennis was to have fought Haines, but on account of his injured thumb, Zaccarez was substituted. Many fans in Montana and neighboring states would like to see Ray Zaccarez and Dennis matched.

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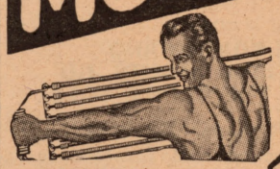

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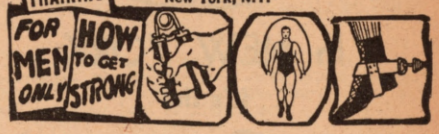

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BUSHY Graham the Utica speed merchant provided the only pro boxing entertainment in this section the past month, knocking out Joey Zodda of New York in two rounds at Utica Stadium before 2,500 fans. Graham swarmed all over Joey, and the New Yorker never had a chance. The actual knockout was a masterpiece of perfect timing and hitting power.

Bushy wants to invade Manhattan and take on some of the top-notchers but reports coming to our ears indicate none of the boys on the top rung of the ladder care to mix with Graham, for one reason, or another. Perhaps they figure he is too dangerous and they are taking too big a chance in meeting him. They reason beating Graham would not be considered a great feat, whereby a defeat at the hands of the Pent Up City veteran would just about ruin them.

A crowd of 4,500 saw Ralph De John of Syracuse defeat Paul Mahoney of Buffalo, at Offerman Stadium in Mahoney's home town. De John continues to improve, and press reports say he took every one of the six heats against the Bison City flash.

Syracuse has had plenty of amateur boxing the past month, but none of the pro variety. Sam Leta of Rochester defeated Bob Heitzman of Utica; Jimmy Rocco, Toronto bested Hughie Smith, Rochester Negro; Art Anderson, Jamestown outpointed Joe Borrell, Endicott, and Lou Presto of Buffalo beat Sam Leta of Rochester, in the last four main bouts.

Babe Risko, dethroned middleweight king is training for several fall bouts Gabe Genovese has arranged for him on the coast. The Babe was due to engage in a return bout with Teddy Yarosz at Pittsburgh as this was written, and also hopes for another crack at Freddie Steele.

Hughie Shannon of Buffalo was in town with the American Legion convention which drew some 20,000 vets to Syracuse . . . . Boxing managers who write us requesting information please enclose a stamp, as we received an avalanche of mail last month . . . . Stamps cost money . . . . Johnny Burba, Rochester Elk's club matchmaker would like to hear from amateur boxers anxious to perform in the Flower City . . . . Joe Feldy goes back into Elmira for the fall and winter after a successful summer season in Oswego where he staged some great action fights . . . .

The New York police here for the legion convention, were a swell bunch of guys . . . . Their headquarters were installed in a vacant store next to Sam Birney's ticket agency for local fight clubs and the cops drummed up plenty of business for the amateurs . . . . Leading simon-pure biffers showing here thus far are: Bert Courage, Sam Leta, Jimmy Rocco, Art Anderson, Lou Presto and Mal Lewis . . . . A 500-pound wrestling bear, they call him Samson, did his stuff before the fans on a recent Arena card and made a big hit . . . . Samson, Zip the police dog with the human brain, and Captain John Mars, all from Hollywood played most of the fight clubs in this section . . . .

Joey Brown walloped out a duke over Midget Doyle of N'Yawk at Binghamton, making a tremendous hit . . . . Irv Robbins is on the lookout for some potential heavyweight material . . . . Billy Browne, the slickest referee in the business works five shows a week for the A.A.U. . . . . Billy is speed, personified, so fast in the ring you wouldn't know he was in there . . . . Babe Amos turned down two fights because he was out of shape . . . . He is in great form now and ready for any 160-pounder in the world.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Rocky Glen, (Amateur's)—Before seven thousand boxing enthusiasts which was the largest crowd ever to witness a simon-pure show staged in the Coal Regions. Seven new champions were crowned in North Eastern Penna. In the flyweight bout Mickey Early of Dunmore, kayoed Roy Price of Minooka in the first round . . . . The new bantam champ, Bill Speary of Nanticocke, was a T.K.O. winner over Eddie Long of Scranton . . . . Mickey Donovan of Nanticoke, was awarded the featherweight title in defeating Al Ianniazzio of Dupont . . . . Rego Dell of Dunmore, kayoed James Ashman of Scranton, to win the lightweight crown . . . . Andy Pompey of Minooka, decisioned Pat Corbett, a brother townsman, in the welterweight class . . . . Jackie Munley of Old Forge, won the middleweight title by stopping Jim Eskelly of Thornhurst, in the first round . . . . In the final bout Tom Callahan of Scranton, won the light-heavy title when he kayoed Mike Glovack, also of Scranton . . . . The new champions were honored guests at a luncheon given by the Rocky Glen Amusement Park. They will be given tickets and expenses for the next big heavyweight fight staged in New York City this indoor season . . . .

Just Rambling . . . . Eddie Brink of Scranton, surprised the entire sporting element when he gave Pedro Montanez the hardest fight he had since coming to this country. Although loosing a ten round decision, Brink was nearly a winner by a T.K.O. when the referee stopped the battle to examine a bad cut over the eye of the Porto Rican in the tenth round . . . . Eddie McGeever of Scranton, drew in a ten round bout at Detroit with Speedy Johnson . . . . Pete Couters of Mt. Carmel, a rising young welter is under the watchful eye of Joe Malloy, former boxing promoter of that town and a present Revenue Inspector working out of Harrisburg . . . . Three Star Hennessey, has Jimmy Young, a middleweight from Dunmore under his wing. Young should go places in his chosen profession if properly matched . . . . Al Murphy, former Scranton lightweight, is a bartender in Scranton and can be seen as third man at most boxing shows in the Coal Fields, in his spare time . . . . Andy Pompey, new welterweight champ of North Eastern Penna. is also a very good baseball pitcher and should go far as a college athlete . . . . "Whitey" McGrail, bartender for Jack Messett can always be seen with his head stuck in the middle of a RING Magazine, which keeps him posted on boxing news from all parts of the world . . . . The writer can be reached at 220 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton. He is always willing to answer all question's pertaining to boxing in the Coal Fields . . . . The Hazleton A.C. will soon open with Rex Fallabell and Steve Kahley on top . . . . Paddy Sweeney is the former trainer of the Latzo brothers, he still can be seen reading RING Magazines in his spare time . . . . Hank Stezar will spring with a high class boxing show for his first indoor attraction at Scranton . . . . With the indoor clubs about to swing open look for a Big Column next month . . . . THE RING can be purchased at most news stands throughout the Coal Fields. When in Scranton, you can buy THE RING at Spe's Book Shop at Linden St. and Wyoming Avenue.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THE scene is in a dressing room at Benjamin Field at Tampa, Fla. Just a few moments before, Chino Alverez, lightweight champion of Dixie had knocked Ritchie Mack for a row of ashcans.

As Chino planked himself on the rubbing table some one from the crowd remarked, "Chino, you are a damn good boy. You ought to go to New York." Others repeated similar statements. Chino was elated and one could now see that his mind was a thousand miles away. Could he possibly be thinking how he first started out as a curtain raiser, then a four-rounder, a six and finally a main event and big money? Could he have been visualizing the insurmountable difficulties he had to face to reach the top, and how his stock soared to appreciable heights and as he rose so did his popularity?

"I'll be the next world's lightweight champion within a year," he admitted as he reached for slips of paper and a pencil. "As a matter of fact I am better than the champ is. Ambers isn't good enough to carry my bucket, still he is champion."

It is of interest to Southern fans to see another youth in the first ten. And it is more pleasing to note that he is ranked the third ranking lightweight in the world. His name is Howard Scott and he came into the elite circle by trouncing Frankie Klick. Howard has given a good account of himself since he has made Washington his home. Since joining under the guidance of Gabe Menendez, Scott has bested Bat Battalino on two occasions as well as taking in other lesser known boys. Goldie Ahearn, Washington promoter is aiming on bringing Pedro Montanez to the Capitol to face Scott and if his plans materialize, what a gate this bout will bring uot.

With Alverez and Scott holding the limelight in the lightweight division, Little Boy Safrit, welterweight champion of the Carolinas, is flashing across the fistic horizon in all his glory. Little Boy has compiled a record of late that any one will be proud of.

At Tampa, Chino Alverez bested Roger Bernard and came back to stop Ritchie Mack in great fashion.

Harold Wright, Savannah boxing promoter, is looking for some good lightweight to face Chino. Any boy desiring to come here should get in touch with Mr. Wright at Sullivan's Recreation Hall, Savannah, Ga.

Be sure to get your notes in to me by the first of each month. Correspondence regarding the sport is welcomed. My address is 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JIM WICKS, the genial promoter of boxing at Wandsworth Stadium greyhound track, is to be congratulated for the show he put on. It drew a crowd of twelve thousand fans, and everyone went away well satisfied with the fare served up.

Maurice Strickland won in convincing style when he caused the referee to stop the contest in his favor in the seventh round when he met Dave Carstens.

Archie Sexton again defeated Frank Hough in a ten-round contest at 168 pounds. Sexton proved too clever and Hough, who never stopped trying, was defeated after a sterling bout over ten rounds.

Amazing scenes followed Referee Jack Hart's decision after counting out Dave McCleave in the fifth round of his contest against Jack Lord of Bolton. After an even four rounds, Lord struck a very low blow, a swing that went *very low*. (I say this as I was near enough to have a clear view of the blow that put McCleave out.) The referee, who seemed to have his back turned at the moment, could not have seen the blow, and counted McCleave out.

Alby Day scored a convincing win when he forced Jimmy Stewart to retire at the end of the fifth round.

Tiny Bostock gained a clever points victory after eight rounds over Joe Hardy.

George Odwell reversed the points decision that Jimmy Vaughan gained in their first encounter when he was declared the winner at the end of ten hard-hitting rounds at the Mile End Arena.

Billy Ross and Joe Leese fought a twelve-round contest at the Stadium Club, in which Ross received the referee's decision.

Jack Powell fell foul of the referee when the latter ruled him out in the fifth of a twelve-round contest against Billy Graham at Sheffield. The blow that Powell was disqualified for was hitting with the back part of the glove.

Tommy Stewart repeated his T.K.O. victory over Mick McAdam of Airdrie in the third of a ten-round bout at Belfast.

Billy "Kid" Brooks started his 10rds contest against Chris Benson, at a very fast pace at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and kept the early lead till the end to gain the decision.

Jimmy Walsh delayed his honeymoon trip to Ireland two days so that he could carry out his contract to meet Harry Craster in the latter's home town.

The 10rds bout was full of interest but found that Walsh knew too much about boxing. At the end the referee gave his decision to Walsh, who won by a clear margin.

Ronnie James soon got into his stride in his bout with George Morgan and dealt out many hard punches before putting the latter down for the full count in the third of a 12rds contest, at Newport.

A packed house rewarded the promoters at Mile End Arena, when George Rose outclassed Jack Powell for eleven rounds, before the referee stopped the contest.

Phil Bevan a promising lightweight was out of his class when he met George Odwell, the referee stopped the contest, at the end of the ninth.

Freddie Mitchell stopped Chris Benson, The Coloured Welterweight in the sixth, after the latter had taken considerable body punishment.

Billy Walker gained a smart victory over Leo Lee in a further 12rds contest that was full of thrills.

Len Beynon was ruled out in the sixth of a 12rds contest, at Cardiff, when he was judged to have hit Ken Jones low. Beynon at the time was well in front and looked like stopping his opponent when the unfortunate incident happened.

Mog Mason knocked out Billy Batt in the third of a 12rds contest at Bridgend.

Herbie Hill lost his Welsh Flyweight title to Pat Warburton who scored a K.O. in the 8th of a 15rds bout at Swansea Town Football Ground.

Maurice Strickland had an easy task beating Jack Pettifer at Carmarthan. Ten rounds sufficed for the New Zealander to do the trick when "Long Jack" took a count of nine, and one rising the referee stopped the one sided contest.

Jock McAvoy made a welcome reappearance to the ring at Blackpool by knocking out Bob Simpkins, in the seventh of a 10rds contest with a right uppercut to the jaw. In the other bout, Johnny King, British Bantamweight Champion, easily outpointed Boyo Burns over the 10 rounds course.

Norman Baines boxed a 10 round draw with Bert Ikin at the Crystal Palace in the featherweight competition. Griff Williams won the final when he defeated Vincent Elliot of Leeds on points after 6rds.

Larry Gains gained a comfortable points win over the Holland Champion, Harry Staal, over 10rds at Cheltenham.

Tommy Hyams made a gallant bid against Alby Day in their 10rds contest at Mile End Arena.

The boy lasted well into the 7th with Hyams in the lead. A left to the jaw had him dazed and the referee saw his helplessness and stopped the contest in favor of Day.

George Rose reversed a previous decision by handing the K.O. to Paddy Peters in the 4th of a 10rds contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Bob Firmin and Ernie Simmons met over the 15rds course in an eliminating Cruiserweight match at Lowestoft. Both men battled hard and dealt out heavy punishment and after this hard bout, the referee gave his decision as a draw, leaving them to fight it out again.

Len Wickwar gained a points' victory over Tommy John after a glorious scrap over the 12rds course at Swansea.

K. O. Morgan, The Detroit Bantamweight, was disqualified in the fourth round of his contest with John Cusick, at Cathkin Park, Glasgow.

Morgan had previously been cautioned for low blows and when he again landed below the line, the referee had no hesitation in disqualifying him, handing Cusick the decision.

Joe Connolly won the Scottish Lightweight title from Joe Kerr, after a glorious scrap at the Caledonian Stadium, Glasgow, over 15rds. In the chief supporter over 10rds, Chuck Parker, easily defeated Natie Rose, of Canada.

Manuel Abrew, Scotland's Coloured Heavyweight Champion, again demonstrated his superiority over Alec Bell, when they met in a return match at the N. S. C. Leith. The bout was stopped in the 11th round, after a hectic encounter when Bell's seconds skied the towel, after examining his eye, which was completely closed.

After the contest, Bell went to the local hospital, where his younger sister lay dying. He gave her a blood transfusion but it failed. He made her last moments happier by saying that he had drawn with Abrew, and after congratulating him, she passed away.

Jimmy Lester, the useful Dagenham featherweight, caused a surprise when he outpointed the seasoned Johnny Peters, at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, over 12rds.

Roy Mills confirmed his previous win over Hal Starkey at North Shields after a comfortable journey of 12rds.

A fast 10rds bout at Borough Hall, West Hartlepool, saw George Bunter receive a narrow decision over Pat Haley. The best fight of the night was between Al Capone and Harry Edwards, the latter receiving the decision after a great bout.

Bob Wolfenden, the promoter of The Junction Stadium, Manchester, was again rewarded with a good house when he staged the Fred Morris-Billy Charlton bout over 12rds at 127 pounds. Both started at a very fast pace, and it was surprising that they were able to keep it up. At the finish Charlton received the decision.

Pat Warburton, The New Flyweight Champion of Wales, won over Peter Miller, in the 5th when the latter was disqualified for low blows after being cautioned by the referee.

The death of Sir Harry Preston, at Brighton at the age of 76 was a sad blow to the sporting fraternity. Sir Harry, with his five feet two inches, had a heart of gold and not an enemy in the world.

Many will remember the shows of the Dome, Brighton, where Sir Harry paid himself, all the expenses of the place so that the receipts should go to the Brighton Hospital.

Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier, and every boxer of any note has at some time or other boxed at one of his annual shows.

These should be kept up annually, as a remembrance to one of Great Britain's greatest sportsmen.

"May His Soul Rest In Peace."

The death of Sir Harry Preston was followed within a week by the death of Captain Ernest V. Chandler, who gave his blood, in an attempt to save his friend's life.

After the operation Capt. Chandler went to a Turkish Bath and then played a round of golf. He was suddenly taken ill and passed away through blood poisoning within a week.

When Capt. Chandler died he had not been told of the death of Sir Harry. He did not know that his heroic offer had failed to save his friend's life.

"Buster" Osborne scored a quick K.O. over George Rose, when he put the latter out in the 1st of a 10rd contest, at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Maurice Strickland defeated Berthold Meltzow in the 8th when the latter retired after taking severe punishment. The bout drew a large crowd at Barnard's Promotion, Plymouth.

One of the most sensational heavyweight contests was staged by James Panter at the Leicester Rugby Football ground before a crowd of 20,000 people. Ben Foord, the South African, became the first Dominion holder of the British and Empire title, when he all but K.O.'ed the title holder, Jack Peterson in the third round.

The third and final round was full of thrills both landing hard rights to each other's jaw. Foord's heavier punching put Petersen down for eight and when he rose, he was very groggy and an easy target for the South African. The referee stepped in when he saw that Petersen was unable to defend himself and led him to his corner.

The new champion weighs 204 pounds, is as tough as steak, standing 6 feet 2 inches, and is finely built.

In the supporters, Eddie McGuire, of South Africa, defeated Moe Moss in the second of an eight rounder.

Max Hodgetts and Bert Ikin met in a heavyweight scrap over 8rds, the former receiving the decision on points.

Charlie Bundy, outpointed Reinus De Boer after a good bout.

Len Wickwar and Elfryn Morris fought a very fast bout of 8rds to a draw.

Nat Franks outpointed Paul Schaefer at the Mile End Arena, after 10 hard rounds. Although he was put down for two counts from Schaefer's hard right hand punches. He recovered and was a winner.

Jackie Hurst, found Goff Williams too aggressive for him and was well outpointed over 12rds.

"Buster" Osborne gained a quick victory over the K.O. route when he put George Rose down for the full count, in the first of a 10 round contest at the Devonshire Club.

Dick Corbett, won a clear points verdict over Dick Titley after 10rds of clever boxing at Walsall.

Battling Parkin showed improved form when he knocked out the Northern Area Middleweight Champion, Tommy Moore, in the fourth, after a hard punching bout at Manchester.

I have written glowing accounts of the victories that Peter Kane of Golbourne had won. But his best bout to date was the K.O. victory over the Italian flyweight champion, Enrico Urbinati, in the eighth of a 12 rounder, after a very hard bout.

The Liverpool Stadium has found another star that can pack their stadium so Johnny Best, their matchmaker, will have an easy mind when Peter Kane, the New British Flyweight sensation, is booked to appear there again.

Joe Connolly, the Scottish lightweight champion, gained a dramatic K.O. victory over Gustave Humery, lightweight champion of France.

The bout took place at Shawfield, Park, Glasgow, and a good crowd saw their champion almost out in the first round, from a left hook to the body. Connolly got up at eight, and fought back viciously and in the fifth round a perfect right to Humery's jaw put the Frenchman down for the full count.

Johnny McGrory, Scots featherweight champion, gained a points win over the Italian, Gustav Ansini, after a good bout over the 12rds course.

Dai Jones, Welsh middleweight champion, gained a narrow points victory over Tommy Martin, the coloured middleweight, after 12rds at Deptford.

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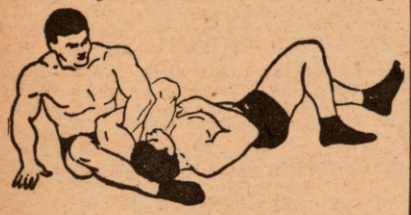

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

BOXING is booming in Detroit at this writing, with four clubs running weekly shows. Scotty Monteith at Arena Gardens, Bob Brace at Dearborn, Walter Sharp at Hazel Park, and Johnny Webber at Mack Park, are keeping the fighters busy.

Monteith has been running some fine shows at Arena Gardens, one of his shows packing the place. In this instance Bill Bommer was featured in a rematch with Fanis Tzanatopoulos, the Greek from New England, and after a bitter battle Bommer was awarded the "duke." In their earlier engagement, the Grecian warrior had come out on top. Both of their fights were gruelling battles, as neither ever takes a back step.

Chuck Woods came through with colors flying in two bouts during the month. Sammy Chivas provided plenty of opposition for the "Socking Serb," in a Navin Field bout, and later Pat Murphy, left hook artist from Indianapolis, was easily whipped by Woods in a bout at the same place.

Johnny Whiters, great colored heavyweight from Pontiac, showed plenty of ability in stopping Terry Mitchell, rugged trial horse from Brooklyn, in two rounds at Arena Gardens. Mitchell didn't have a chance with the fast punching Whiters.

Frankie DePaul, Detroit welter, who has been boxing in the West and South, returned to box Harry Moyer, Billy Rogell's battler in a main go at Mack Park, and though losing the decision, made plenty of friends with his showing. This was really a "honey" of a scrap, both boys throwing lots of leather. They were immediately rematched for a bout two weeks later.

Roy Finn, Toledo middleweight, has been the feature of Bob Brace's attractions at Dearborn recently, winning decisions over Hody Madon and Willie Peaks on successive Mondays.

Ward Snider, Flint welter, turned in a nice performance when he outpunched Colonel Barrows in a Hazel Park ring. Ward fought a fine uphill battle to win a popular eight round decision. In the semi-final George Burnette, a boy who has been going strong in the amateurs the past three years, made his pro debut in taking every round from Billy Beavan of Ypsilanti.

The Recreation Gym has become more or less a rendezvous for the leading fighters of Detroit. Al Burwell and Jakie Swartz seem to be doing well there. They have a swell welterweight named Frankie DePaul who looks like the goods. He is a nifty boxer with a hard wallop.

Considerable furore was created during the month when an unknown fighter claimed he had been forced to take a dive in a local bout. The fighter Tex Leonly was never heard of before, and it isn't likely he will again as he received an indefinite suspension, along with the promoter of the show.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

SAN FRANCISCO is famed the world over for its hospitality—the kindly manner in which it receives its visitors.

But when it comes to invading box-fighters, we must cast off our civic pride and admit that the local ringmen prove anything but warm and friendly to traveling battlers. First off, Phil Brubaker, the ex-divinity student, administered a nifty shellacking to the aging but yet formidable King Levinsky. Phil also bounced New York's Abe Feldman with the greatest of ease. Johnny Diaz of Boston and Mike Bazzone of Pittsburgh were boxed dizzy by our Young Corbett. Lee Savoldi of St. Paul, Minn., made a big hit in two starts here, but the fact remains that he was whipped in both by "Sonnyboy" Walker, transplanted Arizona heavyweight. Carmen Barth of Cleveland, ranked fourth best middleweight, was floored twice and soundly trounced by Ray Actis, who isn't listed among the first ten.

The latest importation was one Marty Simmons, a chunky, rough and tough middleweight from Saginaw, Mich. Marty took on the state champion, Fred Apostoli, in a ten-rounder at the Dreamland Auditorium and while Simmons proved to be a crowd pleaser with his willingness to take two to land one, he was beaten, decisively so, by Apostoli. It was Fred's first start in quite a while, and consequently, Simmons made him look bad at times with his boring in, rough and tumble style. Fred, however, had enough on the old ball to win by quite a margin and nearly put Simmons away in the eighth when he scored a jolting left hook to the jaw that staggered Marty and brought the claret from his nose and mouth. But the Michigan boy, a game, tough hombre, came back swinging and actually took the next round. Apostoli outfought Simmons in a furious tenth round and Referee Jack Downey hoisted the local boy's glove. It was a popular decision with the 3,500 fans, but Simmons got a real ovation for his gameness when he quit the ring.

"Sonnyboy" Walker, the young Arizona heavyweight managed by Frank Schuler, repeated his victory over Lee Savoldi of St. Paul, Minn., when he outslugged his opponent in a vicious ten-round battle at the Civic Auditorium. Savoldi, a sweet puncher with a left hook, floored Walker twice in the sixth but Walker had a good edge in seven rounds and was clearly entitled to the verdict, though there was more than a little objection when Walker's hand was hoisted. Outweighed nearly twenty pounds, Savoldi made a tremendously fine showing but Sonny was simply too tough.

Horatio Velha, 152, the champion of Portugal, belted out Sammy O'Dell, veteran Akron, O., Negro welterweight, in the ninth round of a scheduled ten-round top at the Oakland Auditorium. O'Dell was leading all the way but ducked the wrong way in the ninth. Velha clipped him with a left hook and Samuel went down—and out.

The annual Diamond Belt tournament wound up with eight champions being crowned, as follows: Heavyweight, Dan Fisk, Olympic Club, San Francisco; 175, Eddie Aune of Los Angeles; 160, Vic Nardini of Los Angeles; 147, George Holden, Athens Club, Oakland; 135, Edwin Stanley, San Francisco Presidio; 126, Delne Ontiveros, San Jose; 118, Ray Lunny, San Francisco C. Y. O.; 112, Louis Nelson, Salt Lake City.

Lunny, a flashy youngster, was again the class of the show, whipping Vern Bybee of Ogden, Utah, in the bantamweight final. Ray is one of the niftiest boxers in local Simon-pure ranks and gave the highly touted Bybee a bit of a pasting.

Gaston LeCadre, battle scarred French welterweight, and Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles Mexican, mauled through ten listless rounds in a main event at the Civic Auditorium. By the time Referee Toby Irwin got around to calling it a draw, half the crowd had gone home and the others were either asleep or voicing their disapproval in no uncertain terms.

It was an agony match of the first water, but just to keep the records straight, we can say that the Fighting (?) Apache had any edge there was. Pacho is the boy who floored Canzoneri and gave Barney Ross a pair of good arguments, but he must have slipped plenty in the past few months, for he looked anything but a first rater against LeCadre.

The four-round semi-windup, however, was a Donnybrook, as George Theodoratus, burly ex-Washington State College football star, was given his acid test in the person of "Tiny" Jim Thompson, 245-pound Oakland Negro. Referee Irwin waved it a draw after four slambang, smashing rounds during which Theodoratus' dynamite-laden right sent Jim down three times. However, the colored behemoth came on in the last two frames to dish out plenty and fight himself into the even break. Theodoratus is a terrific puncher, but green as grass. If he learns the ropes, and he should, under the tutelage of Paddy Ryan, this Greek Goliath will be a plenty tough proposition in any man's ring.

"Babe" Marino, chunky San Francisco veteran Italian, stopped Roy Ockley, Seattle, in the third round of Frank Scaler's first main event at Santa Rosa. Cecil Myart, sizable Los Angeles Negro, hammered out a ten-round win over Jack Casper, Galt, Montana, in a bout at the Oakland Auditorium.

Tony Marino fought Sixto Escobar for the bantamweight championship recently. It hardly seems possible that this is the same Marino who did some fighting in this state last year. The boy who kayoed Baltasar Sangchili and whipped Lou Salica was a great crowd pleaser out here, but lost the majority of his bouts. Among those who whipped him during the Pacific Coast sojourn were Small Montana, Midget Wolgast, and Pablo Dano. He was held to a draw by Speedy Dado.

Eddie Booker, the flashy ex-amateur Negro star, made his main event debut a successful one when he boxed his way to a close decision over Horatio Velha, welterweight champion of Portugal, in a ten-rounder at the new San Jose Civic Auditorium. Booker came from behind to ring up his twenty-third straight professional victory. On the same card, brother Earl, himself a former Simon-pure whiz, stopped Carl Butler in three frames, after flooring him four times.

Sonnyboy Walker, the rising young Arizona heavyweight, flattened "Moose" Irwin of Los Angeles in two rounds of a scheduled tenner at the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco. Walker knocked Irwin flat on his face, out cold, with a right to the jaw after giving the Southerner a nifty lacing. "Big Jim" Thompson, gigantic Oakland darky, whipped Garard DeClerq, former amateur champion, in six bruising frames; Carl Walker, Germany, kayoed Chet Shandell in three; Muff Gould whipped Stan Savoldi, brother of Lee, and Hugh McPhillips kayoed Frank Lucca in the second. All were heavyweights except McPhillips and Lucca.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

THE "big noise" out in Sunny California is Eddie Mead's Carmen Barth.

Barth, who won the Olympic Games middleweight title in Los Angeles in 1932, is the biggest attraction in Hollywood Legion Stadium.

On the short end of ten to seven wagering, the Ohio Italian pounded out a well-earned decision over Milford (Swede) Berglund at Hollywood. Three weeks later, they met in a rematch, and Barth flattened the rugged San Diego Swede as cold as a well digger's lunch bucket. It took several minutes to revive Berglund.

Incidentally, Mead has gathered together a strong boxing stable—the best in the West—with Barth, Frankie (Kid) Covelli, Davey Abad, Patsy Kelly, flaming red-head from Cleveland, and Henry Armstrong, whom Al Jolson recently purchased for ten thousand dollars from Wirt Ross and turned the colored star over to Meade to handle. "I'm going to stay in Sunny California with my wife, family and my fighters," declares the portly Irishman from New York's Hell-Kitchen.

New York writers seem divided on Joe Louis' present status, but Charles Francis Coe, the man who writes those brilliant yarns in the *Saturday Evening Post*, says: "Louis, without doubt, is a great fighter, the greatest prospect of modern times." Some day, if he gets the chance, Louis will be heavyweight champion of the world.

Frankie Castillo, Al Lang's great Mexican club fighter, who has never failed to make a hit at any club at which he has appeared, gave Star Frisco of Manila a close call in their ten-rounder at Stockton. Frisco, a big card in the Filipino stronghold, had to rally in the final heat. It was a nip-and-tuck battle all the way. Castillo is a miniature Hudkins.

Bill Miller, the boxing press agent and manager of Butch Rogers, aggressive heavyweight, did a swell job as p.a. for the world's heavyweight mat battle between Levin and Lopez at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles. Miller's my choice as the "top" boxing and wrestling press agent in the wide, wide world.

Los Angeles boxing writers dealt out terrific pannings to the California Boxing Commission for placing Davey Abad, veteran Panamanian, on the suspended list for "no ability," following his bout with Petey Sarron, N.B.A. featherweight ruler, at Hollywood. Since when does losing to a champion constitute lack of ability? Before he fought Sarron, Abad defeated two crack fighters—Perfecto Lopez and Johnny Page.

Sammy Christin, colored middleweight of Los Angeles, is still in the running for the $1,000 derby prize being offered by Joe Waterman of the Los Angeles Olympic for the best former amateur fighter turned pro during 1936. The little dark leather pusher, managed by Jack (Kid) Means, former middleweight contender from Wisconsin, always comes through with a great fight.

Billy Wells, former English welter, who claims he fought over five hundred ring battles, is now training Phil Brubaker, Dinuba, Calif., heavyweight.

Marty Simmons gave Fred Apostoli a close fight in their ten-rounder at Dreamland Arena, San Francisco. The Michigan middleweight made a favorable impression in his Frisco debut and will likely get plenty of action in California.

Eight months ago, Glen Lee was boxing prelim fights at the Los Angeles clubs.

Today, the Nebraska welterweight is one of the biggest attractions on the Coast. Within a short period of five months, the aggressive Lee defeated Leon Zoritta, Al Romero, Gege Gravante, Jackie Burke and Bobby Pacho. He sold out Hollywood Legion Stadium with Burke, a tough Utah fighter, who drew with Ceferino Garcia.

Much credit for Lee's success is due Lee's trainer and handler, Joey Greenberg, who conditioned the original Nebraska wildcat, Ace Hudkins, for many of his important ring battles.

Lee employs the same ring style that Hudkins possessed. He keeps boring in from bell to bell. He never throws a bad fight, and every boxing promoter on the Coast has open dates for him whenever he is idle.

The boy from Edison, Neb., fought in but twelve preliminary fights in Los Angeles. His first main event was against Al Romero, crack Mexican welterweight, who had fought Ceferino Garcia ten rounds. The price was three to one on the Latin. Lee did everything but send Romero to the receiving hospital, winning ten straight rounds. That fight established the boy from the Corn State as a main eventer in California.

Jack Allen, likeable boxing promoter of Vancouver, B. C., sends word to the writer that things are picking up Vancouver way. Gordon Wallace, a corking welterweight, is the best card in the Canadian city and packs them in whenever he is billed. There are few welters around the Northwest, so Allen gets his 145-pound fighters from California. Glen Lee, Al Manfredo and Joe Bernal will probably oppose Wallace during the winter months in Vancouver.

Wally Hally, the Salvation Army Kid, is now doing his scrapping under the wing of Gus Wilson and Tom Gallery. The blond bomber is in capable hands. Wilson is personally supervising Hally's workouts. The Los Angeles featherweight has a legion of admirers in southern California. He drew close to eight thousand dollars with Baby Arizmendi at the Olympic.

Business is so good at Ringside Gymnasium in Los Angeles that the Messrs. Johnny Keyes and Babe McCoy have installed another ring to handle the overflow of boxers quartered there. Lee Ramage, Al Manfredo, Junior Munsell, Pepe Del Rio, Abie Miller, "Flash" Garrison, Carmen Barth, Perfecto Lopez, Sal Hernandez, Juan Zirita, Leon Zoritta, Tommy Hart, Chief Paris, Rudy Mendez and a score of other mittmen are seen daily at the 12th and Hill Street club.

DOTS AND DASHES—Eight thousand people saw Henry Armstrong slash his way to a four-round knockout victory over game Juan Zurita at the Olympic . . . . The game of "Knock, Knock" as played by Gus Lesnevitch was entirely too rough for Ray Actis at Hollywood Legion Stadium . . . . the Hackensack, N. J., Russian gave the Frisco Kid a terrific belting . . . . the "gate" was $4,400 net . . . . either Lesnevitch or Carmen Barth will box Freddie Steele at the Los Angeles Olympic during December in an over the weight contest . . . . Suey Welch is handling Lesnevitch out here . . . . Ben Managoff, vet Armenian matman, came out to Los Angeles from Chicago to train Dave Levin in his match with Vincent Lopez at Wrigley Field . . . . "Babe" McCoy is booking Junior Munsell, Oklahoma Indian heavyweight, on the Coast . . . . the red-skinned battler gave Max Baer a hard six-round battle in Tulsa during Baer's tour through the South.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of action on the Coast with Al Lang, boxing manager, Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

THAT inimitable playboy and former world's heavyweight champion, Maxie Baer, paid a visit to Vancouver, B. C., to fight James J. Walsh, contender for the Canadian heavyweight championship. However, the fight lasted less than one round. Maxie came rushing out of his corner and landed a terrific left hook that came from nowhere to James' chin, and Walsh went down. At this point Baer's handlers jumped into the ring. Walsh got up at three, and his handlers could have won him the fight had they claimed foul.

The unheralded Midnight Bell pulled the biggest surprise of the month when he held Gordon Wallace to a ten-round draw in one of the sweetest fights seen here in a long time. It was a slam-bang affair from bell to bell, and it was a good draw.

Sonny Buxton, light-heavyweight menace, is not taking seriously the challenge of the Pahl brothers. Manny and Danny Pahl have challenged Sonny Buxton through their manager, Bud Davies, for heavyweight supremacy of British Columbia.

Eddie Wise, clever Montreal lightweight, won a close decision from Julius Troll. Dan Pahl knocked out the aging Ben Shave in three rounds. Al Hossack, protege of Ted Moore, knocked out Jackie Pettipiece.

ODDITIES—The Playfair Brown-Jack Allen combination failed to materialize . . . . Ted Moore is handling Sonny Buxton . . . . Frank Smithers has turned to promoting in Montana . . . . What has happened to Allan Fosten . . . . After beating Eddie Spina, the twenty-two-year-old lightweight disappeared completely from boxing circles . . . . Tommy Burns is now managing Robin Carrington . . . . Two Montreal boys, Eddie Wise and Morrie Blostein, are in the Northwest . . . . Eddie MacSporran of Calgary and Frankie Kameckie are also expected soon.

TEN-YEAR NORTHWEST MEMORIES—Jimmy McLarnin easily beats Sidney Glick . . . . Leo Lomski knocks out Joe Rosche . . . . Wildcat Carter wins decision from California Joe Lynch . . . . Carter rejects challenge of Bud Davies . . . . Vic Foley fails to make weight and loses Canadian bantam title to Jackie Johnston . . . . Foley beats Sylvio Mireault, earning right to meet Leo Kid Roy.

FIVE-YEAR NORTHWEST MEMORIES—12,370 customers paid $21,880 at Spokane to see Jack Dempsey knock out four local heavies . . . . Jimmy McLarnin returns home after bout with Billy Petrolle . . . . Although fifty-three, Jack Johnson boxed three-round exhibitions each one minute duration . . . . Billy Townsend knocked out Sammy Aquire of Los Angeles . . . . Wrestling makes big hit in Vancouver when women admitted free . . . . Wesley Ketchel knocked out George Dixon . . . . Sammy Santos won on a T.K.O. from Wildcat Carter . . . . Freddie Steele takes every round from Sammy Evans.

Freddie Steele fought his first fight since beating Eddie Babe Risko, when a scheduled ten-round fight ended in the second round with Jackie Aldare flat on his face.

This writer will answer all questions sent to him with stamped envelope. Address all queries to 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE open air boxing season is about over here and it has been one of the most inactive in the city's boxing history. Not a single pugilistic card has been developed. In fact there have been but two shows staged, and the mediocre talent used has left a bad taste in the mouths of the fans.

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A match slated to close the Queensberry club's Offermann Stadium offerings has just been announced and will have taken place before these lines appear in print.

Paulie Mahoney, young and coming South Side lad will tackle Ralph De John of Syracuse who has shown to advantage here in other appearances. They will travel six rounds at middleweight. Other matches are being arranged for the remainder of the program.

When Jimmy Clark comes back from the Olympics he is likely to turn pro but Jimmy will have to do a lot better in the paid ranks than he did as an American Olympic entrant if he is to make any progress. The Jamestown Negro starred in the Simon-pure ranks last season only to muff an elegant opportunity in Berlin.

George Nichols dropped a decision to John Henry Lewis, world's light-heavyweight champion, in their ten round non-title bout at St. Louis. The champion was in command of the situation throughout although Nichols got over a couple of hefty wallops which shook the Negro. The defeat eliminates Nichols from further consideration as a title bout aspirant.

King Levinsky pasted Big Boy Brackey in an open air bout at the Offermann Stadium here but the match itself was a tiresome affair leaving the fans well-nigh disgusted.

Buffalo is one of the best boxing towns in the U. S. A., but the promoters have fed the public bunk with a capital B. Any live-wire matchmaker who will furnish some real ring battles will make a go of it.

Establishment of a mammoth sports club, well financed and directed by an experienced managing director, is expected for Buffalo soon. And the patrons of boxing, bike-racing and other pro. sports will get the best in big league style.

Good young heavyweight and light-heavyweight boxers who are free from managerial contracts and agreements will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. An unusual opportunity awaits them in this city.

Jimmy Clark, Jamestown, N. Y. Negro middleweight, who was regarded as a sure Olympic winner by Western New York fistic devotees was whipped in his second bout in Berlin by Chmielewski of Poland. In his first Olympic match with Ahlberg of Finland, Clark won by the narrowest of margins with the fans hooting the decision.

Clark did some splendid ring work in the United States during the Winter of 1935-36 and was looked upon as an almost unbeatable entry.

Fred Johnson, roly-poly matchmaker and promoter of the Orioles amateur boxing shows, will get started again in October and intends to stage his carnivals on Thursday nights instead of Wednesdays this year. The Eagles will stick to Saturdays as most of their shows will be offered in the Eagles auditorium which is well located.

Some professional promoters jealously eye the promotional efforts of the Simon-pure clubs, but your correspondent really believes that new faces in pro boxing must come from the amateur ranks and unless a crop of good boxers are developed the professional clubs will never get going good again. With the next Olympics four years off its a certainty that promising amateur boxers will not hesitate about turning pro when they figure they have had the proper amount of experience.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Reports have it that Tommy Paul will definitely quit the ring and devote his time to running a gymnasium and teach boxing . . . . Tommy should fit in well in a scheme like this . . . . The former great bantam star should refrain from doing any more fighting . . . . His best friends urge him to desert the ring . . . . Many Buffalo fans will journey to New York for the Schmeling-Braddock setto (if it takes place) . . . . Few experts around here venture a prediction on the outcome . . . . They were all wrong on Louis-Schmeling and Baer-Braddock . . . . Your correspondent was among them . . . . I felt sure that Louis was far too good for the German heavyweight and I still think Max Baer whipped himself through carousing around . . . . Max, with his strength and punch, should have remained on top for a good spell . . . . Tommy Howells was knocked out in a round at Elmira and is not getting any better as he goes along . . . . Steve Halaiko has taken up the promotional end of the game at Elmira and will likely toss away his fighting gloves . . . . Steve was clever and a topnotcher but he will get nothing but lickings from now on if he continues in the ring . . . . Lou Scozza is still very much inactive and hasn't fought for months . . . . Lou might travel overseas and go well in Australia or England . . . . Virgil Kinkade, former middleweight, is employed by the WPA . . . . He expects to try the coming examinations for the Buffalo Police department . . . . Knockout Brennan, one of the best middleweights ever produced here, is an applicant for a referee license . . . . and Kayo deserves one . . . . He is very popular with the fans and has a tremendous East Side following . . . .

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE amateur clubs are packing them in every Monday and Friday nights. They draw 2,000 to 3,000 people every Monday. The talk around town is that the pro club will run its first show the latter part of September. With the opening of pro football in the city, Rochester will be a great sport town this winter. The following shows were put on during the month:

First Show—Joe Mack, Rochester, won decision over Ray Smith, Rochester, 175-pound class, three rounds.

Ralph Botticelli, East Rochester, won by knockout over Roy Taylor, Rochester, after one minute and forty seconds of second round. Heavyweights.

Jim Cello, Rochester, won decision over Joe Bucha, Rochester, 140-pound class, three rounds.

Dick Powell, Nanticoke, Pa., won decision over Willie Neelin, Rochester, 118-pound class, five rounds.

Bobby Owens, Rochester, won decision over Fred Lewis, Nanticoke, Pa., 135-pound class, five rounds.

Hughie Smith, Rochester, won by knockout over Joe Kelly, Nanticoke, Pa., after one minute and four seconds of second round, 138-pound class.

Mal Lewis, Nanticoke, Pa., won by knockout over Sam Giardino, Rochester, after one minute, thirty-five seconds of second round, 126-pound class.

Don Stevens, Rochester, lost decision to Joe DeCarlo, Rochester, 150-pound class. Five rounds.

FIVE-ROUNDERS

Second Show—Jack Washik, Johnson City, 147, awarded decision over Johnny Lippa, Rochester.

Dean Hoffman, Johnson City, 147, lost decision to Joe DeCarlo, Rochester.

Don Stevens, Rochester, 155, awarded decision over Lou Dundee, Johnson City.

Jack Taylor, Johnson City, 122, awarded decision over Willie Neelin, Rochester; Neelin unable to answer bell in fourth.

Johnny Fancher, Johnson City, 135, awarded decision over Jim Cello, Rochester.

Joe Birdie, 145, Rochester, awarded decision over Johnny Shero, Scottsville.

The Watertown Amateur Boxing Club is packing them in every week at its weekly shows. Joe Brennan, the matchmaker, is doing a great job in matching the boys. Last month Brennan ran off the district championship and drew over ten thousand people.

Irish Jim Flood, Rochester's middleweight hope, is training daily. Flood, at Alexandria Bay, stopped Buddy O'Brien in two rounds. Flood also holds two wins over Irving Pease.

Rochester has two amateur clubs running weekly shows and the writer would like to hear from good amateur boxing teams. Write the writer at 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Billy Baired, former amateur welterweight champ and pro boxer, is the owner of a high-class gym. Billy says that fighters stopping in Rochester are welcome to use the gym.

AROUND THE STATE—Al Stern is drawing good houses at Binghamton, N. Y. . . . . Elmira, N. Y., is running pro shows often . . . . Don Willetts is packing them in at his weekly pro shows at Utica, with Bushy Graham and Al Traino as his drawing cards . . . . Hughie Smith and Jim Flood are good cards at Watertown, N. Y. . . . . Lou Norman is running weekly at Erie, Pa. . . . . Tommy Moore will spring open his club this month . . . . Eddie Thomas says that he can lick Joe Bridie . . . . Tony Palizzi is resting up and will be fighting soon . . . . Jack Kelly, former western New York and state champion, is managing amateur boxers.

Sam Meyer will open up a new gym soon . . . . That will bring the total to three . . . . Hank Smith is chasing all the 118-pounders out of town . . . . Dominick Angelo, a good boy a few years ago, is working out on the Coast for a comeback . . . . Angelo is married, has a good job, and is a great lover of fights.

THE RING is on sale at Clinton and Main Streets in Rochester on the first of each month. The writer will answer all mail. Send stamped envelope to 238 Lyndhurst Street for a return answer.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

A CAPACITY crowd attended the professional fistic show for the benefit of the Bridgeport Police Department Benevolent Association at Newfield Park in Bridgeport.

In the star attraction of ten rounds, Louis "Kid" Cocoa, New England welterweight champion, displayed smart boxing to triumph over Jack Portney, Baltimore warrior, on points. Cocoa's title was at stake.

Bobby Allen, Nova Scotia, defeated Eddie May, Hartford celt, in a good bout in the eight round semi-final. Gussie McLean, featherweight, copped the nod over Jerry Shaw, Oklahoma, in a sixer.

Pinky Morris, the Bridgeport favorite, and Jimmy Stewart, put on an entertaining fight for six rounds ending in a draw. Vinny Belpedio, Bridgeport welterweight, banged out a victory over Nat Kolin, Southington ringster, in a four round slug-fest.

At the Walnut Beach Stadium, Milford, Nick Masters, light-heavyweight of New York, scored a win over Buck Tracey, Mass. mitt tosser, on a technical knockout in the fifth round of a scheduled eight round battle. The referee stopped the bout when Tracy received a deep gash over his eye. Bobby Orr, Nova Scotia welterweight, received the duke over Eddie Conley in an eight rounder. Al Boros, won on a kayo in the third round from Bob Turner with a smashing right hand punch to the chin. Jimmy Hill, welterweight, tagged Stanley Hillinski with two blows to the jaw to win by a quick knockout in the first heat. Eddie McGraw, East Hampton lightweight, battled to a four round draw with Pete Milolski of Meridan.

On promoter Al Weill's card at the White City Stadium, West Haven. Al Gainer, New Haven, who is rated the leading contender for John Henry Lewis' crown, banged out a kayo in the fifth round of a billed ten round feature affair over Frankie Simms. The referee called a halt to the hostilities when Simms received a severe cut on his nose.

Carl "Red" Guggins, Hartford lightweight outjabbed Charlie Gomer, Baltimore mitt tosser to gain the eight round decision. Johnny Compo earned a six round point victory over Harry Gentile, Hartford featherweight product.

Jimmy Stewart, colored featherweight from New Haven, finished out front by outpunching Charlie Aldino, Willimantic fighter in a four rounder.

George Fitch, hard-hitting puncher of New Haven, scored a technical knockout over Joe Arnold, Waterbury light-heavyweight. The referee halted the contest.

Bob Pastor, New York heavyweight, was awarded a well-deserved win over Eddie Unknown Winston in the ten-round main bout. Johnny Bellus disposed of Dave Bungy, New York, by a technical knockout in the second frame. Johnny Lasinski scored a triumph over Ace Clark by a decision in four hard rounds. Johnny Compo, the New Haven boxer, drew with Snook Lacey in a four-rounder. Vin Delpedio, Bridgeport battler, was held by Nat Kolin to a four-round draw.

Phil Baker, Norwalk mauler, and Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City boxer, punched each other for the full ten rounds which was declared a draw by the referee.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

FILLO ECHEVERRIA, Spanish Bantam, scored a ten round decision over Pablo Dano of the Philippines. This was a return match. Dano having scored in Hollywood. Echeverria appeared in good shape and looked good. He and his manager, Manolo Brana, are bound for New York in search of big game.

Pinareno Chocolate scored a knockout over Kid Chevalier.

Joe Coego, lightweight champion of Cuba, successfully defended his crown in 15 rounds against Kid Sila, strong rival Coego fought like a champion and is destined to retain his title for some time.

Conrad Conde put the K.O. potion on Joey Brown of Syracuse in the first round.

Kid Chocolate will have one more fight here before leaving for New York. Martin O'Grady beat Miguel Montana in 4 rounds. Chino Avila scored a one round knockout over Luis Vidal.

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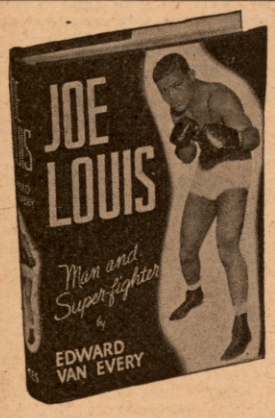

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

BOXING here during the past month did a nose dive, from a financial standpoint, no doubt owing to the drought situation, which struck this section of the country full blast. Matchmakers Tommy O'Loughlin and Ty Dillon dished out a number of good cards, featuring several outstanding fighters, but the box office just would not pay dividends. The only show during the month that showed a profit was the Henry Hooks-Everette Rightmire scrap, a battle at catchweights over the fifteen-round route. One of the largest crowds of the season turned out for the fuss.

Results of the fights staged here during the past month were as follows: Johnny Durso, Louisville, Ky., lightweight, shaded Tiger Kid Walker of Cincinnati, O., in ten; Young Kid Chocolate, Omaha, Nebr., featherweight, defeated Merle Thompson of St. Louis, Mo., by a hairline margin in six; Reddy Summerville, Omaha welterweight, beat Billy Porter of Indianapolis, Ind., in six; Billy Clancy, Sioux City featherweight, won over Hymie Spiegel of Omaha in four; Johnny Durso scored over Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis in ten; Merle Thompson shaded Albert Manriquez, Sioux City featherweight, in six; Pee Wee Baker, Fargo, N. D., featherweight, and Mickey Slater of Sioux City staged one of the best fights of the month to a close six-round draw; Buddy McCrea, St. Louis lightweight, won over Johnny Higgins of Des Moines in six; Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, had too much weight for Henry Hooks, Indianapolis bantamweight, winning a close decision in fifteen rounds.

Albert Manriquez won over Young Kid Chocolate in six; "Pee Wee" Baker caused plenty of talk when he knocked out Billy Clancy in three heats; Johnny Durso scored over Mervin "Scotty" McLean of Peoria, Ill., in ten; Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines, lightweight, stopped Georgie Adams of Chicago in four; Albert Manriquez won by the T. K. O. route over Mickey Slater when the latter received a cut eye in the last round of their eight; Young Kid Chocolate beat Henry Huerta of Augua Preta, Mex., in six; King Moroco, Charleston, W. Va., welter, and Joey Matheson of Herman, Nebr., battled to a draw in six. All in all, there was plenty of action in every one of these bouts.

An amateur card was staged in the Uptown Arena before a good crowd, with the following results:

Bob Morley, 134, Sioux City, won from Freddie Merrick, Winnebago, decision, three.

Wilbur De Cora, 159, Winnebago, won from Dick Schoennoehl, 155, Sioux City, knockout, three.

Clayton Johnson, 123, Sioux City, won from Levi De Cora, 120, Winnebago, decision, three.

Clifford Brammer, 119, Vermillion, won from Clifford Hart, 118, Sioux Falls, decision, three.

Henry Hladky, 177, Yankton, won from Sammy Gebeman, 180, Parker, S. D., decision, three.

Lyman Hetrick, 140, Rock Rapids, won from Dan Mitchell, 139, Winnebago, technical knockout, two.

Frank Thompson, 144, Winnebago, won from Elmer Hollenbeck, 140, South Sioux City, knockout, one.

Wilbur Whitebeaver, 134, Winnebago, won from Harold Bursheim, 130, knockout, three.

Reuben Snake, 150, Winnebago, won from George Hope, 147, Sioux Falls, technical knockout.

Arthur Baylor, 147, won from Chet Ketner, 145, both Sioux Falls, knockout, one.

Donald Metz, 172, won from Fred Fisher, 178, both Yankton, technical knockout, two.

Wesley Williamson, 102, South Sioux City, and Frank Williams, 110, Sioux City, boxed no decision bout, three.

Referee, Harry Gibbons; judges, Dr. J. E. Packard, W. W. Wilson, Don Foster and Emery Pardun; timekeepers, Del Bach, Ray McLain and Bart Pease.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Walter Matheys, Chicago, Ill., featherweight, halted Del Delmar of Cleveland, Ohio, in the second round of a billed 10 rounder. Bob Vinner, fighting out of the Pinkie George stable won over Eddie Spencer of Coon Rapids, Ia., in six. Other results were as follows: McClure Carson of Chicago knocked out Willie Anderson of Waterloo, Ia., in four rounds; Jackie Spratt of Chicago, Ill., and Kid Swezey of Spencer, Ia., went to a draw in four; Carl Brade of Muscatine, Ia., won over Howdy Dawson of Waterloo, Ia., in four rounds.

Deadwood, So. Dak.—Albert Manriquez of Sioux City, went to a 10 round draw with Ted Garcia of Belle Fourche, So. Dak.; Al McCoy, Sioux City lightweight, drew with Harold Jepson of Fort Meade, So. Dak. in eight; Billy Porter of Indianapolis, lost a six round decision to Solly Stark of Belle Fourche; Jackie Bickett, Belle Fourche, bantam, put the kayo on Tommy Sacco of Sioux City, in four heats.

Fort Dodge, Ia., Henry Jones, Fort Dodge Negro heavyweight, won over Verne Trickle of Graettinger, Ia., in a fast sixer; Bob Venner of Hastings, Nebr., won from Billy Porter of Indianapolis, Ind., in the best bout on the card. Ked Swezey of Spencer, Ia., went to a draw with Jimmy Salvatore, Fort Dodge featherweight; Johnny Newman of Des Moines, knocked out Chuck Theobold of Ceylon, Minn., in the first round; Virgil Miller of Woolstock, Ia., knocked out Dick Harvey of Webster City, in three; Nazzie Habhab of Fort Dodge, beat Jack Kelley in the opener.

Wakefield, Nebr.—Special: An unscheduled fight occurred during the boxing program staged here as one of the features of the Free day celebration. Nearly 10,000 people turned out for the free boxing card which featured the day's events. The excitement took place during the main bout between Lloyd Rawson of Moville, Ia., and Joey Herisa of Omaha. The bout had been a slam bang affair with several knock downs. Just as the bell ended the last round, Rawson, witnesses said, kicked Herisa as he started to leave the ring. Herisa in turn kicked back. They went to the mat with both fighters rolling out on the platform, where they knocked down chairs, and staged a free for all fight. The third man was knocked down and several fans received punches in their efforts to restore order. The balance of the card, all excellent bouts, was presented by Frankie Sacco, Young Stanley, Freddie Sacco, Billy Clancy, Tommy Sacco, and Babe Barnes. Mickey Slater and Bill Hawkins of Sioux City were third men for the bouts.

Waterloo, Ia.—Jess Ackerman, Des Moines lightweight, won over Young Jackie Dempsey of Dubuque, Ia., in a slashing six rounder; Ackerman was far too smart for Dempsey, who took a licking throughout, showed plenty of fighting ability, Whitey Dale and Howdy Dawson, local lightweight battled to a draw. Bobby Dempsey kayoed Skinny McDonald in the second round of the main prelim. George Davidsaver, Dubuque, and Orly Thorington of Cedar Rapids, went to a fast draw.

Fort Crook, Nebr.—Approximately 1,500 enthusiastic fight fans attended the exhibition bouts staged by the candidates at the Citizens Military Training camp here.

Burlington, Ia.—The Iowa-Illinois amateur boxing tournament fought here recently drew a record breaking crowd.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, battled to a draw with Joey Alcanter, Kansas City lightweight at St. Louis . . . . Bob Venner, Hastings Nebr., welter, scored a six round win over Milt Emory of Dubuque, Ia. . . . . Al Pahl, popular Sioux City lightweight, underwent an operation recently . . . . Al is back on his feet again but won't be able to box for several months . . . . Glen Lee, Omaha welter, dropped a decision to Chief Paris at Hollywood, Calif. . . . . Angelo Puglisi knocked out Young Cowboy Anderson of Minneapolis in three rounds at Duluth, Minn. . . . . A. B. Funk, state industrial commissioner for Iowa, ruled that a boxer injured in a prize fight in Iowa has no claim for workmen's compensation, since the state law prohibits prize fights . . . . Milt Aron, Dubuque welter, lost a decision to Chuck Woods in Chicago . . . . but went to a draw with Harold Brown . . . . Young Newsboy Brown promising Sioux City feather, was halted in two rounds by Joey August of Spokane, Wash., at Lewiston, Idaho . . . . Pinkie George is working on a number of big cards for Des Moines this fall and winter, his brother Andy is promoting in Waterloo with success . . . . Thaine Chapman, Emmetsburg, Ia., bantamweight has laid a claim to the Iowa bantamweight title . . . . Lee Savoldi, Minneapolis heavyweight, dropped an unpopular decision to Sonny Walker of Phoenix, Ariz., in 10 rounds at San Francisco . . . . The Western League ball park in Omaha, Nebr., was taken away by fire . . . . The park was the scene of many big fights and wrestling matches in days gone by . . . . Frankie Spargo, former well known middleweight fighter, is now located in Sioux Falls, where he is training several amateur stars . . . . The writer is assisting as matchmaker for a club in Spencer, Ia., and would like to hear from talent . . . . He is also assistant matchmaker for the Uptown Arena, and the Riverview park arenas in Sioux City, besides publicity man for these clubs . . . . Mail will reach the writer at 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa . . . . Any news for this page should reach the writer by the first of every month, as same is mailed out on the second of each month . . . . News of interest to readers can be always placed. See you next month.

DOC ALMY AMONG THOSE ABSENT

Due to the fact that Boston was absolutely barren on fight news for this month, and the pressure of news from the rest of the boxing world, we have decided to give Doc Almy a good vacation for the month, and following his recent illness, he can use one.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

ONE of the most colorful fighters this state ever produced was counted out by the Great Referee when Bobby Waugh, old-time Ft. Worth lightweight, passed away recently.

The mention of Bobby's name always brings thrilling memories in the minds of the old-timers who watched his sensational work in the squared circle. Out in Juarez, Mexico, under a blazing sun, they saw him take the measure of the one and only Battling Nelson in twenty bristling rounds. Down in Shreveport, he did the same to that other immortal, Ad Wolgast. Bobby was always a "crowd pleaser" of the old school who believed that the man who did the "pitching" usually won the fight.

For the past several years, Waugh, broken in health and practically blind, sold peanuts on the streets of Ft. Worth. Although he was somewhat on the outer fringe of life in his last years, he had many friends, a large number of whom attended his funeral.

This writer from time to time has commented favorably on Hugh Benbow, Houston's popular boxing promoter. The fact that his is the only club in the entire state running regular weekly shows more than justifies the faith we have placed in him. Being an ardent fight fan and booster of the game, we very much enjoy seeing a large arena, seating some four thousand people, filled to standing room every week and often turning them away. It makes one feel that the old game really has some appeal to the public and that in some places, at least, it is in capable hands.

Promoter Benbow has built his club with fights and fighters who fight. He doesn't care for *names*, but rather chooses to give the patrons *action!* The large turnouts here are ample proof that he is serving the fans the right dish.

The high spots of the month were the sensational work of Battling Burroughs, Mississippi welter, and Cowboy Marlin Owens, the Texas middleweight king. Burroughs turned in a great win, flattening Brescia Garcia in six heats. The clever Mexican managed to stay nine rounds with Champion Canzoneri last winter, which makes Burroughs' feat rather a standout.

Owens, possessor of a terrific right hand, knocked out Baliarina Saldana and Jack Kirkland. He met Burroughs in a catchweight affair and was returned the victor by a tenth-round kayo, after what was generally agreed to be one of the most savage fights ever staged here.

Brescia Garcia journeyed down to Baton Rouge, Willard Brown's present place of abode, and administered a decisive shellacking to Willard, winning nine of the ten rounds.

Bus Breese, classy lightweight from Manhattan, Kansas, paid Houston a visit and showed his wares here against Gallito Ramirez. The Mexican received the nod after one sweet battle. Bus' little brother, Babe Breese, looks like a comer. He had little trouble beating Rake Moran, local feather.

Sammy Meadows, Jewish lightweight star from New York, is the hit of the season here. Sammy has shown four times to date, scoring three knockouts and winning one decision. Carrying a deadly punch and quite a bit of ring generalship, Meadows looks like he might develop into a really top flight fighter.

Tommy Blanton, Clayton Cockrell's heavyweight, just about rules the roost locally. He has beaten most everything so decisively that he has about fought himself out of competition. Blanton's stablemate, Jack Rocco, is also a consistent winner, beating the promising Weldon Waycott, Eddie O'Day and drawing with Benny O'Dell.

Galveston is making another effort to get going and looks like it will make the grade this time. The Lions Club of the Island City has taken out a license and installed Dr. M. M. Mihone as matchmaker. The club, along with "Doc" Rogers, commissioner of the district, assures everyone coming to Galveston a square deal. Here's wishing them success!

Jack Thurmond, the state's leading manager, who handles Marlin Owens and several other stars, seems to be getting a monopoly on all the good shots with his boys. Jack rates "ace high" in the writer's book and we feel that the breaks he is getting are well merited. Thurmond can be reached at 511 N. Jenkins, Houston, Texas.

It has been a real pleasure to this scribe to be of what little help I have to various members of the fight fraternity. Any information or anything I can give to anyone, I am most happy to do at all times. Your letters will be either answered promptly or turned over to promoters. The address is Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

Morris Sigel, the South's leading wrestling promoter, gave the fans a "natural" when he matched Leo Daniel Boone (Whiskers) Savage and Tiger Daula, Hindu star. Savage pinned the Tiger. A great supporting card featuring eighteen of the country's best known matmen was offered. Cards like these are the reason for the immense popularity of the mat game in Houston.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE—Sammy Meadows knocked out Ray Wallace, Young Sena and beat Frankie Castillo; Mike Pereira drew with Earl Capps but lost to Memo Zavalla; Zavalla also defeated Louis Hasso and Johnny Cavanaugh; Eddie O'Day flattened Champ Clark but lost to Jack Rocco; Kid Barrelito won from Louis Hasso but lost to Kid Bruno; Jimmy McLaughlin K.O.'ed Don Usher; Huey Long stopped Bob Webb.

Red Burman K.O.'ed Bob Ford; Ford won over Benny O'Dell; Babe Kiser beat Red Foster; Jo Jo Passante trounced Robert Gomez; Billy Deeg beat Charley Roque; Evan Ritter K.O.'ed Ad Meave; Joe White and Baliarina Saldana drew; Gallito Ramirez defeated Snag Trowbridge.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

NEODESHA, KANS.—This little city is staging weekly amateur shows at the C.C.C. Camp and having capacity crowds at each show. Everett Ogle beat Frankie Rowden. Elmer Carpenter knocked out Ray Deinlein in two. G. Flynn beat Manuel Vasquez. John Henderson knocked out Leo Sannes in one. Orville Caughron beat Charley Roseberry. Conrad Friend beat Mickey McGuire. Max Pixley beat Ray Scott. Duke Warren beat Zip Hannah.

Chanute, Kans.—Orval Cox is staging a two-day amateur boxing tournament at the Fairgrounds for benefit of the Neosho County Fair.

Neodesha, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Lewis Laverty shaded Dick Roles. Loren Hicks beat Robert Dodge. Lee Phelps knocked out Speck Scott in two. Pete Harimson knocked out Skinny Read in one. Don Higgans beat Max Pixley. Thurston Lane beat Charlie Howell. Ralph Pugh beat Bud Freeman. Emanuel Vasquez was stopped by Charley Roseberry in one. Mickey McGuire knocked out Raymond Scott in one round.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery reports that he will not stage the annual show for the Shriners this year. Some hitch in the affair left Jack out.

Pittsburg, Kans.—Frankie Smirl and Frankie O'Farrell fought ten rounds in the main event, with Smirl getting the nod. A very small crowd witnessed the show. It is doubtful if another show will be attempted until cooler weather prevails.

Neodesha, Kans.—Everett Ogle defeated Danny Bottero in three furious rounds. This Ogle boy is one of the best lightweights in southeastern Kansas. Bat Green knocked out Johnny Davis in two. Elmer Carpenter knocked out Dwight Cochran in two. Ralph Pugh knocked out Lester Sida in two. Lee Phelps knocked out Dallas Bishop in two. Manuel Vasquez knocked out Bud Bonner in one. Red Ramey beat Johnny Wilson. Vern Dixon beat Lafe Lane. Conrad Friend beat Max Pixley. Johnny Henderson knocked out Gene Melroy in two. Orville Caughron beat Gene Flinn. Newt Lohr beat Orville Jones.

Independence, Kans.—E. E. Greer, real estate dealer of this city, is interested in boxing and boxers and has a fine stable of amateurs. He keeps his lads busy in this section where bouts are held.

Les Showers, the leading amateur director of the Middle West, just reports a complete sellout for all three nights of his gigantic three-day tournament at Sterling, Colo.

Topeka, Kans.—Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, reports the attendance at wrestling shows has held up exceptionally well during the extreme hot weather, and boxing and wrestling this fall will show increased attendance.

Neodesha, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Lewis Laverty beat Frankie Rowden. Bat Green beat Tony Valentino. Lee Phelps knocked out Bill Rodriguez in two. Dwight Cochran beat Bud Freeman. Gene Roberts knocked out Ernie Foulk in two. Charles Roseberry knocked out Tony Lazerri in one. Red Ramey beat Zip Hannah. Albert Breese beat Johnnie Wilson. Conrad Friend beat Ray Lee. Donald Higgins beat Jimmie Stipp. Newt Lohr beat Davey Chaffin.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jimmy Garrison outpointed Frankie Klick in a ten-round main event; Bus Breese beat Jimmy Lagrone in eight; Jimmy Mercier beat Petey Alcanter in four; Tyrus Smith knocked out Sonny Johnson in four; Jimmy Durso defeated Everett Simington in eight; Allen Matthews knocked out Billy Donahue in seven rounds.

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RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

By BERT COHEN

THE stage is now set for an extended program of boxing attractions in South Africa—Johannesburg particularly. With the departure of Laurie Stevens for Europe and U. S. A. there has been a temporary lull in boxing, and wrestling has held the stage.

The chief wrestling attractions here are Bob "Bullet" Myers, Jack MacLauchlan of Canada, and Graham Stockton, inland, and John Marvel, Joe Campbell and Ali Bey on the coast. Of the local matmen Vic Vernon, George Laubenbach, Alf Woods, and "Chaplin" Stewart are the chief favorites. On the coast wrestling activity will continue during the inland boxing season for Jimmy Londos has sailed for Durban and will star there shortly.

JOTTINGS—Owing to the boxing boom here many young Simon-pures are thinking of taking money for throwing leather . . . . Teddy Braun, Alec Hannan, Beusch, and Phillipson are instances . . . . Bob "Bullet" Myers, American middleweight ace, is making a good thing out of his private gold mine . . . . Bob hangs out at Gwanda in the wilds of Rhodesa . . . . But he hasn't forgotten how to rassle . . . . Phil Zwick, Wisconsin lightweight, has fulfilled an ambition . . . . He bagged a lion on a recent hunting expedition . . . . Unfortunate injury has ended the career of Al Conquest, attractive Canadian heavyweight . . . . Al will settle here for some time . . . . "Liny" St. John Dean, active Johannesburg promoter, arrives in the States soon . . . . We hope to see him return with Tony Canzoneri in tow.

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

HILO—Two thousand or more irate Filipino fans staged one of the most heated demonstrations ever seen in the local arena as an aftermath of poor judgment on the part of Referee Baptiste in declaring the bout between the World Champion Small Montana and Augie Curtis, local bantam, "NO CONTEST" at the end of the eighth round.

The Filipino fans did not know that the fighters were thrown out. Instead they thought the fight was a draw. The referee boner was that of stopping the fight at the conclusion of the bout instead of between rounds. Many angry fans tried to reach the third man who was escorted out of the arena by police while the mob was in a frenzy mood throwing and smashing chairs all around the ringside. Filipino fans refused to leave the arena far into the night, not until the local police and fire department took a hand by playing water to rush them out of the arena.

The fight itself was not as sensational as expected between two well known boys. All evening Curtis centered his attack on Montana's body, while the Champ confined his fighting to left jabs and light rights. Until the seventh round many fans were disgusted with the fight but with sudden fury both battled toe to toe in the seventh canto which brought the crowd cheering.

Knocking his opponent Freddy Buck down for nine counts twice in the second round and leading on points Joe Ledesma stopped a hard right to the jaw and found himself on the floor for the first time. Joe was counted out in 45 seconds of the sixth round . . . . Bulldog Emilo beat Camelo Rodrigues . . . . Domingo Santiago TKO Francisco Inis in three . . . . Juan Atanacio decisioned Peter Rodrigues . . . . Alfred Sabao won from Herculino Perreira . . . . and Benny Prado TKO Eddie Takamura in the fourth.

HONOLULU—B. DeGuzman won an unpopular decision over Johnny Pena in the main event of the Auditorium boxing card promoted by Mark Choo. Both boys clinched most of the way, neither being hurt much as their blows weren't hard enough to do any noticeable damage. Ringsider's opinion was that a draw was the only decision DeGuzman should have received.

Adolph Samuel sent Kid Felipe to the cleaners with a short right to the button in one minute of the first heat . . . . Cris Crispin beat Hitoshi Tanaka . . . . Packo Pass won a TKO over Cornelio Lapinid in three rounds . . . . Kid Waianae put a sleeper on Larry Santana via TKO in the second heat . . . . and Benny Dawson drew with Battling Pering.

FISTIC POT SHOT—The Small Montana and Augie Curtis "no contest" battle was declared a *draw* by the Territorial Boxing Commission. No fines or suspensions were given, either to the fighters or the referee. All were cleared of fake accusations. Estimated damage to the arena was placed at about $300 to chairs, etc. Referee Baptiste filed his resignation to the commissioners.

BOXING NEWS IN PERU

BY ROBERT A. LEGUIA ROSS

IN a fast bout Rene Sanchez, champion welter of Cuba, beat by the K.O. route Max Aguirre, champion middleweight of Peru. The end came in the second round when the right hand of the Cuban crashed the jaw of the local boy.

K.O. Brisset won the verdict over Pablo Ramirez, Champion light-heavyweight of Cuba in a good match.

Cabro Sanchez, the Chilean welter, won in a T.K.O. over Eduardo Vargas of Argentina, when the referee stopped the event.

Rene Sanchez, welter king of Cuba, fought to a draw with Armando Foglia, clever Italian welter. The battle was expected to be good, but the fans were disappointed.

K.O. Brisset, in his second attempt to come back, kayoed Artuno Padilla of Chile. A right punch to the jaw of the Chilean was enough to put him out.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Colorado Springs, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, dusky Walsenburg thunderbolt, scored a ten-round decision over Joe Skube, Pacific Coast mauler, in a battle featured by Skube's ability to absorb punishment. Louis won practically as he pleased. The pair are middleweights.

Southwestern fight fans were saddened to learn of the death of Bobby Waugh, one-time Southern lightweight champion. Waugh fought several battles in Colorado and other Rocky Mountain states. Among his battles in Colorado were those with Stanley Yoakum and Eddie Johnson.

For sheer viciousness, Waugh was in a class by himself. The Southwest will remember him for many years to come. A mental ailment was the chief factor in his death. He was forty-two years old.

Les Showers, the amateur maestro of the Southwest, has just concluded a very successful tournament at Sterling, Colo. Another tourney at Billings, Mont., is in the making.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Young Joe Louis continued his winning ways by punching out a ten-round decision over Joe Jaramillo, Denver Mexican. Louis, who is the middleweight champion of the state, won the welter crown in this battle, since he weighed in at the welter limit.

The other half of the twin main event saw Ernie Lara, Pueblo flash, regain his state featherweight title in a cracker-jack tilt with Sol Levinson of Denver.

The show, sponsored by the American Legion, was one of the best fistic attractions Pueblo has witnessed in many moons.

Bobby Vinson, Texas heavyweight boxer, was seriously injured in an automobile accident at Glorieta, N. M. In the same wreck, Harold Hunt, another boxer, was less seriously hurt. Joe M. Roybal, genial Santa Fe promoter, was driving the car in which the party was traveling to Los Vegas, where both Vinson and Hunt were headlining a twin main event. The show was called off following the accident.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Young Joe Louis and Joe Garcia fought a tame ten-round bout as one of the attractions of the Colorado State Fair. The result was a draw.

An attempt to revive boxing in Denver received a decided setback when Isador Gastanaga, Spanish heavyweight, quit cold in the second round of his bout with big Hank Hankinson. It was a miserable performance on Gastanaga's part, and the sooner the big Latin moves on to other parts, the better. The boxing commission rightfully held up both fighters' purses.

B. B., Sterling, Colo.—The *Police Gazette* was discontinued several years ago. If it has been revived, I haven't heard of it. Write the editor of this magazine, I'm sure he can tell you if it is being published again.

Remember, I have a list of active boxing promoters out in this neck of the woods that you can have for a dime. Will also gladly answer any questions relative to the mitt game out this way, but please send return postage if you expect a reply. Send all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

Hank Bath is about to return to the fistic wars after a long layoff. The Fort Morgan walloper might be able to put some life into the heavyweight class out here. Apparently the imported variety won't do, so let us take a few peeks at Hankus in action again.

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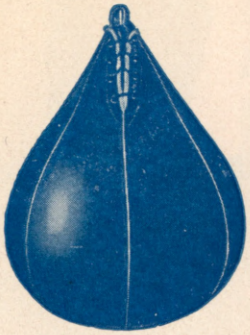

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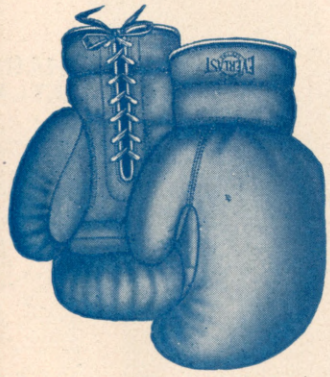

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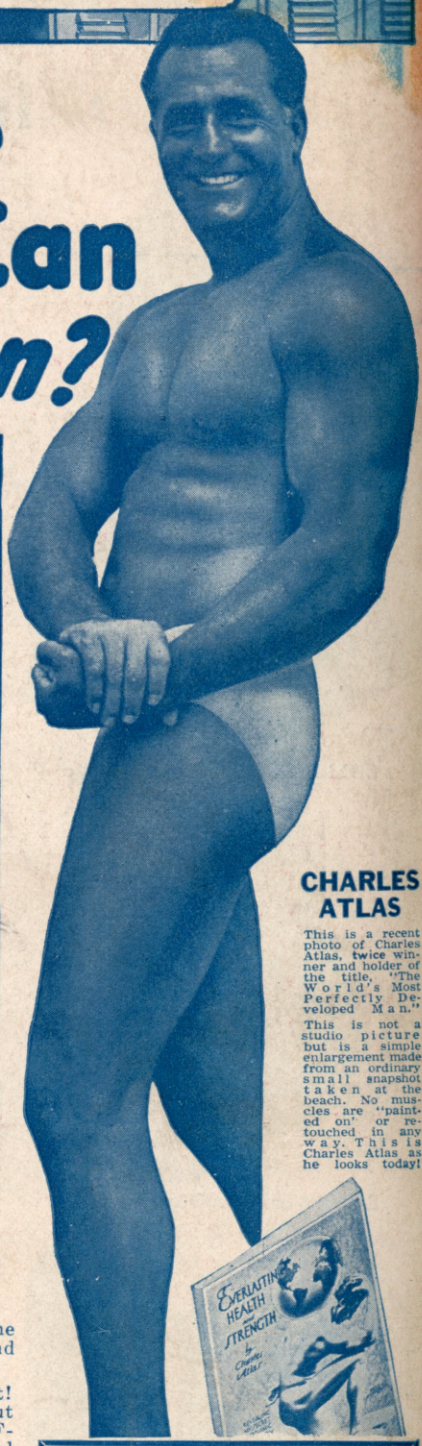

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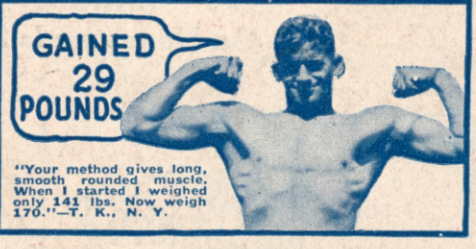

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This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas, twice winner and holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

This is not a studio picture but is a simple enlargement made from an ordinary small snapshot taken at the beach. No muscles are "painted on" or retouched in any way. This is Charles Atlas as he looks today!

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